PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FO

FEBRUARY 1977 $1.50

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THE NEW MAFIA– MEAN, MOBILE, AND MEXICAN

POPCORN PLEASURE PIT:
THE GREAT DRIVE-IN REVIVAL

HAPPY HEART-ON:
EROTIC VALENTINES FOR THE COGNOSCENTI

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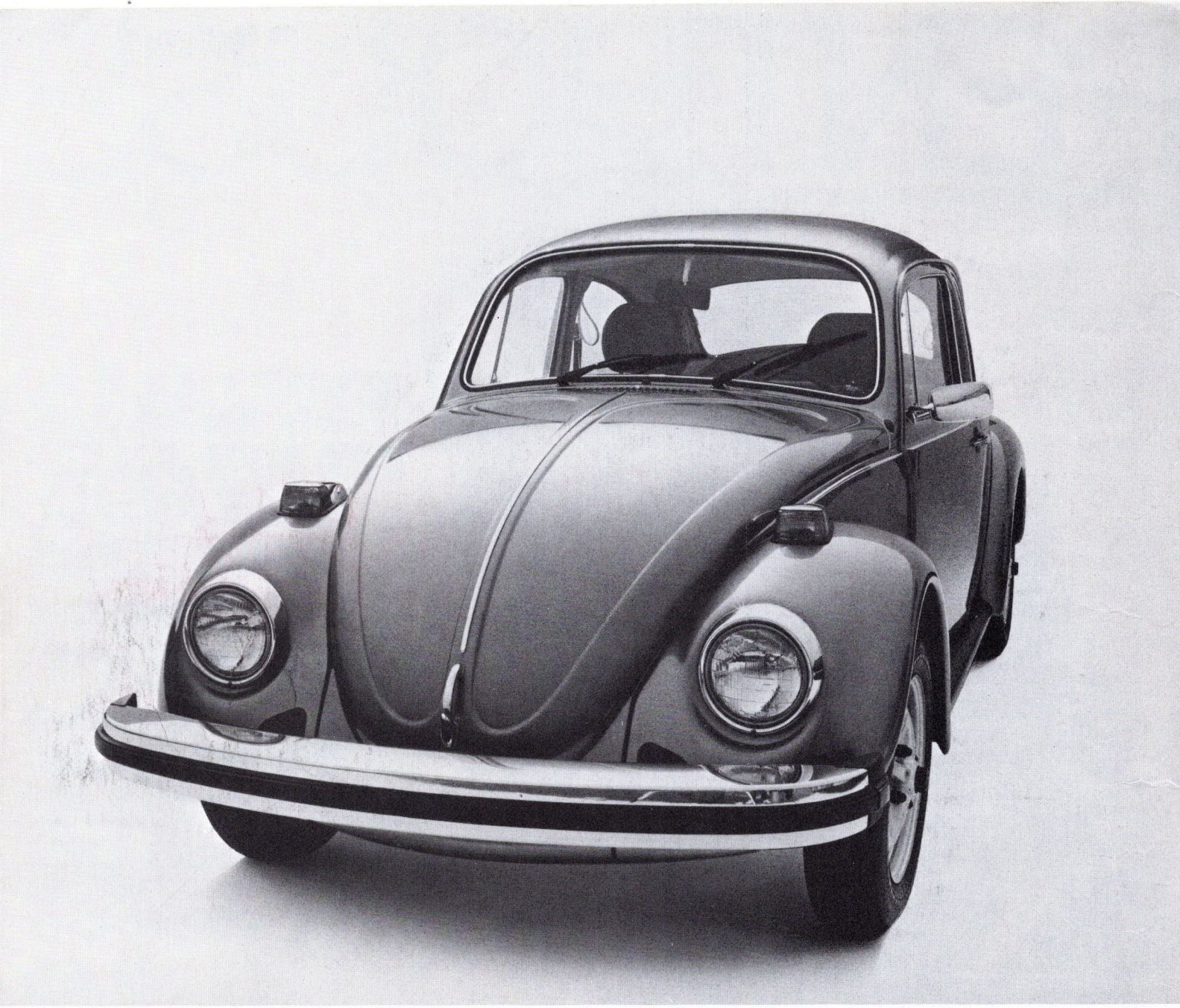

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New Faithful.

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The International Magazine for Men / FEBRUARY 1977
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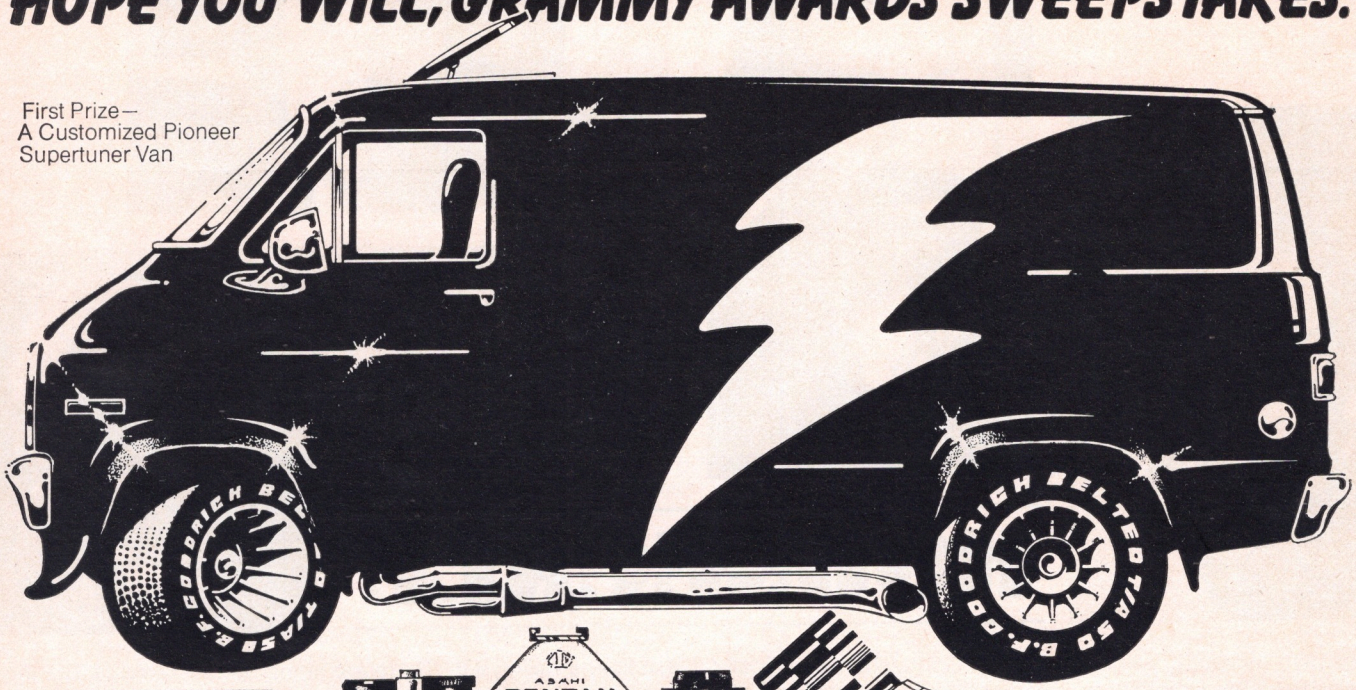

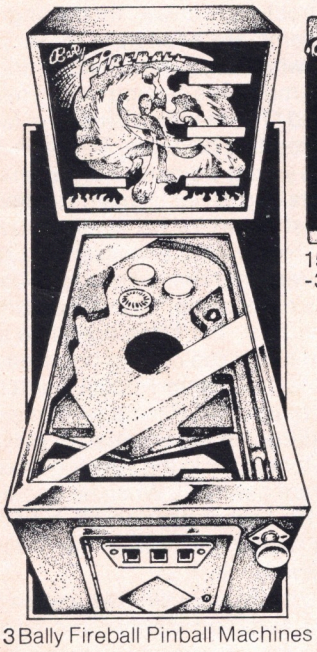

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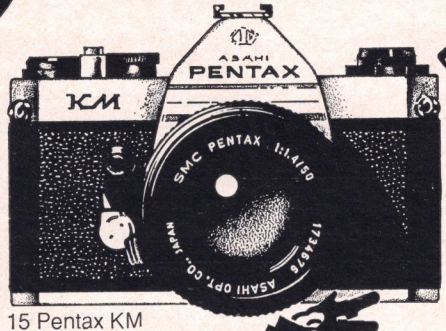

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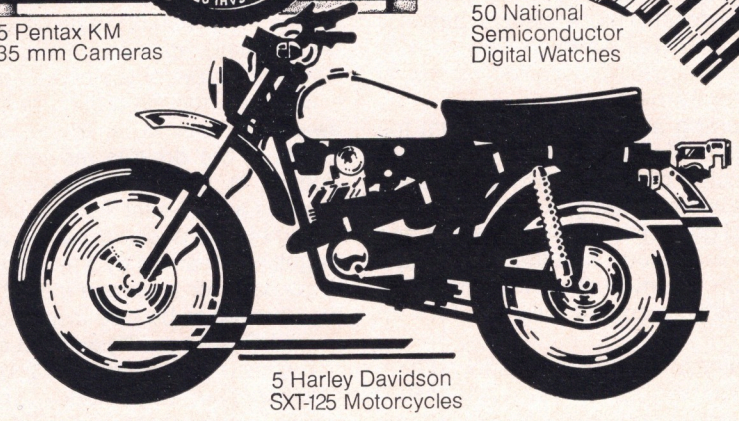

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So, now that we've got that out of the way, here's how the give-away works. All you do is stop by your local participating Pioneer dealer before February 9 and fill out an entry form. Your dealer has official contest rules. Just select who you think will win this year's Grammy Awards. You don't have to buy a thing.

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And that's it. Want to play?

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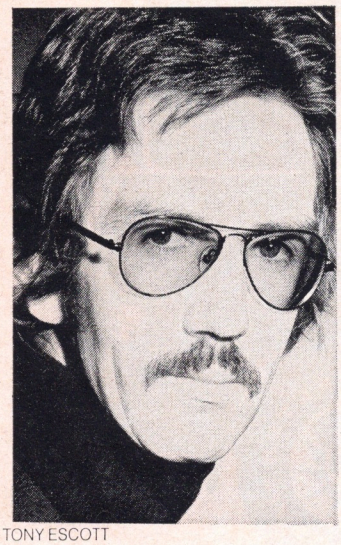

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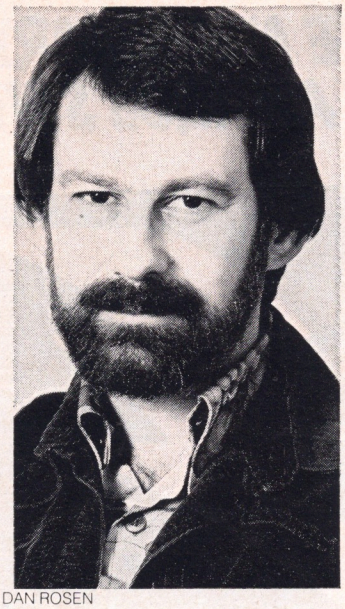

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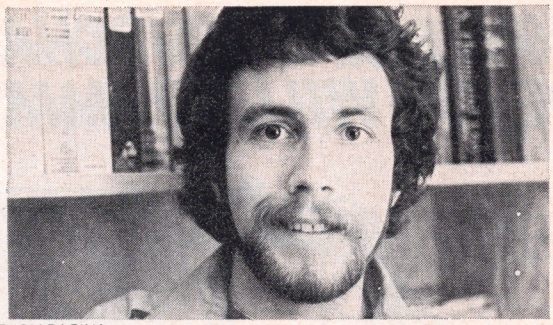

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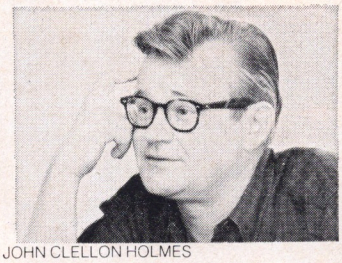

JOHN CLELLON HOLMES

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

HOUSECALL

It was 1973, wasn't it, when the French Connection was finally smashed and President Nixon stated categorically that "we have finally turned the corner on drug addiction"? The nation breathed a premature sigh of relief, promptly forgot about drugs, and proceeded to have a field day of Watergate-mania.

Dream on, America. While our collective back has been turned, the Mexican Connection has been quietly flourishing. Hundreds of thousands of kilos of dirty-brown heroin are being smuggled across the Mexican border at an alarming rate—right into the homes of the nation's elite. No longer the staple of street-corner junkies and twenty-dollar-a-night hookers, heroin is the new vogue, the new chic. One well-informed Beverly Hills dealer says, "Rich people are snorting it like cocaine." Heroin, at long last, has breached the class barriers.

The Mexican Connection sprang almost full-blown from the ashes of the French Connection. No longer Mafia controlled, heroin is now handled almost solely by twelve Mexican families, the scope of whose operations is devastating. A vast network of manufacturers, smugglers, and dealers is reaping harvests and distributing quantities of such magnitude that the supply is, if anything, more abundant than the market can absorb. The families' method of scrupulously tight control is simple: fuck up and you're dead.

Author **Dan Rosen**, after months of careful digging, found himself right in the thick of the action. In "The Mexican Connection" (page 44) Rosen names names, pinpoints locations, fingers ringleaders. We wondered two things: (1) how has he managed to find out so much, and (2) now that he has, why is he still alive? Rosen finds these questions amusing: "It's easy—just act like a cop interrogating a suspect; if you pretend you know all the details, they tell you everything. I figure if somebody's gonna blow my legs off, he would have done it already." So far, all discernible limbs are intact...

Most of us have other, more mundane things to worry about, however. Divorce, for example—the second greatest American pastime. Chances become greater every year that it could happen to you. In this excerpt from his forthcoming book, *The Attorneys*, author **Joseph C. Goulden** *(The Superlawyers, The Best Years)* proves what we suspected all along: divorce lawyers are indeed the pits. In "A Glimpse Under the Rock," page 62, Goulden takes a long, comprehensive peek and seems literally sickened by what he finds there. Here is a world where "couch fees" are a way of life and no scruple is too tough to break... where husbands are screwed, wives seduced, and the lawyer just keeps raking it in. There *are* some decent lawyers, but they don't call divorce practice "the proctology of law" for nothing.

All of these modern-day problems are enough to make you long for the days of the Wild West, when all you had to worry about was where your next rib of buffalo meat was coming from. Therefore, we have thoughtfully provided "The Manifest Destiny of Mrs. Polk's Sudie" (page 108) for your reading pleasure. This is an enchanting, starkly realistic tale of a young woman's tribulations at the hands of her unseemly captors and of her ultimate salvation. Author **John Clellon Holmes** (most noted for his riveting novel *GO*) is a consistently satisfying, highly gifted novelist who has been writing since the fifties, when, together with buddy Jack Kerouac, he became a charter member of the "beat generation."

Beatniks may be a thing of the past, but fifties nostalgia still swarms all around us. Who could forget the days of hot, steamy nights at the drive-in movies? Author **Thom Racina** certainly doesn't. In "Coming Attractions" (page 124) Racina recounts his days as a front-seat Romeo, undergoing the traumas of pulling off tight pedal pushers, having a foot stuck in the steering wheel, or getting creamed by a recalcitrant gearshift. When he decided to go back for a second look at his former passion-pit, his findings proved to be awe-inspiring (would you believe the Shtupp Drive-In? you would?) and just slightly hilarious.

Racina is a regular contributor to *Penthouse*, has written for *Cosmopolitan* and *Playboy*, and authored eighty-three novels under "almost as many pseudonyms." He and his cat share an eleven-room Spanish mansion on a mountainside in Los Angeles, where Thom spends his time collecting American motor cars ("I'm a real AMC freak"), collecting IBM Selectric elements ("I steal them every chance I get"), and writing letters to his congressman, "protesting high taxes and that sort of stuff." Watch for his novel, *The Great Los Angeles Blizzard*, out in late spring.

Equally amusing, but with a decidedly black streak in his humor, is cartoonist **Tony Escott**, who penned our special Valentine's Day feature, "Happy Heart-On." Escott, a mild-mannered Londoner who enjoys flying kites and got his sense of humor "from Mummy and Daddy," has been blessed with a lion's share of ironic wit. Turn to page 69 for a riotously different perception of the world's favorite romantic symbol, the heart.

When you decide to give your funny and other bones a rest, feel free to take a second look at this issue's voluptuous valentines. We've got a wild, oatsy bumper crop this month, and it's all yours for the sowing... O+

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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

El Lay days

I have been reading *Penthouse* for a few years, and now that I'm locked up, I enjoy it even more.

I'm an ass-man myself, and I always wanted to fuck a chick in the ass. While going to school in Maryland and living in Ocean City every summer from age thirteen to nineteen, I never got the chance. I was afraid to mention it to my girl friends. I figured they would think I was some kind of a freak.

To make a long story short, I got busted and split to L.A. The chicks in L.A. are the most beautiful in the world. Within weeks I was balling four or five foxes regularly. They all had really nice asses, and I couldn't help fantasizing how it would feel to have my dick lost between the cheeks of one. To my surprise, the first chick I mentioned it to was more than glad to oblige.

I greased the head of my throbbing dick and slowly entered her anus hole. It was more pleasurable than I would have thought possible. Not only did I enjoy it, but my partner got hooked on it herself. Every chick I laid in L.A. gave me the opportunity to explore her backside.

Now that I'm locked up, I often think back on those days and nights in L.A., where I found ass hole heaven.—*J.A.P., address withheld*

What were you busted for—excessive cheekiness?

Formal fondle

Many times in the past while reading your Forum, I've wondered if I would ever be so lucky as to encounter some erotic adventure or misadventure similar to any of the ones I was reading about in your magazine. Granted, I've had a number of sexual experiences—one-nighters, physical relationships, etc.—but never anything worth remembering, let alone writing to *Penthouse* about. That is, up until now!

Recently, my girl friend and I attended a formal dinner-dance. I wore a three-piece suit (nothing of importance there), and she wore a stunning evening gown. In addition to the gown, she wore a long, flowing cape that fell just short of the ground. The gown, as I said, was beautiful in itself, but the cape was the catalyst for the erotic adventure.

I found that by slipping my hand in between her gown and cape I was able to work the zipper of her dress all the way down to her shapely buttocks and caress the entire area made available to me—without the knowledge of anyone besides us. This secretive foreplay was quite a turn-on for the both of us, especially when we engaged in conversation with other couples who were totally oblivious of our escapades. But the highlight of the dinner-dance came when we danced and I was able to massage her soft skin, play with the elastic in her panties, and generally arouse ourselves to a point where we had to leave the dance and find a more romantic surrounding to fulfill our desires.

So afterward, as we lay in each other's arms and giggled to each other about the night's past events, we thought about the next formal we could attend and what kind of cape I could wear with a suit.—*M.E.G., address withheld*

We suggest you try a Cape Codpiece.

Lavatory laughs

Well, I never thought that I would be writing to a magazine about my sex life. Not that it has been dull—just the contrary. I just never thought that I would take the time. But I really enjoy reading your Forum and Miss Hollander's section; so I thought that I should contribute.

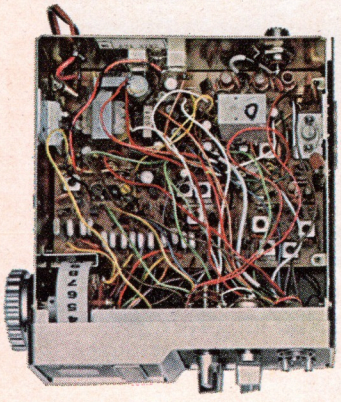
Also, having gone through a typical North American school system in the forties and early fifties, I can't help getting a thrill from "putting one over" on the school system. My wife and I have at times done some unusual things with sex, such as her giving me a blowjob on the San Diego Freeway or us screwing in the same room with her brother asleep in the next bed. But nothing gave us a bigger kick than the situation concerning which I am about to write.

We are both considered by the community as reasonably middle-class, conservative professionals. One day I went to meet my wife at the school where she teaches, and we stood in the hall and talked for a while with both the principal and some of the teachers. Before long we realized that it was noon and we had better go for lunch soon. I also happened to notice that there were very few people left in the building. My wife excused herself to go to the staff "john" across the hall from the principal's office.

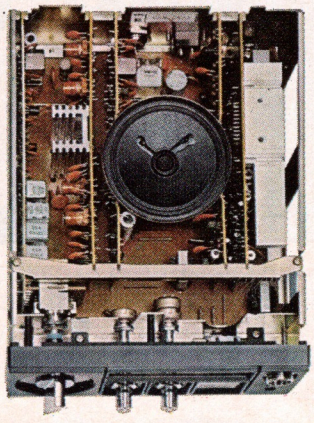
Feeling kind of "frisky," I quickly followed her in and locked the door. She gave me a grin as if she read my mind but couldn't believe that we would really do anything. As she turned away from me, I reached around and grabbed her tits and she began to grind her ass into my hardening prick. I'm sure that she thought that it was

Royce CB is built to take it.

We put a Royce CB in a paint shaker and it took it.



The typical CB. A mass of wires. Old-fashioned methods of soldering and assembly, tuning and testing.



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now over as she turned away, pulled down her panties, and proceeded to sit on the john and relieve herself. I was pretty damn horny and said to myself, *the hell with the barriers*. I took out my prick, now pretty damn hard, and walked over to where she was seated. Slowly, she began to suck it, and in a minute I knew there would be no turning back. I pulled her to her feet and entered her from the rear while she leaned on the toilet. As I reached around to massage her clit, I couldn't believe how wet she was, and then I realized that we were both living a fantasy of making love in school, one of the forbidden places. Before long I had a climax that buckled my knees and almost sent me to the floor. In a short time, we started to giggle like two little kids who had put one over on the teacher. We then proceeded to sneak out one at a time and go for a quick lunch. For days after, we laughed about what happened and tried to imagine the looks on the faces of the principal and some of the teachers if we had forgotten to lock the door and they had walked in on us.—*Name and address withheld*

Tip-top-tip

Having worked as a bellboy in a midwestern resort hotel for the last two years, I had no idea what the fringe benefits could be until I was recently promoted to bell captain.

One day last week we were expecting an unusually large check-in by a women's group, and because a group that was leaving was still tied up in meetings and not vacating their rooms on time, it created a problem for some early arrivals.

Just when havoc at the front desk was at its peak, I spotted a great-looking redhead, struggling with a couple of suitcases and several posters to be displayed in the meeting hall.

I went over to the gal and said that I thought it would be some time before her room would be ready but that I would be happy to store her luggage in my bell closet and then take her posters up to the meeting room for her.

To make a long story short, she went to work in her meeting room, and I went back to my duties. But in about a half hour, the desk manager told me that Ms. Redhead's room was ready and gave me the key to deliver to her. I gave her the key and directions to her room, and she thanked me for being so courteous and asked that I bring her luggage to her room because she wanted to change and freshen up.

When I arrived with the luggage, I knocked, announced myself, and was told to come in. Using my pass key, I went into her room with the luggage and stopped dead in my tracks when I saw her lying on the bed—completely nude, spread-eagled, breasts heaving, and busily working her fingers in and out of her also red-haired pussy. She said she wanted to give me a tip—and tips were what I got. First, I got the tip of each nipple with the tip of my tongue, then the tip of her clit with the tips of my fingers, and, finally, the tip of my rock-hard cock into the cavern of her cunt. And we screwed with such fervor that we were almost tipped from the bed.

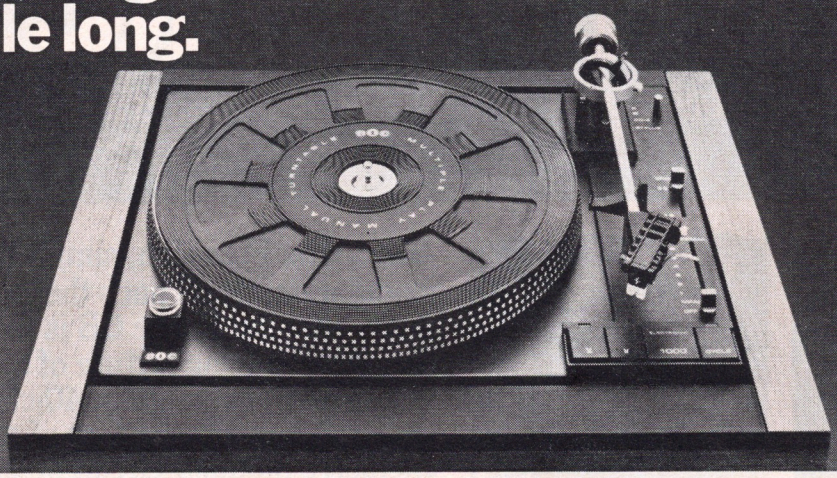
That was truly my most gracious gratuity to date.—*D.S., address withheld*

Tickle finger of fate

I have noted with increasing interest your recent attention to letters that deal with the subject of tickling. As a frustrated tickling fetishist from the time I was first able to tell the girls from the boys, I'm grateful for your willingness to provide a forum for persons like me who are afflicted with this rather unusual obsession.

Until fairly recently, I was utterly alone with my thoughts of tickling, which constantly intruded themselves into my mind like some sort of maniacal demon. When I was a youngster in grade school, I would nearly lose possession of my senses whenever the girls who were seated in front of me would cross their ankles underneath their chairs, letting their shoes drop to the floor and exposing their bare soles to my unblinking eyes. The teacher's dronings would be completely absent from my consciousness as I would fondly daydream of holding my victim's feet immobile and tickling her with prancing fingertips while she shrieked in violent hysteria.

Introducing the B·I·C Electronic Drive 1000. With two motors. Electronic controls. "Pause cueing." Remote control. And a waiting list a mile long.



Sorry about the waiting list, but when you see it you'll understand. Here you have a purist's tone arm and superb playback in a "bee eye cee" belt drive unit which we believe promises better long-run performance than a direct drive unit. At about $279, we think it's irresistible. See what you think at your high-fidelity dealer's. You'll find our 5 turntables folder there. Or write to British Industries Co., Dept. IP, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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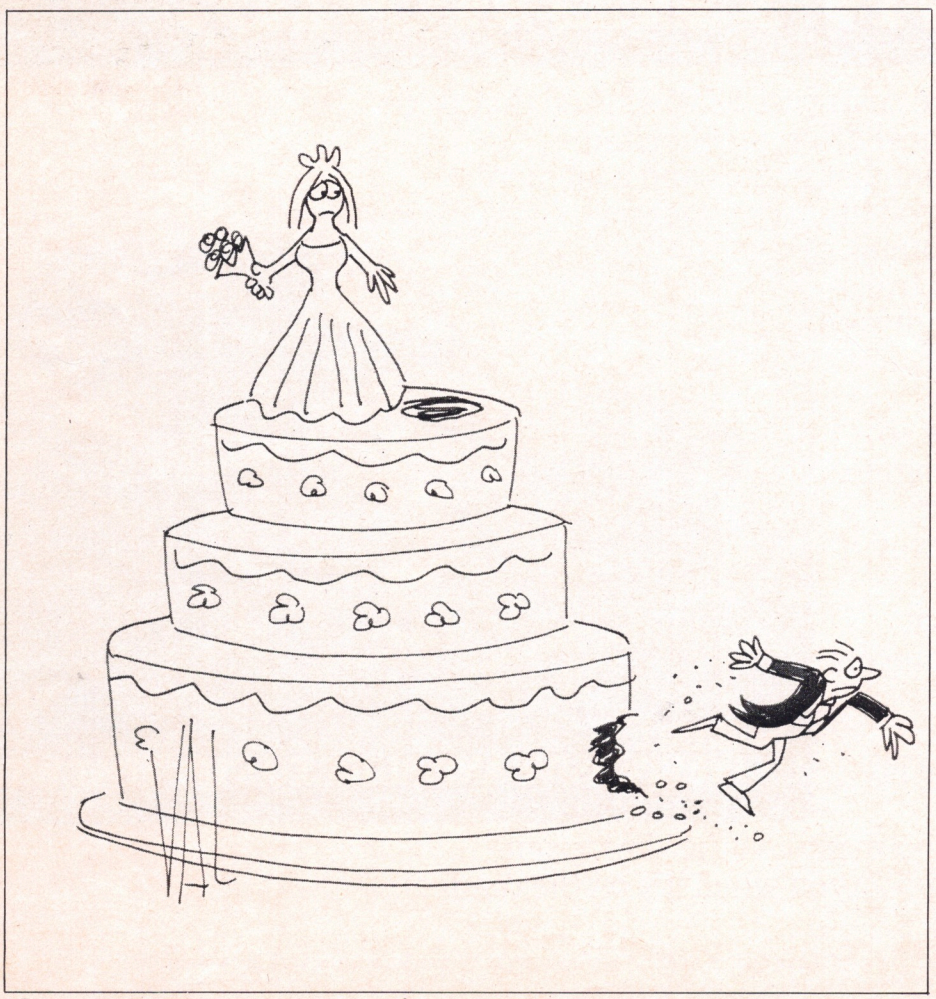
My obsession with such thoughts remained with me as I grew older and went to college.

Finally, I placed an ad in one of the magazines that cater to "swingers." My golden opportunity finally came last year, and I immediately called a young couple in San Antonio. They were free for the weekend, and they graciously invited me to fly down and stay with them for a couple of days. Although I was breathless with anticipation, my anxiety as I hung up the telephone was understandable. This particular couple had been enjoying the mutual delights of regular tickling sessions for years and had even employed sophisticated devices, such as leather cuffs for absolute restraint, while I had never been remotely involved in such an experience. Besides, I knew that I would be expected to stretch forth my limbs and submit to the victim's role at some point during my visit, and I was fearful that I might be so ticklish under such circumstances that my torture would be insupportable.

The experience was everything that I had dreamed of and more. Our initial conversation was strained, as we were all quite nervous; but with the unparalleled assistance of a few highballs, we soon warmed to our subject with glowing awareness. When I thought I'd reached the point where my mouth had turned to cotton and my heart was about to burst through my rib cage, they excused themselves slyly and asked me to wait in the living room while they made the necessary preparations. My brain was churning as I sat there alone, and my shaking legs could hardly support me when, a few minutes later, the husband shouted to me that everything was in readiness. Giddy with excitement, I walked into the bedroom, and the sight that met my eyes will remain forever etched in my memory.

The room was in semidarkness, and my host's beautiful wife was bound spread-eagled to the bed, clothed only in her panties. I don't know how long I stood there staring in unbelieving admiration of her lovely body, but I went absolutely to pieces when the husband invited me to see for myself how ticklish she was. I groped nervously at her feet, and something snapped in my mind when I heard her shriek with delighted laughter as my fingers caught their stride and danced eagerly beneath her toes and across the delicious white skin of her soles. After an eternity of watching her body writhe while her feet jerked spasmodically, I got up to kneel astride her and began to alternate the pressure of my fingertips from a gentle prodding of her rib cage to a slow and methodical stroking of the smooth, hairless hollows of her armpits. The din of her hysterics was deafening, but the husband assured me that she was loving every torturous second of this unrelenting tickling.

I can't remember how long I continued; it seemed like hours. We all took periodic turns playing the victim throughout the night, and I was emotionally drained by the experience, which I have never since been able to relive. I hope that your readers who share this utterly unique passion for tickling have had, or someday will have, the good fortune to realize their fantasies in as satisfying a fashion as I did.—*P.L., address withheld*



Comb down

I'm writing this letter because I owe you a vote of thanks. I read with interest the recent letters that spoke of sexual attraction to a woman's hair and the thrill of hair fucking.

The idea appealed to me, so I showed the letters to my girl friend, who is justly proud of her beautiful head of long, black hair (it falls over her shoulders and straight back down to her mid-back). She took one look at the letters and promptly told me I'd breathe my last if I tried to give a "cream" rinse to the silky tresses she spends hours every week keeping perfect. She did say, however, that if I picked up her comb, she would let me comb her hair and that I would find that just as erotic.

Well, although somewhat skeptical, I took up the comb and found to my surprise that the lady was right. As I sat running my fingers through her hair, shaking it loose and combing it back again, I got a tremendous hard-on. Not only that, but my girl friend found it very soothing to have me play with her hair. Afterward we had an incredible session of lovemaking—even better than usual.

Every four or five days now, we'll begin our lovemaking by my playing with her hair.—*R.W., New York, N.Y.*

Brush up

My fiancée has long, blonde hair. I get an almost immediate hard-on whenever I touch it. My lady lets me do anything I want with her hair, but her favorite pastime is to let me brush it from the front while she sucks my cock.

She gets especially excited when her hair is pulled. The more I pull, the better she sucks. When she is really turned on, she will begin to masturbate along with the sucking and brushing. And no word is ever spoken.

When we are both extremely excited, I lie on my back, and she gets into a sixty-nine position, throwing her hair over her head and onto my shaft. While she sucks me and I eat her, I also fuck her hair. And when I finally shoot my load, she yells for me to keep my "shampoo coming." (She's been using come for shampoo for years now and swears by it, claiming it works wonders.)

After we've both come, we jump in the shower, where I work my come into her hair and lather the rest of her all over. Then after we get out, I comb her hair out. And since she doesn't use a cream rinse, the more pulling there is the better she likes it—and the more turned on she gets. Now the final hair act begins.

With my cock hard again from brushing and combing her golden locks, she gets on her knees, and I tie two thick strands of her hair around my waist so that she can't pull away. She then wraps the rest of her hair around my shaft and gives me the best head that anyone has ever had. We end it all by a well-deserved (for both of us) fuck.—*J.M., Encino, Calif.*

Jimmy Carter

We would like to express the utter disgust with which we read two of your features in the November issue, "If you Liked Richard Nixon, You'll Love Jimmy Carter" and "Erection 1976". . . .

We especially take exception to the manner in which *Penthouse* presented Stein's article. The mood and contents were so biased as to make an objective judgment of the article impossible. The inclusion of this article is an obvious attempt to compete with *Playboy*'s interview with Jimmy Carter. The latter, however, was an honest presentation of information, whereas your article appeared to be expressing the subjective opinion of the *Penthouse* editors, whom, apparently, you did not have the guts to identify.

The gradations from humor to bad taste to obscenity are very subtle and obviously very judgmental. In our opinion, Bill Lee's cartoon essay and your presentation of it were highly offensive. To poke fun at Carter and/or Ford is acceptable—indeed, they have invited such black humor by putting themselves in the limelight. But, to humiliate and slander pictorially any candidate—in your case, just Carter—is in the worst taste imaginable.

We therefore wish to express extreme abhorrence over the use of such journalistic manipulation and hereby cancel our subscription to *Penthouse* and request a refund for the balance of our subscription. We do not wish to have such a blatantly biased publication in our home and will no longer support your magazine.—*Marilyn and Robert Cohn, Oceanside, N.Y.*

The Editor's reply:
Ben Stein's article on Jimmy Carter was commissioned long before we knew that Playboy *had done that interview. It is difficult to know the meaning of sentences such as "The mood and contents were so biased as to make an objective judgment . . . impossible" or to understand the objective difference between "poking fun" and "humiliating" a candidate. In any case, we can assure you that Mr. Stein's article does not reflect the "subjective opinion" of all the* Penthouse *editors. The following are just a few of the political figures who have been the subjects of critical articles in* Penthouse*: Gerald Ford, Nelson Rockefeller, Henry Kissinger, and Richard Nixon. So if we're "blatantly biased," our bias is against abuse of power.*

I thought you'd be interested in the following letter which I sent to *Playboy*:
"*Playboy* should have hired *Penthouse* au-

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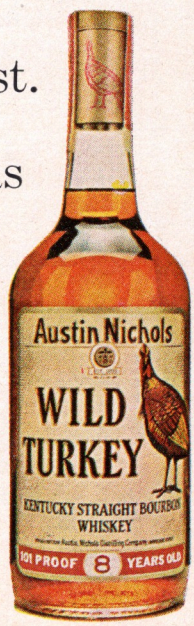

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thor Benjamin Stein to do the interview with presidential candidate Jimmy Carter.

His lusting statement would have rated only a postscript, compared with the important questions Stein could have asked. Too bad, *Playboy*—you've been out-scooped again."—*John Kellogg, Reseda, Calif.*

As a result of your *New York Times* ad, I just finished reading Stein's superb work in the November issue. Congratulations to you and to him.

This very worrisome report is all the more nightmarish and curious in its juxtaposition to John Leonard's article.

That's news—bad news. Think about it pro bono public.—*Tom Cronin, Santa Monica, Calif.*

Anti-Semitism

I enjoyed your article, "Why Do We Love to Hate the Jews?" and, being Jewish myself, would like to believe your conclusion that Jews are hated because they are, in fact, smarter. As a scientist, I find that proposition, however, difficult to accept in the absence of any biological or genetic evidence. I would, on the other hand, agree—and I can speak from personal experience—that Jews do try harder. We must, just in order to have a chance to come out even.

Anti-Semitism seems to be caught up in a vicious circle. If Jews try harder and thus appear to be smarter, they are discriminated against out of fear and jealousy. And if they choose to avoid criticism by not trying harder, they will still be recognized as Jews, and thus will be left by the wayside.

Progress is slow, and perhaps there is hope that Anti-Semitism will one day vanish. It is encouraging that your article was written by a non-Jew.—*Elliot N. Schubert, Skokie, Ill.*

Jean Paul Sartre said that the best way to destroy Jews was to stop persecuting them. John Leonard's statement that we *are* smarter is the second sound conclusion I've heard a Gentile reach about Jews, although I'm a bit concerned that he leaked information we've kept classified for 2,000 years.

Anyway, maybe Leonard would consider converting?—*Jon Slan, Ontario, Canada*

Lessons of love

This is a lengthy letter—for good reason. Compressed in the following paragraphs are eight years of sexual activity with a woman who began her erotic journeys with me at twenty-two and ended them at thirty—an age most women reach experienced, fulfilled, contented, or terrified.

Roberta and I first met at work, and it was a full year before we decided to play. During that year we became exceedingly close friends. Then we became intimate friends.

The first night was a typical first night: she, with little sexual experience, yet with a passion threshold which excited me tremendously—and I, expecting to lose on a bed the best friend I ever had. In the dark I explored her body for the first time. About five feet tall, 100 pounds, Roberta offered me lovely, lithe legs, a tight ass, and breasts that were a touch larger than proportionate—round, soft, and high. All-in-all an excellent figure that matched a face which always reminded me of Susan George's.

Our first fuck was enjoyable, brief, and average. Missionary position, kisses, and sighs. For the next six months, we experimented together, and together we experienced the joys of ever increasing, sophisticated sex. Roberta was a quick learner, and her fascination for my cock was almost childlike.

It was now time for us to move to hitherto unexplored fantasy-living levels of screwing. My fantasies, not hers.

For years I had dreamed of displaying the charms of the lady I loved to every man we met—and eventually to have her fuck others while I watched. And I now loved Roberta. But not one of these desires was made known to her immediately. Rather, I preferred to take her along one step at a time, adjusting, when necessary, to the long-term objective of fulfilling every fantasy I had ever dreamed, patiently and with no pain or sadness.

We started with my choice of her cloth-

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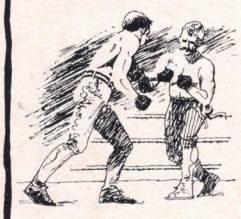

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Up to now the most you could expect from a medium-priced cassette deck was rather medium performance. But now there's the RS-630US. The medium-priced cassette deck with high-priced performance.

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That's what you won't hear. What you will hear is a frequency response of 30Hz to 16kHz (CrO_2 tape). That means cymbals, brass and strings will sound crisp, smooth and natural. The reasons: A super alloy tape head formed under intense heat and pressure. As well as high-grade premium transistors.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

ing. Whenever we were out in public in the evenings, I would ask her to wear very short dresses with low necklines. When she asked why, I simply explained that I was proud of her and wanted to share her body visually with others. To me, it was an ego trip. Roberta unhesitatingly agreed and even allowed me to help her pick her dresses.

We would then go out to a quiet bar or nightclub to have a few drinks. If there were buttons or zippers strategically placed, I would patiently cajole Roberta into undoing or unzipping them until most of the top half of her breasts was in view—stopping just short of the nipple. I would sit back and smile and enjoy the appreciative, lewd looks from waiters and patrons.

The next stage came a month later. After dinner and several drinks, I asked Roberta to do something for me. Thinking it just a spur-of-the-moment lark, she smiled, got up, went to the washroom, returned with her panties in her purse. Her short skirt hiked up, her legs slightly open or crossed provocatively, her lovely cunt was just barely in view to a waiter and one male patron sitting near us. Shortly afterward, when we returned to the apartment, I was shivering almost uncontrollably. I was so excited. It was the best fuck of my life.

For the next fantasy-fulfilling step, I made use of the indoor pool in Roberta's high-rise apartment building. She owned a white bikini, which I asked her to alter for me. Together we cut the lining out from the breast and crotch areas. The result was a very transparent bathing suit whenever it got wet. We would take a bottle of wine with us, swim, get out of the pool dripping wet, and then enjoy the glances from the two or three other men who were usually at the poolside. Again, our sexual couplings were incredibly passionate following these encounters.

Some months afterward, in late fall, we'd been out drinking and had returned to her apartment. We decided to order some pizza. During the half hour we waited for it to be delivered, I dressed Roberta in a red, silky dress that had buttons all the way down the front. Then I unbuttoned all but the five that covered just her crotch area. I told her that I wanted her to greet the pizza delivery boy and invite him in, and while looking for the money in her purse, to sit across from him on her low sofa. I would be hidden behind the partly open drapes on the balcony. I told her she couldn't be raped if she fucked him, and that if he was over fifty, or too ugly, she didn't have to do it. Just then the door buzzer sounded. I kissed her and told her I loved her, and I ducked behind the curtains.

All went according to plan, and I will never, ever forget her open-mouthed smile and the hazy look that came over her eyes as she came while that young, handsome Puerto Rican fucked her. He left, and I came in from the balcony feeling half angry and half horny. We went to bed and fucked until morning.

But all the next day, she was unusually quiet. I knew what we had done had shocked her. And excited her.

The next fantasy to be played out into reality was group sex. Roberta was to move into a house—at my suggestion and gentle insistence—with a girl who happened to be an old friend of mine. Lisa was taller, not so pretty, but with a good, big body. She and I had been lovers years ago.

Just before they were to move in with each other, Roberta invited Lisa and me to her apartment for dinner. I arrived with three bottles of wine. After dinner, we were all tired and a little drunk; so I proposed that we all lie down for a while, suggesting the bedroom as the place most comfortable. We turned out all the lights, and after a leisurely cigarette, I began kissing Roberta, petting and undoing her dress. Occasionally, my hand, while fondling Roberta, would touch Lisa's leg or breast. Soon I had Roberta's dress completely undone and Lisa's half off. By now Roberta was licking and sucking my cock, and I was kissing Lisa. Within minutes of that, we were all naked.

It was now time for the next fantasy to be fulfilled. I wanted the two girls to get off on each other; so I placed Roberta's hand on Lisa's breast. Roberta drew back; so I reversed the procedure. Lisa needed no prompting, and soon She was all over Roberta. She kissed and licked her breasts and lapped at her cunt while Roberta continued to suck and fondle my cock and balls. I finally entered Roberta, fucked Lisa, then back to Roberta, then back and forth, back and forth. I finally came in Roberta and left to go to the bathroom. I returned to find them both gasping and moaning and fingering each other's cunts.

Over the next three or four years, Roberta and I sayed at about the same sexual level. Some threesomes with Lisa and many evenings out for dinner during which I had Roberta expose herself. We had now experienced virtually every serious fantasy I had ever had.

But over the past year, Roberta and I have grown apart. Why, I don't really know for sure. I suspect it is because she gradually grew to feel exploited. And rightly so. We haven't seen each other now for months. I think she still loves me. I know I still love her.

But we'll probably never see each other again.—*A.R.D., Toronto, Canada*

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Bad for the goose

A few nights ago my girl friend attempted to break me of what she called my male chauvinism.

After a hard game of tennis in which I won handily, we started back to her place to shower up and spend the rest of the evening. I could sense something was wrong because she barely spoke to me on

the way. She didn't even look at me.

We got back to her place and got in the shower, where I tried to get things going by soaping up real well and rubbing her firm breasts and downy, hairy pussy. But she didn't respond and left the shower after a few minutes. I took my time, figuring I'd let her cool off.

When I got out of the shower and looked for my clothes, they were nowhere in sight. My keys were missing, too. The only things visible were a fresh pair of her panties and pantyhose and, nearby, a skirt and blouse. I looked all over for my clothes before she came back in and told me she had locked them in the trunk of my car. The only way I could get back home was to do what she wanted for the rest of the night. Only then would she give my keys back to me.

First, she insisted I put on her clothes. The silk panties and nylon pantyhose fit tightly around my cock and thighs and felt surprisingly good. Then she made me put on the skirt and blouse. The she told me to sit on the bed while she made me up. She spent about an hour applying eye shadow, lipstick, and face makeup, and finally earrings. All the time she kept going on about what a pretty girl I'd make.

Then we went downstairs for an evening of drinking and watching television. All the while I had to stay dressed and made up as I was.

By midnight she was feeling pretty high, and she came over and started to tickle me gently with her fingers up and down my thighs and over the panties and onto my cock. Then she started to unbutton my blouse and took it off. After a while we started kissing and stroking each other, and soon I had her naked. I started to take off the remaining clothes, but she stopped me. She threatened to quit unless I promised to raise the skirt over my waist and to pull down the panties and pantyhose just enough so that we could fuck. I was so aroused that I would have promised her anything.

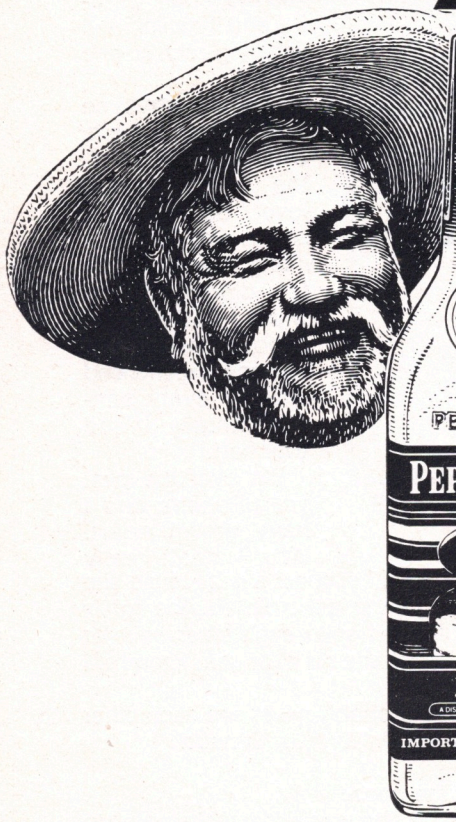
She then went down on my hard cock and pulled down the panties and pantyhose part way—and the dress up—and took my cock deep into her mouth. She soon swung her pussy over my face, and we did a slow, slurping sixty-nine. We both ended up with terrific climaxes.

After it was over, my girl explained that she just wanted me to realize a little bit how she felt sometimes when I did it to her, and that was her way of showing me.

I don't know if she cured my chauvinism, but she sure did change my views on our sex life.—*Name and address withheld*

Pepe Lopez Tequila—80 Proof—Brown Forman Distiller's Import Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1976.

Hey Pepe, what you do to Margarita, can you do to Phyllis and Sylvia, too?



Sure.

The Phyllis:
1 oz. Pepe Lopez Tequila
2 oz. pineapple juice
½ oz. lime juice
Shake with ice for about 10 seconds. Pour into your favorite glass.

The Sylvia:
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4 oz. cranberry juice
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P.H.

Playing nurse

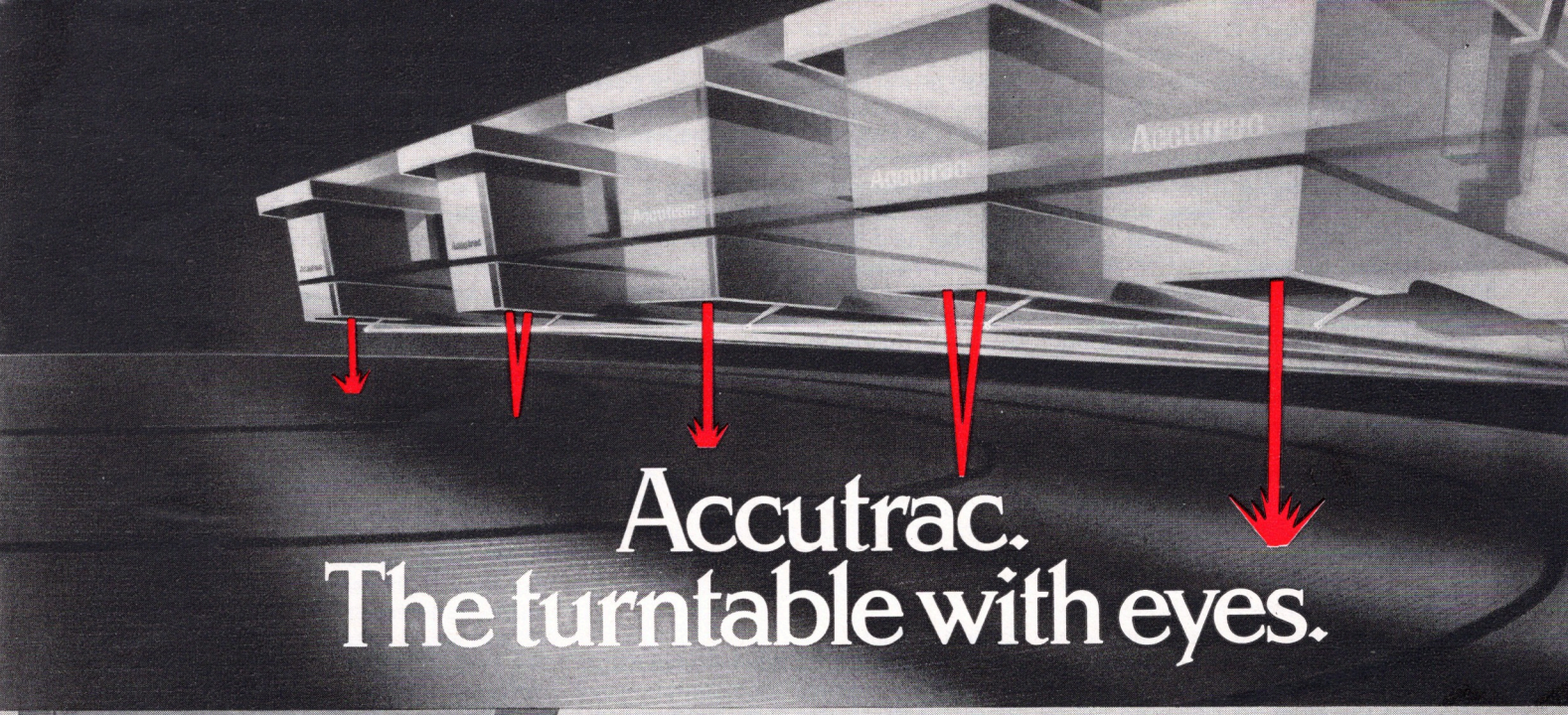
I can credit your magazine directly with the lessening of my wife's inhibitions about sex. I am a transvestite and have enjoyed dressing completely as a female since I was twelve. I married Sharon (not her real name) without telling her this. I thought that my desires would change after marriage. Of course, they didn't; being in close proximity to such a feminine person as my wife only made my desires even stronger. I finally gathered the courage to tell her the truth, but she was unable to accept this part of me. She told me that I could do as I pleased when I was alone but that she would have no part in it.

However, over the next three years, she came to accept oral sex and varying positions as natural. She also began to read the Forum each month with interest. We began to talk about some of the more outlandish letters as well as some containing ideas that either she or I wanted to try.

This happened more than a year ago. A friend of Sharon's had decided to have a Halloween party, and it was to be a costume affair. It was Sharon who suggested that I go as a woman. I was, of course, overjoyed by her suggestion that I would be costumed as a nurse and she would be a male doctor. Sharon said that after reading about other couples in the Forum, she had been thinking about letting me dress as a woman, and the party provided a good excuse to give it a real try.

It took us almost two hours of preparation for the party. Sharon borrowed a set of doctor's whites from a friend who works at a hospital. She flattened her breasts by winding an elastic bandage around her chest. Sharon even used a couple of "popper" marbles and a hot dog in her jockey shorts to provide the right bulge in her pants.

Since Sharon used to be an LPN, I didn't need to borrow anything for my costume. I have quite an extensive collection of women's attire; so I used some of my own things. I chose white underwear so that it



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wouldn't show through the uniform. After shaving all over, I donned my latex falsies, put on my white lace bra and matching garter belt, and then drew on the white opaque nylons. After pushing in my testicles into their bony sockets, I looped my penis back between my legs and secured it with tape. I donned a pair of filmy, white silk panties, and drew a lace-trimmed white-nylon slip over my head. I put on one of Sharon's LPN uniforms. It was the sexiest one she owned, with short, puffed sleeves, and a fairly low neckline. Then I sat at her dressing table to apply my makeup. When I had finished applying a foundation, face powder, eye liner, eye shadow, mascara, blusher, and lipstick, I put on my wig of long, auburn human hair. With the finishing touches—a purse, nurse's white shoes, earrings, and her LPN cap—I became a very convincing nurse.

Sharon had watched my entire transformation in silence. When I'd finished, she said that watching had made her very horny and that we'd have a real session when we got home that night.

We were the hit of the party and got a prize for the most original costumes. Several of the men insisted on dancing with me although they all knew I was a man. I was surprised to find that a couple of them asked what it felt like to wear those silky things women wear—indicating that I'm not the only one who has felt this desire.

Sharon and I did have quite a session that night. Still in our costumes, she "seduced" me in the living room, and we fucked on the living-room floor. She pulled off my panties, removed the tape, and guided me into her. With her between my legs, I could fantasize that I was a woman, while she imagined that she was a male. She made me come three times that night and later said that she'd had at least four orgasms herself.

Since that night Sharon has become much more aggressive in our sex life. She even asks me now to get into my "dainties" and is usually willing when I'm the one who suggests it. We do not always have sex while I am dressed as a woman; it's closer to about half of the time.

So, thanks to you and your readers for helping us to discover a richer sex life. You taught us that you shouldn't say no to something different without trying it.—*Name withheld, Augusta, Maine*

English leather

The recent number of letters in your magazine about female domination have prompted me to write of my experiences. I am an eighteen-year-old male attending college at a private university.

It all began last summer when my four-till-midnight job left lots of time in the day to sit around or whatever. One day my mother was having her best friend over for some coffee. This friend, Yvonne, was an attractive English woman, about thirty-two, with lovely blonde hair and a fairly nice figure. Yvonne offered to pay me to vacuum her pool, which was fine with me since I'd done ours often. So I walked to her house about five blocks away and began vacuuming. When I was halfway finished, Yvonne returned and offered me a glass of iced tea. I accepted. While sitting in her kitchen, Yvonne stared right at me and said, "I want you to be my slave." Was I surprised! I didn't know what to say. I had often fantisized about fucking her, but this was a shock. I asked her what she meant. "I mean I want you as a slave. Now get down on your knees like a proper slave should!" I was pretty turned on by all this; so I immediately obeyed.

Yvonne then began the ritual. First, I was required to strip to my birthday suit and wear only a pair of her silk panties. Then I had to show my submissiveness by calling her "Your Highness." I had to kiss her feet before I addressed her, and then if she saw fit, she would answer. Later I had to finish the pool and then do all her housework while she lay on the sofa, reading a book. If I didn't come quickly enough when she called (which was almost constantly), I had to "assume the position" and receive ten whacks with the cane. If I flinched or cried out, I got an extra five.

I ended up spending five hours at her house, and I returned the next day to receive the same humiliation, plus more. She had me shaving her legs, painting her toenails, and I was even required to change her tampon, pulling the string out with my teeth. That wouldn't have been so bad except that she pushed the string inside her and I had to fish it out with my tongue.

Again I was made to clean her kitchen, but with a greater punishment: if I did not do so to her satisfaction, I would receive the normal ten whacks plus a soapsuds enema. As expected, she didn't like the job because she found some dust under the refrigerator. I was marched upstairs, required to wear her eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, and lipstick (she put it on me in a very professional manner), and was then given the cane. We ended up with her giving me the enema. I was later made to give her one, since it really turned her on.

To my dismay, Yvonne and I never fucked. I often had to eat her, though, vaginally and anally. Our master-slave thing lasted through the summer, but I had to return to school in September. Now I just have to wait and see if we pick it up again next year.—*Name and address withheld*

Fantasy fiancée

My fiancée and I have discussed my fantasy before, but it never really turned her on.

I have always wanted her to dominate me. Finally, one Saturday morning, I came over while her parents were away for the weekend. No sooner was I in the door than she told me to strip "like a good slave." Since it was such a dream come true, I didn't even bother to ask her when or where she got the idea. She then handed me a

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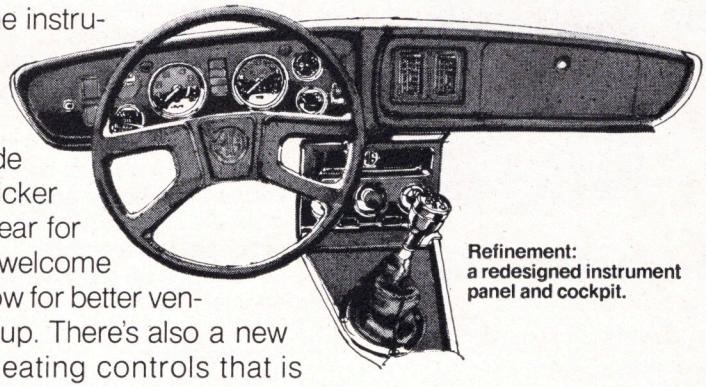
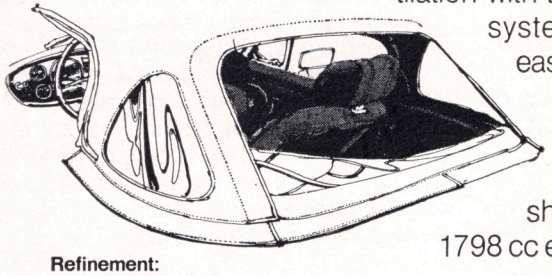


Refinement: a redesigned instrument panel and cockpit.



Refinement: a zip-down rear window.

And it all comes wrapped in the brisk, lithe, responsive sports car America has long loved. The 1977 MGB comes equipped with decisive disc brakes, quick rack and pinion steering, short-throw four-speed stick, race-proven suspension and a gutsy 1798 cc engine.

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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.

SHULTON

pair of pink body tights. I was told I was going to spend the entire weekend as her own personal slave. But before she had me put on the tights, she made me bend over and smeared K-Y jelly on my ass so that it would be slimy. This was supposed to remind me of my position as her slave.

My first duty was to give her a pedicure, and then I was ordered to clean up the dog's crap in the backyard. My next chore was to clean the kitchen. She reminded me not to screw up on it or it would "cost me."

I wanted to test her to see just how serious she was. She knew I wasn't into whipping; so I wondered what she could have in mind. To test her I purposely forgot to clean the stove. What a mistake!

She marched me into the bathroom, where I was ordered to take off my leotards and lie on my back in the tub with my legs apart. She then told me that if I made any effort to move or cover myself, she would spank me with her hand on my bare ass until it was fire-red. She turned on the water as cold as it would go. After thirty seconds, she turned it off, but believe me, it felt as if it had been thirty minutes. Next time she said it would be longer.

She then smeared K-Y up my ass, but this time an enema followed. I was then forced to eat her twat. She fondled my cock after she came but still wouldn't let me come.

She now had me fix her dinner, and then I ate mine, which she put in a bowl and set out back alongside her dog's bowl. For dessert she had ice cream, which she smeared on my dick and then licked off. I was about to burst, but again she warned me not to come.

Then she tied my hands behind my back and teased me off and on for the rest of the evening. Finally she let me jack off, but it had to be in front of her. She said that since I was the slave, it wouldn't be right for her to blow me.

Since that first great experience, sometimes when we are bored or when she knows I am horny and she isn't, she will make me strip and do her chores or eat her out or just sit naked with her and then jack off in front of her afterward.—*M.J., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Female forum . . .

Should anyone feel that the November letter about an "Obedience School" for male slaves is a fantasy, let me confirm that such groups do exist. I know; I even met my husband at one.

My sister and I were raised in a home where the wife ruled, and we wanted such happiness as Mom and Dad shared. After college, Marge, five years older, went to another city and soon met and married Bill, a handsome, bright young attorney who shared her belief in female domination. Meanwhile, I attended college, joined a big firm, and concentrated on my career. Two years ago, at age twenty-eight, I was transferred to the city where Marge lived.

I visited them a lot and watched her husband do the housework and wait on her in the nude. She was a strict disciplinarian, and they both were quite happy. I myself had met lots of men, but they either disliked strict domination or were not too successful in their careers; so I had not yet married. I discussed this with my sister, and Bill talked to me about it over lunch one day; he assured me that sooner or later the right man would turn up.

They belonged to an S.&M. club. A few months later Marge asked me to be a guest at a meeting at their house. Everyone was under thirty-five; each male slave was nude, his hands chained behind him, and wore a punishment item. Bill, for example, had on handcuffs and a scrotum strap. The sight of those naked males, all under female rule, was quite a turn-on. Right away, though, I had another surprise. Marge told me they had a male guest, too.

She led me to the ell of the game room, where a nude young man was positioned on his knees, toes touching behind him, knees spread very wide, holding himself upright at attention. His hands were held up between his shoulder blades by a chain about his neck. A footstool was on either side of him, and Marge and I sat down. While he remained at attention, she told me about him.

Roger, twenty-six, was her husband's cousin and a new member of the firm. He was an honor graduate with a bright future. He also believed in female rule. Meanwhile, I looked over his smooth chest and the nice cock curving down over thick balls; I became interested. I learned that he was five foot-nine inches tall, which pleased me, as I'm five foot eleven and like dominating smaller men. Marge suggested I talk to him alone—after I put a punishment item on him. I took two wooden clothes pins from a supply table, snapped one onto each nipple, and got hot watching his cock jerk erect. He had a good seven inches, and thick. I called him slave and he called me mistress. In thirty minutes I knew we were ideal for each other. I got a five-thong whip, ordered him to a bedroom, and in the next two hours found out we'd be great together.

We've been married eighteen months now. We're both successful in our careers, active in civic clubs, and move in a good social circle. At home he is my personal slave, going naked at all times and subject to punishment for any mistake.

We've remained in that S.&M. club with Marge and Bill and enjoy ourselves thoroughly. I swap Roger around, yes, but always reserve the last session for him—the best for the last. We are very happy and wouldn't change our lives for anything.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . highway flashers

We are writing to alert all those young (and maybe the not-so-young), sexy truck drivers on the highways of western Pennsylvania.

Please guys, if you want a good flash, keep your eyes open because when we flash, we really *flash!*

We're three young girls in our early twen-

ties who enjoy taking rides on the highways and turnpike and giving all those truckers some good shots of our thirty-seven-inch—and better—tits and our nice and soft and round and pink asses.

So keep your eyes open—we love ya, and we wanna show ya!—*Names and addresses withheld.*

. . . me and Bob and Stan and Al

My husband and I are both thirty, horny, sexy people with a great open relationship. We enjoy all aspects of sex with each other as well as with a third party, sometimes male, sometimes female, because Al and I are both bisexual.

I have a real fetish for giving guys handjobs. It gives me a sense of power watching them squirm around naked, sometimes begging me to bring them off. When I pick a guy up, I usually bring him home because I like my men completely nude when I'm with them. I don't dig just reaching into a guy's fly and beating his meat without seeing what it looks like.

Al is not very gifted in the penis department, only five-and-one-half inches hard; so we both dig making it with guys really hung well. One of our semiregular meetings is with Bob, who is twenty-four and has a ten-inch cock. He is into some light bondage, and his main thing is to spank my bottom and finger my ass while he sucks Al's cock and balls. I don't really like playing the passive role with Bob, but when I get to take that huge cock in my hands, mouth, and cunt, it is all worthwhile. When Bob gets off on his bondage thing, our next position is with me lying on the bed with Bob straddling my face so I can suck and lick him while Al eats me out as I masturbate him with my foot. It's not one of my favorite things, but Al likes watching me make it with another woman while he sits a foot away from the bed playing with himself; or if we're with another guy, they play with themselves while they watch me and we all achieve mutual orgasms. In fact the sight of Al and some other guy beating their cocks has actually made me a much better pussy eater.

Al and I go to a lot of porno flicks, and when the action on the screen gets good and hot, he brings a guy or two back to the men's room, and if they will strip nude in a cubicle, I'll jerk them off. Believe it or not, I once jerked off fifteen men during the same movie, and one horny guy around fifty came back three times. When we left that night, the walls of the cubicle were dripping come from every nook.

One night in the men's room, when a guy of eighteen took off his jeans, I freaked out to see he was wearing women's pantyhose. I massaged his cock through the sheer nylon, and in no time his semen was oozing down his legs. Stan (his name) now comes to the house, and he has gotten Al into wearing pantyhose, and Al says it's a real turn-on.

Stan likes being dressed as a woman. With shaved legs and wig, he is very attractive, and on the street nobody would ever suspect he is a male. We have a lot of fun in ladies' rooms, where I jerk him off, leaving a glob of semen on the toilet seat. Then we sit around watching the expressions of unsuspecting women as they sit down to take a leak. Under his pantyhose Stan wears a sanitary belt and napkin to hide his genitals and to absorb his semen since he often has a number of orgasms while he is dressed in female attire.

In fitting rooms of department stores, he tries on dresses while he exposes his nylon-clad buttocks to the other women and particularly the sixteen- or seventeen-year-old salesgirls. Stan has very little interest in intercourse, and until we met him, his only sexual outlet was masturbation. His sexual apparatus is even smaller than Al's, a microscopic two inches flaccid and five inches erect; so I have no desire to have intercourse with him either. Sometimes Al and Stan get off while I watch, and then one or both will eat me out. I reserve my balling for the well hung.—*Name withheld, N.Y., N.Y.*

. . . streaking into slavery

Three years ago, at age forty-four, my husband "streaked" into slavery, and our life has been spicy ever since.

One warm summer night we had returned from a party, and John was looking out the window at our large backyard, totally enclosed by tall, thick bushes. I was restless and said so. John replied, "We might run around the yard." The media still had stories on streaking then, and I joked, "Why don't you streak? I don't care to, but I'd love to watch." He turned, asking, "Like college kids do?" I said, "Of course. You don't even need tennis shoes. Be naked all the way up."

He said he would. I might have objected at another time, but I was so restless it seemed like fun. He undressed in the bedroom, we stepped onto the patio, and I watched while he ran around the edges of the yard. At forty-four he had some flab on his midriff and a distinct outward curve of belly, but to me it was a nice body with very convenient "love-handles."

Then I got this idea. When he paused on the patio, I said, "Let me do something," and pulled the rope belt from my dress. "I want to tie you up and make you run." It was crazy enough to appeal to him, too, and I bound his wrists behind him and made him run around the yard quite a bit. When we went inside, I asked him to stay tied all night. He agreed, I took him to bed like that, and our lovemaking was great.

Something had happened to us, and we knew it. After twenty-two years of marriage, a married daughter, financial success, and social esteem, we found ourselves in a new relationship. He liked obeying me, and I liked being in control. Now, I have him go nude around the house when I wish, I run him naked in the backyard at night, paddle him for fun, and two or three nights a week he is nude and tied in bed. We call it slavery, although it really isn't, but we enjoy the term. And we are quite happy.—*Name withheld, Lexington, Ky.*

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. . . fixed fight

Penthouse has had letters about female fighting, but I feel that we women are entitled to equal time.

I get quite turned on by the sight of men fighting as long as no one really gets hurt. I enjoy the humiliation the loser suffers knowing that I've watched him get beaten. I have a very interesting story to relate about this subject. For me it looked like it might be the opportunity of a lifetime.

My husband and I subscribe to a swinger's magazine, and we recently saw an ad from a guy offering to make any woman's fantasy come true by fighting her lover or husband for her pleasure.

I discussed this with my husband, who is quite a hunk of man. Tony is five feet, eleven inches and athletically inclined. He said he would be willing to write to this guy for a meeting to determine if he was a kook or just a normal guy out for some clean fun and excitement. I was very eager and wrote a letter proposing a meeting. We met at a disco in a neighboring community, and when I laid eyes on this guy, Mike, I knew I had to set up a fight between him and Tony. He was six feet tall, built very well, and was very dark and handsome.

Mike turned out to be a real gentleman, and we invited him to our home for the following Saturday evening. We also came up with the idea of having my best girl friend, Carol, who is also a swinger, act as a barmaid in our little drama.

That Saturday, after we all made sure everyone knew his role, our "play" went like this: the large recreation room in our basement has a bar on one end where Carol was serving me a drink. Tony entered the "bar" and offered to buy me a drink. After a couple of dances, Mike enters the "bar" and gives me the eye—which I return with an encouraging look but not so Tony can see. At this point Tony goes to the "Men's Room." When he returns, Mike and I are dancing a slow dance, very close together and rubbing our crotches against each other, and Tony really gets angry. He comes over and tells Mike that I am his girl, and Mike tells Tony to get lost. At this point Carol says, "Angela, why don't you let Tony and Mike fight for your affections—unless one of them is afraid." They both agree, and I offer myself to the winner while Carol says she'll take the loser.

Now since all the furniture had been removed, and it's completely carpeted with a deep shag rug, my two guys were ready to get at it. They both stripped to sexy bikini briefs and proceeded to have the most exciting fight Carol or I had ever seen—even though we knew it was all really just staged.

They were grunting and groaning and perspiring, which is a fantastic turn-on for me. The fight lasted about fifteen minutes but seemed like an hour because of all the holds and arm twists and leg twists they were putting on each other. The fight finally ended when Tony had Mike's arm pinned behind his back and forced him to submit. I was supposed to get the winner, but since it was Tony, I called him a bully and took

Mike. Carol spoke up right away as if on cue to tell Tony that he still deserved a prize and that she would be it.

We all had the most wonderful evening of sex, and for Carol and me, it was the best we've ever had because of the intense excitement of the fight. This was my fantasy come true, and I hope every woman (and man) has the opportunity to witness a good fight—especially if it is over her.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . nice and naughty

I am fascinated by strong-minded, loud-voiced women; I have no choice in the matter. When they smile at me with sidelong, covetous glances, my knees knock together with excitement below my flary skirts. I love with such a woman. She appointed herself my "governess."

I used to be a brash teenager. Now I'm a girl of twenty and accept the fact that my governess has my flaxen hair Dutch-bobbed with a childish forehead fringe; that she keeps me in low-heeled, singleties, and that she claps her hands smackingly at me to make me mind—the crisp sound suggestive of a humiliating youthful punishment. Also I accept the fact that she dresses me in white knee stockings and in such short, up-swirling jumper dresses that passers-by smile at the sight of my little-girl lace-type panties.

I refused frantically to wear hair ribbons, but as I gaze into the long mirror opposite me, I see reflected an upstanding bow, the symbol of a dominated young girl. I also see in the full-length mirror that my stockings are telescoped, that my dress is pulled up around my waist, and that my white cotton panties with little embroidered panda bears are down, bunched at my knees. My governess has just given me an old-fashioned, burning spanking across her knee. For nothing more than general naughtiness I am smarting from a panties-down shellacking with her smacking, cracking hairbrush.

Of course I resist her at times, but I am no match in size or strength for this vigorous, hard-minded woman or her twenty-three year-old daughter. I rented a room from her with no money to pay for it; so she made me her servant girl. I was immediately jumpered and down-graded.

These two superior women proudly turn me across their knees in my juvenile attire and spank me soundly with down-pulled panties in front of their friends. Against such odds, what can a small-statured woman do but blushingly bear her burden of shame? Recently, my governess caught me talking to her daugher's boyfriend, something she had forbidden. In front of the two of them, she pulled me across her nylon knee, whisked down my panties, and gave me the most humiliating spanking a young woman old enough to vote has ever had inflicted on her childishly bared buttocks. I walk humbly before them in bashful obedience since I never know when or where my white cotton panties will be taken down.—*D.W., Boston, Mass.*

. . . Miss Low-'n'-Soft

Many *Penthouse* letters imply that a girl won't be happy unless she has big boobs. I speak for the less-endowed.

I met Jim when he was fifteen and new in town. I liked him because he called me Julie, not Miss High-'n'-Hard, like the other guys did. The nickname came because my sweaters stuck out in two high-held, nicely rounded, very firm places.

One Saturday, when we were sixteen, he came over on an errand for his mother. I walked into the kitchen wearing an old T-shirt stuck into my cutoffs, not knowing he was there. His eyes ran over me, and I suddenly felt sick. No more High-'n'-Hard—just two little bumps. I wasn't wearing my usual wired and stayed and padded uplift bra. I left hurriedly, realizing he'd noticed there was no bra strap under my shirt. He'd really seen the real me! No one outside my family had ever done so before.

I cried for an hour. I just knew he'd tell the guys and everyone would know. And I had a date for a party that night! I finally went, falsies and all, ready to face embarrassment. But no one even leered or snickered, and I knew Jim hadn't told. The next Friday, there was a game and no practice for Jim, and I hung around after school to walk home with him. I thanked him for not telling. He said it wasn't anyone's business but mine; but, still, he wondered why I wore falsies. I told him my clothes looked better, and I felt better; besides, guys wanted girls to have prominent breasts. Jim said he was a leg man. I liked that, because I was five foot seven inches tall and did have good

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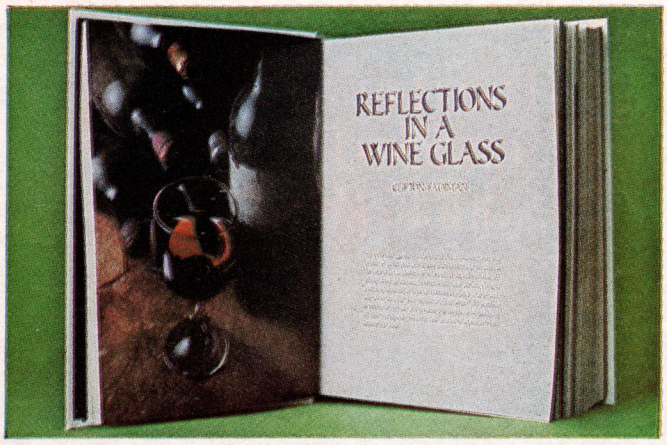

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legs. Still, I felt better looking like 34B than my actual 30A. And, believe it or not, he asked for a date to go out that very next night. The one guy who knew I had tiny tits actually wanted to take me out!

Saturday night I wore a blouse with a V-front and no bra. Later, parked in his car, we kissed a while; then his hand slipped into my blouse to feel my little mounds. He took my blouse off and squeezed each breast into a little ball and pinched my nipples. I just had to tell him how happy I was. No boy had played with them before. I had been too ashamed, and all the while I was jealous of my girl friends, who'd had their tits played with since they were fourteen. The more he caressed my tits, the hotter I got, and I dropped my hand to his pants and felt a long, warm penis. He whispered, "Unzip me," and I did; "Pull it out," and I did; "Kiss it," and I did. The tip was already wet. I ran my tongue up and down that smooth, hot shaft until it throbbed, took it into my mouth, and gave the first head job of my life. He tasted hot and salty and wonderful, and he didn't mind my inexperience. All the while his fingers stroked my hard nipples. Pretty soon I kissed him erect, and we fucked with me on his lap—and him still playing with my tits. He discovered I was a virgin very glad not to be one any more.

Just before our third date, my mother looked me over and asked where the stuffing was. I said it didn't matter with Jim—and blushed. I think she knew the truth, but she just kissed my cheek and said she was glad I had a guy who liked the real me.

Jim and I dated until after our junior year in college, when we got married. We'd had a dandy sex life and wanted to continue. Now, five years later, we have a little girl, and we're happier than ever. I still wear falsies to make my clothes look better and to feel better when we go out, but never at home. I don't need them because my man loves the actual me.—*J.B., Columbus, Ohio*

. . . kissin' cousins

I am writing this because some two years ago I was the victim of a young blackmailing teenager, my cousin Robbie. He spied on me and my boy friend and then threatened to tell his parents (my aunt and uncle) who, we both knew, would certainly tell my parents.

Robbie caught Frank and me half-naked in bed and then insisted that I let him fuck me as the price of his silence. Afraid of what my parents would do when they found out, I didn't put up much of a fight, and I went ahead and let him do it to me. Besides, since Robbie had interrupted us before I had a chance to climax, I was hot to trot.

Although I had pleaded and protested vigorously, deep down I wanted Robbie to screw me. He was only fifteen (I was eighteen), but from what I had noticed of his crotch on occasions, I suspected he might be really hung. And was I ever right; my eyes nearly popped out when I saw his eight-inch cock and thick balls.

What disturbed me, however, was the fact that my boy friend made no attempt to interfere or stop my cousin from getting into my panties. He just stood there, scared as hell with drooping cock, and watched Robbie undress me the rest of the way and climb into bed with me. I don't know if Frank watched me getting screwed or not. He was there when Robbie and I started, but after a while, I forgot all about him. All I could think of was that big thing of Robbie's buried deep and working away inside me.

I did lose Frank over it because he never asked me out again. But Robbie and I continue to fuck every once in a while if we get a chance at family get-togethers.—*Name withheld, Provo, Utah*

We've been asked by a number of readers the name of the illustrator who did our caricature of J. Edgar Hoover for "A Short History of the FBI" (View From the Top, December 1976). We're happy to tell them that it's Robert Pryor.

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $1.25 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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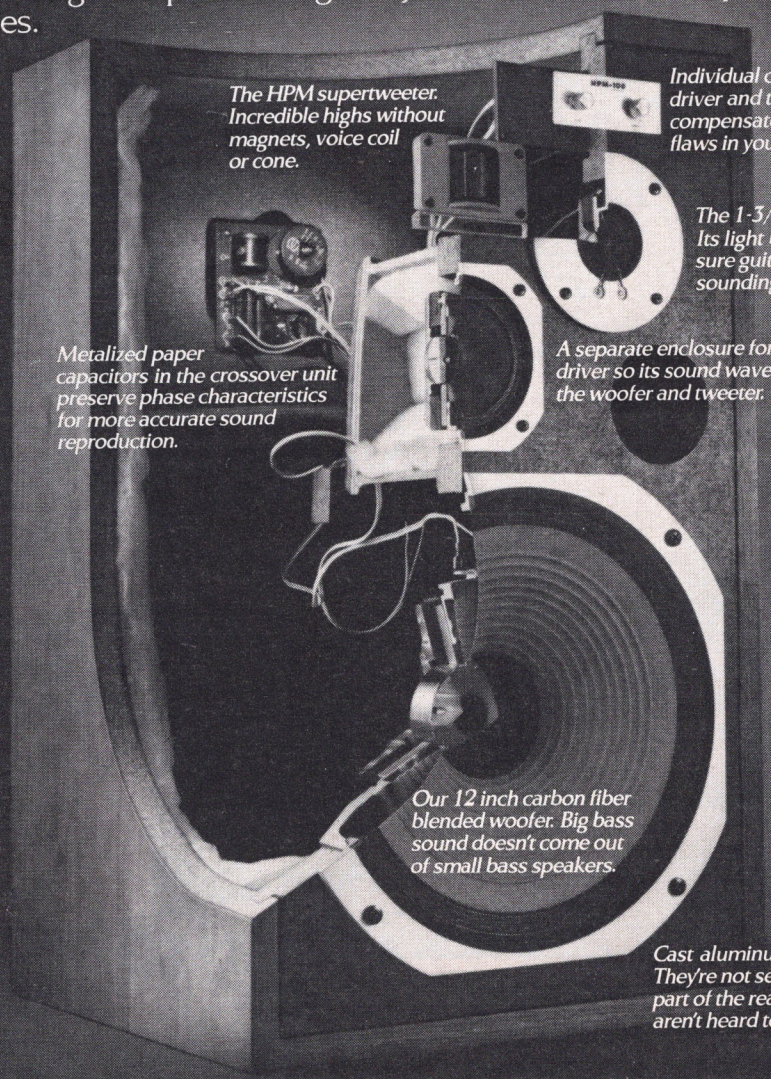

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"Men love getting gum jobs. Next time you bed down with a man, kiss him with your dentures on. Then take out your false teeth and go for his penis with your nude gums."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have a problem with my cock. It is that it's so short that I can't penetrate my wife, Julie. While it's only four inches long, it's seven inches around—so fat that it won't stay in my wife's vagina. Lately, we've been performing oral sex on one another, but she tells me she has never had a good orgasm.

One night, a little while ago, she was feeling very horny after I'd come home from work. Since I was a little horny myself, we had a quick supper and got right into it. I really wanted to give my wife a good orgasm; so after a little foreplay, I took a little stick of tart candy and slipped it into my wife's wet pussy. As the candy started to dissolve, my wife began squirming around like a fish on a hook. After I'd licked out all of the liquid from her pussy, I could see she wanted a big cock. Since I have such a little wee-wee, I got a big piece of greasy sausage out of the refrigerator and eased that up her slippery twat. This long stick of meat was a good twelve inches long and nine inches around. As I was sliding the greased wiener up her twat, she just moaned for more and more until I had every last inch of that stuff up her box. I slid it in and out of her for about thirty more seconds, and then she exploded into the most powerful orgasm she's ever had. She must have come ten times before she quit. She loved every inch of that meat.

I hadn't come yet that evening, and she returned the favor by taking a small banana, biting off one end, and squeezing out the insides. She took the banana skin and slipped it over the end of my short, fat penis. She moved it around while she fingered my ass. I was close to shooting out a banana split when she pulled the peel away and gave me a hot blowjob. I came until my come was running out of her mouth.

We both had great orgasms that evening, but Xaviera, how can I give my wife a terrific orgasm with my own organ?—A Caterer

Check out a well-stocked sex shop or try writing to Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd. (see following letter for address). Ask for a hollow penis that can be attached over your own organ; that is, your cock fits inside the rubber shaft. If this dildo fits your cock snugly, you yourself will feel friction and enjoy penetration along with your wife. It is more or less like wearing a rubber but is somewhat thicker.

In my first book, *The Happy Hooker*, I describe a scene with a Japanese businessman who almost had me convinced that I was fucking his own cock. In fact, he was wearing one of these hollow, rubber dildos over his own tiny cock. This rubber cock even had a hole through which he could shoot his own sperm.

This hollow dildo might just do the trick. If not, you can always go back to your delicatessen sex. After all, there's nothing wrong with your lewd-food fun and games.

THE PENISATOR MANIA

While perusing a recent issue of Penthouse, *I noticed that in your advice to one young woman, you mentioned using a "penisator." Since my wife and I are into vibrators, I wondered where I could obtain this particular gadget. (Ah, what would sex be without the marvels of science?) My wife has complained that she'd like my penis to have a built-in vibrator, as vibrating dildos just don't satisfy the itch. Your penisator—apparently some sort of a long, cocklike vibrator that can be attached to the penis—sounds like it might be the solution to our problem and the answer to my wife's dreams. Where can I get one?—T.C.*

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

This letter is just one of dozens I've received referring to the penisator, which is more commonly known as a "stimulator." After all, why should women have all the fun with vibrators? Now there's something for men, too. The nice thing about the penisator, though, is that even when it's attached to a man's cock, it can go into a woman's vagina. It's even better when shared by two.

If you can't obtain this handy little gadget in a sex boutique, I suggest you buy a catalog of sex goods—which include penile stimulators—from Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., P.O. Box 548, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022. The catalog costs two dollars and lists all kinds of sex aids, including the all-time pecker-upper, the penisator.

A BONUS FOR THE BABY-SITTER

I'm a fifteen-year-old guy, and I've been baby-sitting for this little kid next door for about the last two years. He's a good little boy, and we've never had any problems together. This last week, however, his mother and father came home early from a party and were high as hell. She's about thirty-five, but her husband is at least sixty. The man paid me, and as I started to leave, his wife asked me to stay and watch some porno movies with them there.

The husband put on this X-rated film, then said he was going to the corner for a pizza. After he left, his wife and I watched the movie. Before long, she proceeded to unbutton my pants, and she was soon giving me a good blowjob. My cock is really big for a fifteen-year-old's, and so she kind of gagged on it. Then I realized that her husband might walk in the door at any second. What would he think? Just then the door opened, and there he was. I made a run for it but he grabbed me, took my cock, and put it into his mouth. I went soft immediately.

Now his wife comes over to my mother's house all the time and asks to have me baby-sit. When my mother isn't looking, this woman lifts her dress to show me her pussy. I want to go back to her place real bad, but I think her husband is sick. All I can think about is this woman, though.

I told my shrink about these two. He is a real young guy, and he said not to go back. I was really disappointed in him. All I think about is her. I've never had any real pussy before, and I'm dying for it.—J.A.B.

I think you should understand that this couple is using you for *their* entertainment. That your cock grew soft when the husband sucked on it probably shows that you're not homosexual, or, at least, that you're not attracted to sixty-year-old men. On the other hand, if the wife has given you a jolly good time, I see no reason why you shouldn't go back there for some good sexual fun. I hope you realize, however, that this is a purely sexual relationship. Let her teach you about sex; there's nothing wrong with a good, experienced woman showing you the ins and the outs of the game.

I think the only negative factor in this relationship is the old man. He might very well tolerate these scenes only to keep his frustrated wife happy. Find out from the woman what his attitude is. If he sacrifices his own pleasure just to keep her happy, I'd advise you to leave well enough—her—alone. Why hurt the old fellow? Find yourself someone who's unattached.

EDUCATING THE BABY-SITTER

Two weeks ago I was asked to baby-sit for one of our neighbors. This lady is about thirty years old, has a six-year-old son, and is divorced. She came home early that night and asked me to stay and chat with her for a while. She got up to check on her son and moments later went into her bedroom. When she came out, she was wearing a see-through, shorty nightgown that barely covered her pubic hair. She was wearing no panties or bra.

She sat down by me and asked if I'd ever had sex with an older woman before and if I liked eating pussy. I told her I hadn't had sex with an older woman but that I'd like to sometime. I also told her I'd never eaten pussy before. At that, she undressed before me, telling me to lie down on the carpet. She sat down on my chest and told me to kiss and lick her legs. That I gladly did. Her legs were warm and smooth, but they tasted a little salty as I licked them. My dick was hard, and she reached behind herself and jacked me off until I came. Then she told me that I had to eat her pussy until she came, too.

Then she moved farther up on my heaving chest and crouched over my face, with one thigh on each side of my head. Her pussy was the most delicious thing I'd ever tasted, and I licked and sucked her for almost an hour. More and more, as my tongue went deeper and deeper, she put her full weight on my face. She shifted up on my face even farther, though, and told me to start licking her ass hole. It tasted different from her pussy, but I liked it, and she made me eat her there for about a half an hour before she got off—both emotionally and physically! As I got dressed, she asked me if I'd like to do it again the next night. I said yes. We've been doing it every night for almost two weeks now. I've loved every single minute of it, too.

I'm afraid, however, that my parents might get suspicious. Because of this, I don't plan to see this woman so often in the future. My question is, How can I find a girl in school who will do these things with me? I'm afraid that the girl will say no when I tell her what I want. How can I tell if a girl wants to sit on my face and let me eat her pussy and ass hole?

Please don't print my name, because

some of the guys in school read Penthouse.*—A Teenager*

You're luckier than the baby-sitter in the previous letter. At least there is no husband around when you eat out this older woman's pussy.

My advice to you is not to tell your prospective girl friends anything at all. Just do it! Gently introduce them all to the new positions in the course of your performance in bed. Remember: always think of pleasing her first. Once she is satisfied, she will return the favor to you; if she doesn't, get a new girl friend.

But don't be too demanding of your younger girl friends. They haven't had the experience of your sophisticated divorcée. Please be patient; don't expect any expert lovemaking the first time out.

THE POSTNATAL BLUES

I'm a twenty-year-old housewife, and although I've been married for only two years, I'm beginning to find my husband sexually boring. I don't think, however, that the problem lies with my husband. Xaviera, I'm afraid that I'm the problem. After all, I enjoyed my husband so much before we were married and before I had my child. Yet I now find myself looking at other men, even though I can't bring myself to cheat on my husband. Really, he is a very good lover! I'm beginning to feel I have no sex appeal at all. Should I see a psychiatrist to straighten myself out?– Terrie

You suffer from the so-called postnatal blues. It's not uncommon for women who've just given birth to feel that their bodies are still out of shape, that they are unattractive and unsexy.

I'd suggest you not see a psychiatrist. Just wait; see what happens after your body's back in shape.

HOW ABOUT A GUM JOB?

I'm a twenty-year-old college student with a big problem. I've been dating an older woman, Cindy, who is married. Her husband is wealthy and gives her an allowance for whatever she wants.

Cindy can give the most fantastic blowjobs. They are simply indescribable because of an auto accident she had about four years ago. This accident knocked out most of her teeth. Whenever she gives me head, she takes out her dentures and just massages the hell out of my cock with her luscious gums.

About two months ago I was driving back from a concert, and Cindy started sucking me off. I told her to stop, because the first time she did this we almost had a wreck. She didn't stop, and the only thing I could do was sit back and enjoy it. Anyway, during the height of my orgasm I crashed into the back of a car that had slowed down to make a turn. Luckily, we were in the city limits and going only about thirty miles per hour. Neither of us was hurt seriously, although I had a bad bruise on my cock where Cindy's gums had chomped down too hard. Both cars, however, were heavily damaged, and there's no way I can pay for the $900 damage to my automobile.

I think Cindy should help me pay for these damages. She disagrees. What do you think, Xaviera?—Sucked Off

I'm a twenty-four-year-old girl with a rather unusual problem. I'm attractive, with a model's figure; long, straight hair; and pretty features. My problem is false teeth. Two years ago I had all my teeth pulled, and I now wear a complete set of dentures.

I've had several men since losing my teeth, but not one of them has known about my dentures. You just have to be careful when it comes to deep kissing. Lately, however, I've developed a tremendous desire to make love without my dentures. I want to feel a man's tongue against my toothless gums and mouth. I want to take a man's penis into my mouth and massage it gently with my gums. I want to make love freely, without having to worry that my dentures will come loose. (A couple of times I've almost taken them out before making love but lost courage at the last minute.)

I'm terribly afraid that men will find my toothless appearance revolting. I've looked at myself in the mirror without my teeth, and it's pretty awful. I've tried to make my appearance without my teeth sexier, with makeup, erotic nightgowns, and so forth. Xaviera, there's no way around it: my appearance without my dentures is less than pleasing.

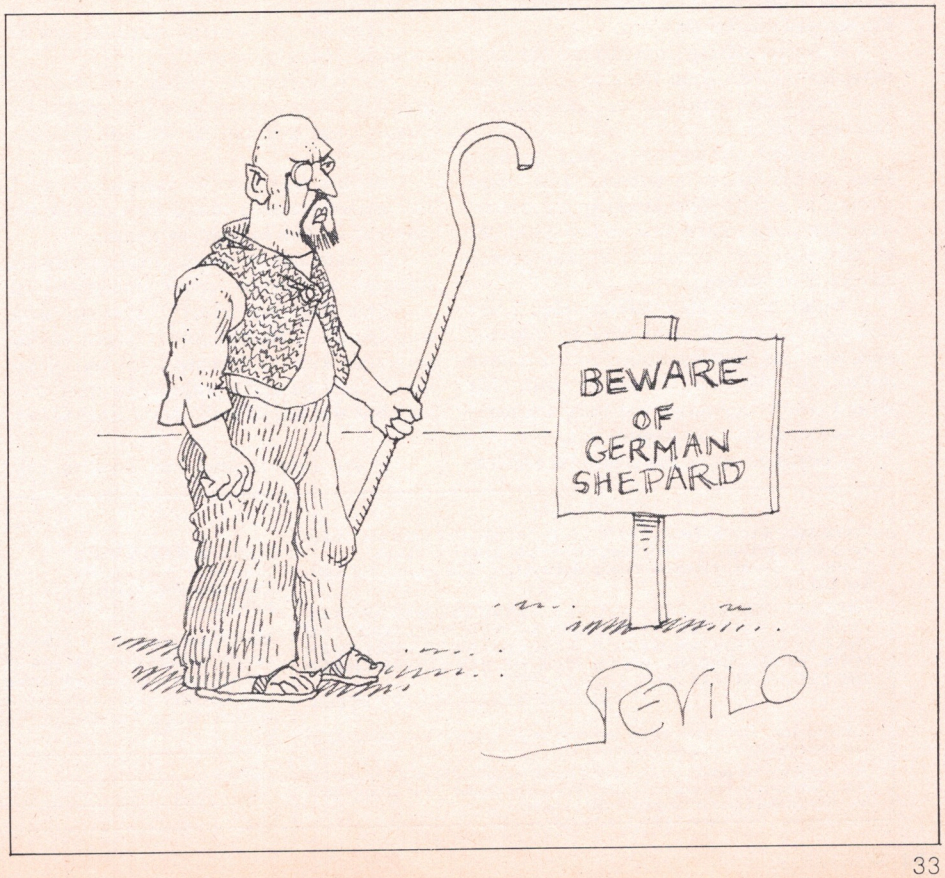
But I've heard that some find dentures in a young woman very sexy. How do you think most men would feel about making love to a toothless woman? There must be other young women who've had all their teeth pulled and who have to wear dentures.—A Denture Wearer

Dear Sucked Off: You sure hang out with dangerous ladies. Have you ever thought about how your girl friend happened to lose her teeth in that previous accident?

It seems you've both paid a price for your fun and games. She lost her teeth, and you're stuck with a big auto-repair bill. I don't really think you ought to blame her, though. It might be nice if she paid half the expenses, but after all, you *could* have pushed her head away; you didn't have to get the world's greatest gum job right at that moment in time. Next time, pull over. There are always parking areas on the roadsides.

Dear Denture Wearer: As you can see from the previous letter, many men enjoy getting gum jobs from toothless ladies. Next time you bed down with a man, kiss him with your dentures on. Then, when the going gets hot and heavy and it's time for a blowjob, take out the dentures and go for his cock with your gums chomping.

You make it seem that gum jobs are all that rare. Quite the contrary. Last year, in fact, pop singer Tony Silvester cut a tune entitled "Magic Touch," which details the pleasures of gum jobs. I'd suggest you buy this—available as one of the cuts on the album *Magic Touch* (Mercury Records)—at your local record shop and play it the next time you bring a man home with you. Check out his reaction to Silvester's song. If he likes the idea, you can give him a home demonstration on the spot.



How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You

"Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know The Wealth Formula"

Millionaires are not 100 or even 10 times smarter than you, but it is a fact that millionaires are making 10 to 50 and even 100 times more than you.

Are these wealthy people working that much harder than you? No way!

If you are working only 20 hours a week, it would be physically impossible. (There are only 168 hours in a week, no one gets more.)

These questions used to really stump me. That was six years ago.

My wife and I then lived in Denver, Colorado, at 2545 South High Street. We paid $135 a month rent for a cramped, tumbled down house. My wife was expecting our second child and we were flat broke. I felt desperate and forced into a corner. I had to borrow $150 from my father and another $150 from my father-in-law just to buy the groceries and pay the rent. If that wasn't enough, I was several thousand dollars in debt.

Things are much different now. Last year I could have retired and lived off the income of my one million dollars in real estate holdings. (Incidently, almost all of the income from the real estate is tax free).

Since I had worked 20 to 40 hours a week, I know that I didn't work even 10 times longer or harder than you. And with my C-average from Ames High School (located in Ames, Iowa). I'm quite certain that I'm not any smarter than you.

If hours, efforts, or brains are not what separates the rich from the average guy who is swamped with debts and very little income, then what is?

I learned the answer to that question from an old fellow in Denver. This fellow worked in a drug store stocking the shelves. Very few people knew that he had $200,000 in the bank, all of which he had earned starting from nothing.

Within a year after meeting him, I was told and shown the same thing by a young man who had recently earned over a million dollars. By this time, I began to realize that what I was being shown was truly a remarkable and workable way to grow rich.

I began to apply the principles and methods I had been shown. The results were amazing. I couldn't believe how easy it was, in fact it seemed too easy.

MARK O. HAROLDSEN
32 Year Old Millionaire

But then I met an elderly lady (83 years old) who, although not very smart, has made $117,000 using the same formula.

I then figured my beginning wasn't luck.

For three and one half years, I worked hard to refine and improve on the formula that I had been shown, so that it would be easy to get quicker results.

As I did this, my assets multiplied very rapidly (160% per year) to the point that I didn't have to work any longer.

I guess I am bragging now, but I did start spending alot of time in our back yard pool, traveling around the country, and doing a lot of loafing.

Then one day a friend asked me how he could do what I had done.

So I began to outline the formula that I had improved to show him really how simple it was, and how he could do the same thing.

By the next time he approached me, I had written almost a complete volume on the easy way for him to copy my results.

I wrote this in simple, straight forward language so anyone could understand it.

This time my friend's questions were very specific. (He had already begun buying properties with the formulas I had been giving him). Now he had a property he wanted to buy, but was out of cash. How could he buy it?

I not only showed him how to buy without cash, but by the time the deal was complete, he had $5,000 cash in his pocket to boot.

I also showed him how to buy a $26,000 property for $75 down.

You, or anyone, can do exactly what I did, or my close friends have done; in fact, you may well do it better. (I began doing this in my spare time only).

It doesn't matter where you live or the size of your town or city, my formula will show you exactly how to:

- Buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- Begin without any cash.
- Put $10,000 cash in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property).
- Double your assets every year.
- Legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- Buy bargains at 1/2 their market value.
- Allow you to travel one week out of every month.

When you send me a check or money order for $10, I will send you all my formulas and methods, and you are free to use them anywhere and as often as you would like.

Now if you were a personal friend of mine, I know you would believe me and not need any kind of guarantee, but since you don't know me personally, I will guarantee that you will be completely satisfied and that my formula will work for you if you apply it. If for any reason you are not satisfied or change your mind, send the material back and I will quickly refund you $10.00.

You may well ask, why am I willing to share my formula for wealth? Well, because many of you will probably seek further consultation and direction from me as your wealth rapidly grows and my consultation fee of $75.00 an hour adds to my fortune.

But you shouldn't care if I profit as long as you profit. And I guarantee that you will.

There is one small catch; you will have to apply some effort in order to get results from my formulas. But of course, nothing worthwhile comes without some effort, but let me assure you your efforts will be rewarded beyond what you believed possible.

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Zions Bank & Trust, 1 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Charles F. Huber, Certified Public Accountant, 220 South 2nd East, Salt Lake City, Utah

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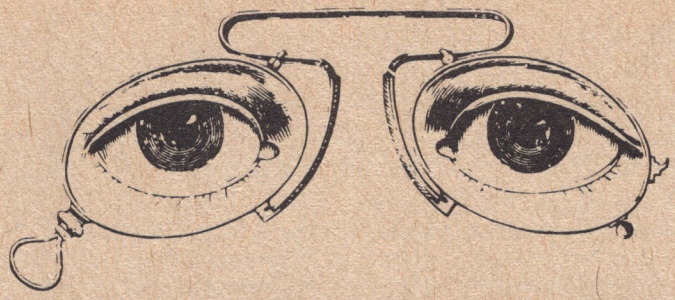


VIEW FROM THE TOP

IS THERE LIFE AFTER DIVORCE?

On page 62 of this issue, writer Joseph C. Goulden weighs in with an article on divorce lawyers, exposing the shabby practices of those attorneys who have a unique talent for transforming an unhappy couple's mild dislike for each other into pathological hatred. But Goulden deals only with obtaining a divorce; he doesn't get into coping with life after divorce—a situation in which half of all married people ultimately find themselves.

I was recently wondering just how one does cope with divorce when I ran into my friend Arnold on the street. I knew immediately that Arnold was divorced, because I didn't recognize him. He had lost about fifty pounds; each of his thirty-two teeth sported a bright, pearly cap; a newly sprouted mustache festooned his upper lip; and the clothes draping his now-slim body cost about the same amount needed to put New York City in the black.

"Arnold!" I gasped, still quaking with the shock of recognition. "You look terrific. You must be divorced."

"Yeah," replied Arnold. "Six months ago. Shirley was really a nut. You know that $80,000 vacation home that I bought in the country? Well, I spent another $10,000 on furniture, and while I was moving it in, Shirley was moving it out the back door onto another truck. I suspected then that something was wrong with our marriage. I was sure of it later that day when she torched the house."

"Wow! You should have had her committed."

"I tried," sighed Arnold. "But the judge said it was okay, because she only burned down her half of the house. Then he threw my ass in jail because he said my house was a public eyesore. I spent $50,000 to rebuild the place and was able to sell it for only $40,000. Now she's suing me for half."

"Tough," I said sympathetically. "But how is bachelorhood?"

"Expensive."

"Yeah, I can imagine. Psychoanalysis. Big liquor bills. Big bar tabs . . . "

"Nah," Arnold said. "Nobody goes that route anymore. The first thing you do after a divorce is buy a very expensive stereo system. First, though, you gotta spend a million dollars on books so you know all that stuff about woofers and tweeters and Dolby and all that. But you gotta have a dynamite system to turn on the chicks. My outfit cost $11,000."

"Isn't it more fun hanging out at the singles bars?" I asked.

"Singles, shmingles," replied Arnold. "It's not like it used to be. Usually, you're standing at the bar, sipping a drink and observing the action. Then you feel a hand reach down your pants, and you turn around and it's some *guy*. All the singles bars are fuckin' gay."

"That's horrible," I said. "But with all the beautiful women in this city . . . "

"Nah," groused Arnold. "Look, even the girls in their early twenties, with nice, firm bodies and all that goddamn energy—they *don't wear well*. They're always talking about college as if it were real life. They think the most valuable life experiences are sitting in on a Werner Erhard lecture or attending the Ohio State–Michigan football game. I was making it with one of these chicks for a while, but I had to break it off because every time she reached climax she would burst out singing 'On Wisconsin!' "

"I can see where that would be hard on the nerves. But how about older women?"

"Women around thirty are dynamite," said Arnold. "But there are drawbacks here, too. With all that crap in the newspapers lately, they're afraid to continue taking the pill. So they insist that you use a condom. But using a rubber reminds me of high school, and I always come before I can get the damn thing on."

"So how do you handle that?" I queried.

"I tell every chick I meet that I've had a vasectomy."

"Smart."

"Well, I thought so at first," said Arnold, purling his knitted brow. "But I got two chicks pregnant and had to pay for a couple of very expensive abortions. I never could understand why women always insist on going to Acapulco for abortions."

"Yeah," I said. "I can see where divorce is a very expensive proposition."

"Especially airplane tickets," said Arnold.

"Airplane tickets?" I queried.

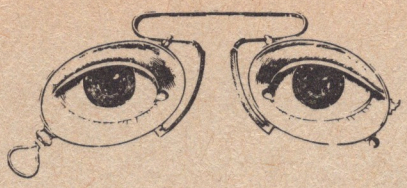
"Yeah. When you break up, you end up doing an awful lot of traveling—most of it unintentional. Just listen to my diary," said Arnold, pulling from his pocket a tattered journal and solemnly reading: "December 3: Stopped into P.J. Clarke's for a drink. Woke up the next morning in a tacky motel in Hot Coffee, Miss., with a bimbo named Bubbles. Or was it Hot Bubbles, Miss., with a bimbo named Coffee? December 13: Don't remember. December 15: Don't remember. December 17: Don't remember. But I've got a terrific suntan."

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "Divorce involves some heavy bread."

"Unhunh. But what really pisses me off the most is the $500 a month I have to pay for child support."

"But Arnold," I protested, "you don't have any kids."

"That's right!" cried Arnold, a look of joy lighting up his face. "So maybe I can get off with paying only $250 a month."—*Arthur Cooper*



SCENES

ON THE ROAD

According to an old Broadway joke, anything west of the Martin Beck Theater, on West Forty-fifth Street in Manhattan, is the boondocks. The hinterlands. Camping out.

A couple of years ago, *Variety* wiped the smile off the joker's face with a banner headline proclaiming that for the first time in show-biz-season history, touring productions of Broadway shows made more money—$10 million more—than Broadway itself. This year the road is already running ahead of mama by $3 million, after pulling in an impressive $52 million for the 1975–76 season. Playing eight performances at the 4,300-seat Arie Crown Auditorium in Chicago, Debbie Reynolds's road-show production of *Irene* grossed an incredible $242,867. At the same theater this season's revival of *Fiddler on the Roof*, with Zero Mostel re-creating his original starring role, took in $834,000 for a three-week run and left *Variety* gasping.

Without their touring companies, many of Broadway's "hits" wouldn't turn a profit. Without the promise of those fat grosses rolling in from Denver, Toronto, and Indianapolis, some Broadway shows would never be financed at all. Nobody in his right mind laughs at the boondocks anymore.

All across America, more people are attending more live theater than at any other time since television, with its deadening impact, started changing our entertainment habits. With Broadway shows swarming all over the country in road-company versions, people are now beginning to wonder about the quality of the stuff they're getting. Were Debbie and Zero any more dazzling on Broadway than in Miami, Seattle, and Chicago? Did this piece of garbage really sell out on Broadway?

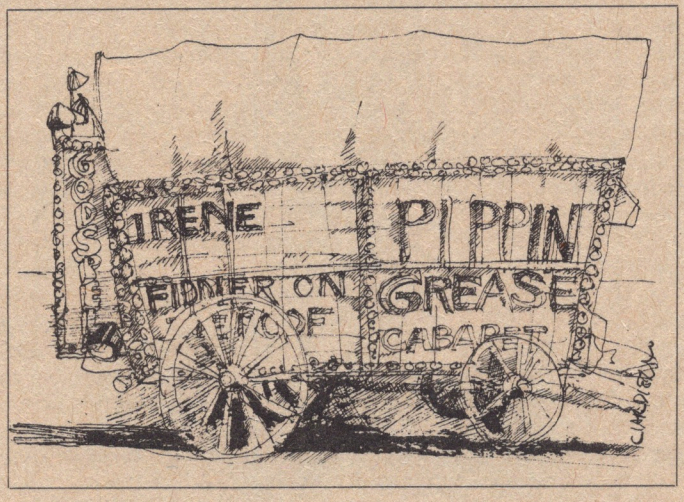
According to those people who work at bringing Broadway shows to theaters outside New York, some road-show versions are better than their Broadway originals. Some are worse. And a whole lot of them are simply unspeakable. A show's improvement (or deterioration) on the road depends on a number of things: its touring cast, its production management, the houses it plays, the audiences it plays to, the kind of show it was in the first place, and money, money, money.

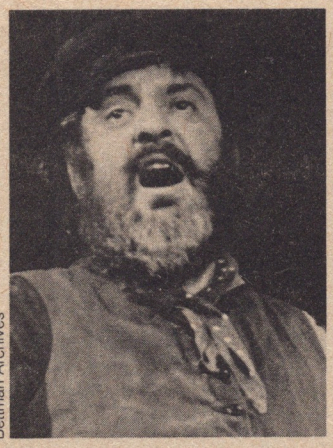
"Some shows are just naturally going to be damaged if you send them out in cutdown versions," says Norman Rothstein, a partner in Theatre Now. Functioning as both producer and general manager for other producers, Theatre Now has cornered a large hunk of the touring action, sending out shows like *Pippin; No, No, Nanette; Irene;* six companies of *Grease;* and seven companies of *Fiddler on the Roof*. "No producer with the remotest sense of integrity," says Rothstein, "is going to let a huge, complicated musical go out on the road until it's been completely reconceived and redesigned for road conditions."

Anybody who ever saw *Fiddler* squeezed into a dinner theater or *Follies* whittled down for a barn on the summer-theater circuit would agree. On the other hand, a smaller-scaled show is not necessarily an inferior show—not if its alterations are made with artistry and intelligence.

"I'll state unequivocally that our second tour of *Irene* was an infinitely better production than the Broadway original," declares Rothstein. "We streamlined it. Cleared away the accretion of shtick and garbage that had accumulated in the Broadway production. Took out all the embellishments that the original cast had added to fatten their roles. Cleaned up all the glitz and geegaw. Even though we built up all the dance numbers, the show played twenty minutes shorter. On Broadway it was interminable. On the road it was slicker, tighter, cleaner."

Still, that vast tundra west of the Martin Beck Theater is not Broadway, and the shows you see out there are not the same productions that played Broadway. In order to move quickly from town to town and adjust efficiently to theaters having different, unequal technical facilities, road productions have to travel light. Producers streamline their shows with less complicated sets and fewer props, less sophisticated lighting and sound equipment, fewer chorus members and musicians, and simpler orchestrations. The longer the distance between stops (and the shorter the runs in each city), the lighter the production.





Bettman Archives

Zero Mostel in Fiddler.

Tours managed by Broadway professionals invariably enjoy a higher level of artistic quality than do small, package productions that are slapped together by shoestring operators. (*Grease* producers Kenneth Waissman and Maxine Fox once set their lawyers on an independent packager to strong-arm him into supplying a decent sound system for his college tour of *Grease*.) But even a classy national company has to pull in its toes when the size and facilities of a local theater demand it.

"Little by little, we kept losing our set," remembers Tandy Cronyn, who starred in the national companies of *Cabaret* and *Company*. "A lot of the theaters didn't have any wing space; so we had to cut furniture. *Cabaret* was a nightmare because of that glass-topped bar and that 400-pound mirror. If we played less than a week, we'd cut out the bar altogether, because it costs too much in extra labor costs to get it up and struck. And if we played a 'hemp house'—that's a theater that still uses ropes instead of cables—we'd cut the mirror, too. That thing weighed 400 pounds, and we didn't trust the ropes. They could be rotten, dried up, or stretched out, and we could be shatteringly dead."

Sometimes more than the set

gets cut. Scott Robertson, who figures he's been playing touring productions of both *Grease* and *Godspell* for "forever—on and off," remembers a rough week in Virginia when the local theater producer refused to let the national-company production of *Grease* go on until somebody "cleaned up all the 'fucks' and 'shits.' " The entire company sweated it out until Waissman and Fox flew in a director from New York to launder the show for southern comfort. Whenever *Grease* travels to cities in the Midwest, the touring cast uses a special Bible Belt version that tones down the greasier aspects of the musical. With this incident, the state of Virginia suddenly moved into the Midwest. Alas, poor Dixie.

Grease *on the road: How well does it travel?*

As Robertson learned firsthand in the wilds of Virginia, "It doesn't always have to do with the quality of the show. *Grease* is a terrific show. But sometimes a show that works in New York can really bomb in the middle of the country." Tandy Cronyn, when she went out with *Company*, discovered that "in the Bible Belt they really want to see *Hello, Dolly!* They don't want to see *Cabaret* in the Midwest. They hate *Cabaret*. It didn't have a star, it didn't have a happy ending, and it was 'dirty.' "

On second thought, she adds, "maybe it wasn't just that it was too sophisticated, too New York for them. Maybe they hated it because the acoustics were so bad that they couldn't hear it."

Which brings up another touchy point concerning tours. With the upsurge of cultural activity in central and southwestern America, every urban center is scrambling to build its own Lincoln Center West or Kennedy Center South. Dallas, Atlanta, Houston, Miami, Indianapolis, Savannah, Kansas City, and cities of similar scale all over the country now have 3,000-seat auditoriums that mightily tempt the large national productions. It's not their acoustics, understand; it's their potential to gross a million over a three-week engagement.

Actors, however, aren't always so keen on the "all-purpose white elephants," as Tandy Cronyn calls them. "That isn't really the right kind of theater for *Godspell*," admits Scott Robertson, who loyally insists that the show's "joy" and "happiness" managed to reach all 2,800 people in Birmingham's new arts center—even though *Godspell* was originally scaled for an Off-Broadway house with fewer than 200 seats.

"It's all economics," Tandy Cronyn says bluntly. "They'll book you into the local basketball court to make money. I've played those big auditoriums, those cultural centers; they're barns. The acoustics are bad, you can't see a thing, and there's an echo. They have to mike the actors, because nobody could project over those huge aprons. One night in Seattle, right in the middle of *Cabaret*, I started picking up police signals on my chest mike. It's not theater anymore. You find that you're losing whatever makes theater theater."

Nonetheless, says Ken Waissman, "the road is on a huge upswing. There's a whole new audience out there. They grew up on little more than TV, and now they're tired of it."

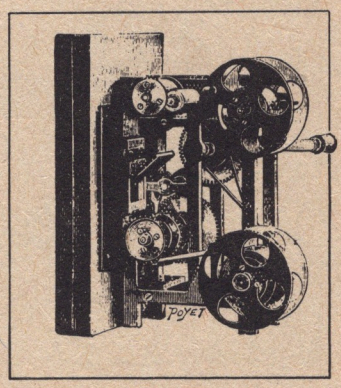
But the theater can go to pieces when it gets too much of a good thing. The resurgence of audience interest and the proliferation of giant cultural centers are contributing to a "sit-down" trend on the road. First-rate road companies are playing the bigger houses in the bigger cities and staying put for longer periods of time. Broadway expects that *The Wiz* will sit down in Chicago for a year, and that *A Chorus Line*, which opened in Los Angeles in July, will still be there kicking in June of next year.

Although these stock tours can mount productions equal in almost every respect to those on Broadway, Norman Rothstein believes the trend to be an unfortunate one. "It's purely fiscal," he argues. "To play large houses for longer periods of time, you've got to have big shows, and that means musicals. Dramas, intimate shows—they're disappearing on the road. Economically, they don't pay off."

The bus and truck companies—smaller-scaled operations that play one-night and split-week dates in towns like Artesia, N.M.; Chickasha, Okla.; and Muskegon, Mich.—are also starting to disappear, Rothstein fears: the inflationary spiral (again). "They're just too difficult to mount, too costly to haul around by current economic standards. I think it's sad. It means a lot of small towns won't get the theater they used to get. That's a horror."

Legitimate theater on the road seems to be going the way everything else in the country is going. The big gets bigger, and sometimes better; but the small gets screwed.—*Marilyn Stasio*

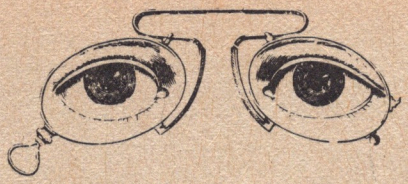
FILMS

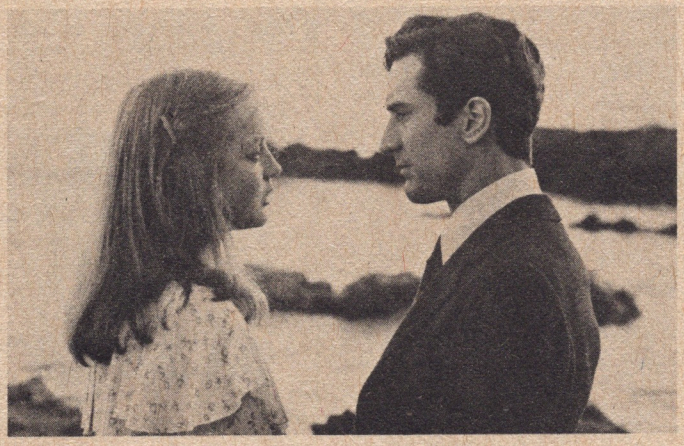


STAR BILLINGS

F Scott Fitzgerald died young, before he could finish ***The Last Tycoon***, his novel about a Hollywood movie producer dying young, in the middle of a brilliant career. So if there is a slightly haunted quality to the film that Harold Pinter adapted and Elia Kazan has directed from Fitzgerald's marvelous fragment—well, the ghosts are there by right, having long since been invoked in the book and by the history that surrounds its writing.

To some extent, all Hollywood movies about Hollywood are ghost stories. Where else has so much passed, in so little time, leaving such gorgeous monuments to its own impermanence? But *The Last Tycoon* is a special kind of ghost story. It positively welcomes its spirits, cherishing but never patronizing their strangeness, catching them in odd moments of gesture and expression, holding them almost passionately in view. You could compile a catalog of faces from this movie, not "types," but people, major characters who suddenly become the way they look; like Ray Milland as the New York lawyer Fleishacker, whose face seems sometimes to be straining to take flight from all the fiscal unsoundness he finds in Hollywood; or Ingrid Boulting as the girl Kathleen, whose solemn, iconic beauty must hide and yet express her mystery, which is her abandonment—possibly tragic—to the quiet life she says she





The Last Tycoon *with Ingrid Boulting and Robert De Niro.*

craves. I can't recall another film, at least not any film of the last several years, so much committed to observing faces and always discovering more than meets the eye.

The Last Tycoon is by far the best film adaptation of a Fitzgerald novel ever made (and the most faithful), and it is the best recent movie about Hollywood as well. I'd better add that "about Hollywood" needs some elaboration. Although the setting is Hollywood in the 1930s, and although Fitzgerald based his story, sometimes quite closely, on the real career of the MGM boy-wonder production chief, Irving Thalberg, who died before he turned forty, the film knows that its material is romantic drama rather than realistic local color; and that its hero, Monroe Stahr, has more in common with Jay Gatsby and the other doom-laden meteors of F. Scott Fitzgerald's night sky than with any of the actual moguls who made the movies.

By the time Fitzgerald began writing *The Last Tycoon*, Thalberg had been dead a few years; thus his story was available for th canny mythologizing that is th book's, and more especially th film's, concern. Fitzgerald ha gone west to write screenplay which he never succeeded in doir very well. But his novel turns out have made an excellent scree play, with Harold Pinter's tactf assistance; and for the film's pu poses, the fact that the story wa unfinished actually helps. The fil can center on the fragment's principal anecdote—the brief and unhappy love affair between Stahr and Kathleen Moore—without having to touch the sensational and heavily symbolic airplane disaster that Fitzgerald had planned for his novel's climax.

As a result, we have a relatively small-scale movie, rich in vignettes, but with enough empty spaces to allow the film—and the camera—to create its own moods and build its meaning.

Monroe Stahr, one night on his studio's back lot, sees a girl who reminds him of his dead wife. In the course of just a few days, he pursues her, falls in love with her, shows that he lacks the courage to propose to her; and so she leaves him to marry the man she was engaged to. That's just about all, except for the life of the studio and its stars, writers, directors, and executives, and for the art of making movies—which the film, far more than the book, relates to the conditions of loneliness and being helplessly in love.

Elia Kazan *(A Streetcar Named Desire, On the Waterfront, East of Eden, Wild River)* has long been one of the strongest and most fascinating filmmakers. Here his strength lies in acceding to his performers and to the bemusement of the people they play. *The Last Tycoon*'s supporting-cast list—Robert Mitchum, Tony Curtis, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, Dana Andrews, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasance—reads like one of those collections of celebrity walk-ons so common nowadays, when fine movie actors are routinely out of work. In fact, it is nothing of the kind. Only Robert Mitchum, as the studio head, Pat Brady, seems less than expertly cast. Some of the others are so good—Tony Curtis as an aging matinee idol, Donald Pleasance as an imported British novelist who can't handle movie writing, and especially Jack Nicholson as a labor organizer for the screenwriters who proves to be Stahr's undoing—as to make their roles seem simultaneous with their personalities.

But the whole thing hangs on Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr and on the tensions he generates with the others—above all with the two young women, Ingrid Boulting as the girl he loves and Theresa Russell as Brady's daughter, Cecilia, who loves him. Ingrid Boulting is grave and very beautiful, and though she is no great actress, she is able to remain private enough before the camera that her partially unsuccessful love scene with De Niro, in his unfinished beach house, never seems less serious than it is supposed to be. Theresa Russell is also beautiful, but she is vulnerable and ironic at the same time, like a more intelligent version of the girl Cybil Shepherd often plays. She becomes a foil for De Niro's obsession, just as the other woman becomes the manifestation of it.

De Niro himself creates a character more massive than anything sketched in Fitzgerald's novel—and than anything he's done in the movies before. I think it may be a great performance, though at first sight it is rather plain, unassuming, and free of the feints and defenses that for some people constitute important acting. The real test comes in the time we spend alone with De Niro, when there is nothing superficially striking that he can do since he is not a wild character or too obviously and conspicuously tormented. But he controls the screen during those moments, even in his inwardness: the most privileged of the sacred memories that *The Last Tycoon* offers for our contemplation and, perhaps, our awe.

Another kind of performance controls John Avildsen's ***Rocky***, a film about a poor Italian guy from Philadelphia, a two-bit fighter already old enough to be over the hill, who gets a crazy chance to box the world's heavyweight champion—and then proves himself worthy of the chance and even of the title. The performance comes from Sylvester Stallone, who wrote the script and then saw it unproduced—until he could find a backer who would agree to his insistence that he play the leading man. Stallone was right to persevere. He really makes the movie, with his blend of toughness, semiliterate intelligence, good humor, and civility

Jack Nicholson as a labor organizer in Elia Kazan's film.

Stallone as prizefighter.

to everyone he meets.

Rocky Balboa (billed as "The Italian Stallion") fights with his fists but maintains the soul of a peaceable angel—or at least of a very sincere social worker. Sometimes his good deeds go underappreciated ("Hey, Rocky! Screw you, creepo!"—his thanks from the teenager he has just been trying to dissuade from becoming the neighborhood whore), but generally they don't. And when he finally breaks down the intense, old-maidish reserve of his best friend's sister (Talia Shire)—all the while that he is in self-imposed training for the big fight—he even gets a woman of his own and all the love and loyalty he so richly deserves.

Rocky takes place almost entirely in the slums, which look and sound real, but which behave like a subdivision of the Kingdom of Heaven. The film is very simple, so simple you may have to pinch yourself to believe you're liking it; and the simplicity is made possible by the clever expedient of including absolutely no bad characters. Evan Gazzo (Joe Spinell), the neighborhood loan shark, from whom Rocky earns a modest living for beating up deadbeats, is a good fellow at bottom—and at top as well. When Rocky endangers his credibility by refusing to break some thumbs, Gazzo complains a little and then sticks money in Rocky's pocket so that he can take a girl out on a date. And the defending champion, Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), also has mostly good sides. The fight with Rocky, a publicity stunt on Creed's part, is handled fair and square.

Much of the film's success rests with that fight, which is terrific and extends just to the point of total audience identification. You figure it has to be some kind of triumph for Rocky; and to everyone's credit, you may be entirely pleased when it is. Old Hollywood movies sometimes came close to this formula; but never, that I can remember, were they so openly willing to forego the usual bogus plot mechanics of suspense through setbacks in overcoming the odds. *Rocky* gets a better suspense, not from phoney cliff-hangers, but from expert pacing and a well-sustained and reasonable progression.

The two times I saw *Rocky*, people in the audience (not people exactly—journalists) stood up and cheered at the end. The climactic fight encourages that, but so does the character of Rocky and the just sufficiently subtle sweetness that Stallone brings to playing him. A loser, but a good and clever one, he finally turns out to have been winning all the time. A bright and highly perceptive fight bum, he gets his best licks in verbally—but without hurting anybody's feelings. I have no defenses against this kind of virtue, and I don't think I need any. *Rocky* is a fine movie that legitimately earns its own good will.—*Roger Greenspun*

Talia Shire in Rocky.

WORDS

THE MUSIC MEN

Let's face it: books about music seldom match the entertainment level of the sound on which they are based. Whether you prefer John Lennon and B.B. King or John Coltrane and Beethoven, you are probably better off buying a record by them than a book about them. Something is inevitably lost in the transition from the sensory to the cerebral. Still, there is our curiosity about the personalities behind the sound—a dubious instinct at most, since playing drums or singing baritone no more assures a scintillating personality than does selling underwear or delivering milk. Occasionally, however, there are some surprises.

For those over thirty, like me, ***Rock, Roll & Remember*** (Thomas Y. Crowell, $9.95), by Dick Clark and Richard Robinson, provides a saccahrine trip back to our teens. "America's Oldest Living Teenager Brings Back Those Happy Days" is the jacket blurb on this one, in which Clark reveals how his "American Bandstand" became the most popular youth-oriented television show during the insouciant years of the fifties and early sixties. With a series of anecdotes and vignettes about the entertainers, teen dancers, and record-industry pitchmen who surrounded him, Clark serves up a polite, autobiographical view of the frantic behind-the-scenes world of an immensely successful network television host.

The emphasis here is almost purely on nostalgia: it's the Oldies-but-Goodies world of calf-length skirts, bobby socks, ponytails, crew cuts, The Twist, The Stroll, Frankie Avalon, Bobby Darin, and Bill Haley—copiously illustrated with photographs. And it's all related in a chatty, informal narrative that perfectly reflects Clark's on-camera image of the sincere, All-American boy.

Clark does touch briefly on some of the darker sides of his career—the payola scandal of the early sixties (he was acquitted) and his drinking problem after he divorced his first wife—but this account generally seems as bleached as Pat Boone's bucks. Given the well-known machinations of the record industry and the skepticism of the seventies, it is impossible not to wonder how such a self-consciously wholesome character could have climbed so high as a DJ. Is this the real Dick Clark? Well, maybe. Still, I'd give it only about a seventy-five—the memories are pleasant, but the credibility beat is hard to dance to.

The Illustrated Elvis (Grosset & Dunlap, $10) would be a typical pop-artist pictorial biography if it were not for W. A. Harbinson's unusual text. Many of the photographs here are stills from Elvis's movies; and though a few snaps from his childhood and some of the shots of his more recent appearances (during his comeback in 1968) are dramatic and arresting,

Dick Clark.

Bettman Archives

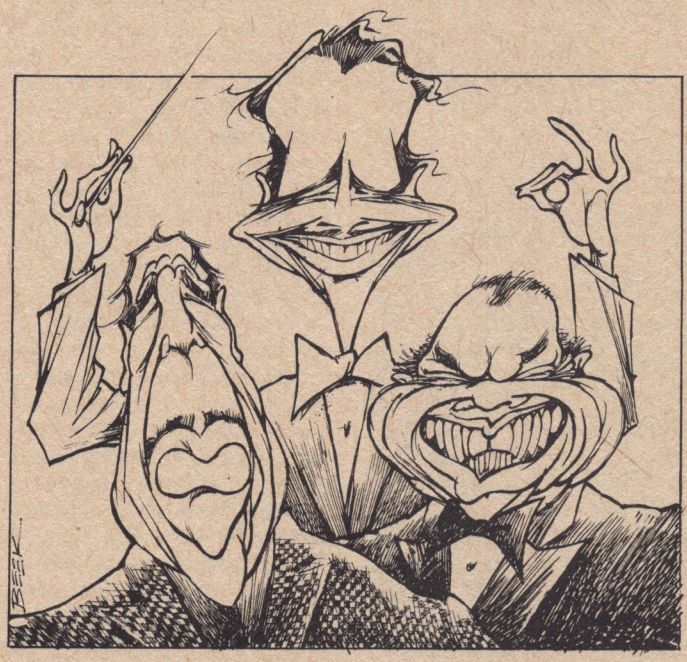
Elvis in his prime.

in general the pictorial essay is pedestrian. Harbinson's narrative, however, sparkles. In the manner of Mailer on Monroe and Wilfred Sheed on Ali, Harbinson primes his essay with flashes of insight that cut through Elvis's tailored image. His use of the present tense helps make this more a reenactment than a static account of Presley's career; and it clarifies the alteration of Presley's image from a raunchy, brooding sex symbol, when he emerged in the mid-1950s, to the softer, less threatening image proffered by Hollywood in the 1960s. Harbinson takes risks, and there is an abundance of hyperbole here; but he captures the hysteria that attended Presley's debut and recreates the excitement of his performances as well as the tenor of the decade in which he surfaced. Not much on the man behind the myth, but very good for what it tackles.

The career of Cab Calloway bridged the gap between pop entertainment and serious jazz, and in ***Minnie and the Moocher & Me*** (Thomas Y. Crowell, $9.95), Calloway and Bryant Rollins illuminate some of the black holes created when these two worlds meet. Calloway's life is traced from his childhood in Baltimore, where he was a "roustabout," hustling, hanging out at Pimlico racetrack, and "singing every chance [he] got"; to the initiate years in Chicago speakeasies in the late 1920s; and on to the glamorous years when he was a celebrity and big-band leader in the 1930s and 1940s. His descriptions of the big-band era, of such clubs as Harlem's legendary, mob-controlled Cotton Club, and of such musical giants as Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Chu Berry, and Dizzy Gillespie are lively and authentic.

There is an infectious enthusiasm about this book, a warmth and a vivacity—obviously a reflection of Calloway's personality—that show even when he is describing ugly racial encounters, his declining career in the 1950s, and his many domestic problems. The narrative is elliptical, and the chronology is often difficult to follow, but the style is uniquely Calloway's; even at age sixty-nine, he is an unbridled optimist, and the feverish energy and youthful spirit that marked his rise to fame are clearly evident, still, in the content and presentation of this book. A breezy, occasionally informative autobiography that fairly bursts with Calloway's verve.

For traditional jazz fans, Leonard Feather's ***The Pleasures of Jazz*** (Horizon, $7.95) and Nat Hentoff's ***Jazz Is*** (Random House, $10) offer similar excursions into the much acclaimed but rarely rewarded world of jazz musicians. Hentoff's book is a slickly packaged collection of quotations about legendary stars such as John Coltrane, Billie Holiday, Miles Davis, and Dizzy Gillespie, with a host of excellent photographs by Bob Parent. Although short in length, each of these pieces ranges wide in direction—they are almost small biographies—and they ultimately have a desultory effect. By contrast, Leonard Feather's interviews are much more pertinently directed and are therefore more informative; they include pieces on "Old Masters" such as Eubie Blake, Earl Hines, and Joe Venuti; on "big-bandsmen" such as Woody Herman and Mercer Ellington; and on more contemporary artists such as Freddie Hubbard and Herbie Hancock. There is also Feather's introductory "Overview," which offers one of the most intelligent discussions that I have seen of late of the diverse courses jazz has taken during the last two decades. Hentoff's *Jazz Is* may look better on your coffee table, but if you intend getting beyond the packaging, *The Pleasures of Jazz* is far superior.—*Mel Watkins*



Musical giants: Ellington, Calloway, and Armstrong.

SOUNDS

PRETTY BOYS

Peter Frampton is; Peter Townshend isn't. Rick Springfield is; Rick Derringer may be, and Rick Nelson once was. David Essex still is, while David Cassidy used to be. David Bowie gave it up, and David Bromberg never had a fighting chance.

What these musicians are, aren't, could be, once were, or could never be is a rock-'n'-roll pretty boy—a genre as important to the art of rock music as is the electric guitar itself. After all, without such a classification, over whom would lovesick little girls swoon? With whom would teen magazines fill their pages? Which performers would cause those stadium riots, during which swarms of adoring babes gleefully crush and claw swarms of other adoring babes?

Rock-'n'-roll pretty boys? They have faces that cannot be described as "handsome" so much as they can be labeled "cute." Pretty boys do not indulge in drink, smoke, or coke in public: they are just too cute for such naughty goings-on. Their music, too, must in some way reflect the assumed whimsy of young teendom—love promised but yet to unfold, soft kisses in the breeze rather than quick pumps in the dune. Cuties, after all, hold hands and exchange sweet nothings before they try to talk a young maiden out of her panties. On the other hand, rock roughies like Mick Jagger and

Robert Plant try to force that head between their legs before they even know her name.

Once upon a time, during the youthful, prepsychedelic days of rock, cuteness was a prerequisite for stardom. Witness the cute early Beatles and the cute Dave Clark Five, followed by the cute Hollies and the cute Buffalo Springfield, on down to the latter-day likes of the cute Raspberries and cute Badfinger.

While the cuteness factor may have diminished as rock has marched onward into the sedate seventies, it suddenly seems to be making a comeback. Once again, musicians are making it because of their lovability factor, not simply because they've mastered the art of playing in tune.

Dagmar

Peter Frampton: gentle enough for lollipop lickers.

Today's contingent of pretty boys is led by English guitarist-composer **Peter Frampton**, whose two-record set, *Frampton Comes Alive* (A&M), is—as everyone knows—the most popular rock-record package in many a year. Frampton began his lovability trip with the Herd in 1968 and followed it with a stint with the grimy, heavy-metal outfit, Humble Pie. Then he decided to go it alone. Four solo LPs have enabled him to evolve a lively brand of rock, gentle enough for lollipop lickers, yet forceful enough to attract the grease-monkey crowd, too. This music possesses just the right number of ambiguous references to lighthearted *l'amour* to please all those kids for whom a clenched-toothed kiss is the ultimate interpersonal high.

Frampton, nine years after those days when he was voted Face of the Year, is still the ultimate in cutie-rock sex symbols for all those girls who would rather cuddle up with a superstar than with a teddy bear. His kinky blond hair, blue eyes, and frail frame, accompanied by music that can soothe a savage audience until it becomes a sea of wistful, euphoric murmurs, has produced the formula for pop-rock success that will serve as the model for years to come.

Far less successful at the moment, but with great potential in the prettiness sweepstakes of the future, is the Dwight Twilley Band. Twilley's mirrored shades and defiant leer make him a dead ringer for every kid who was ever thrown out of high school for not cutting his hair. He is a roughie. Guitarist **Phil Seymour**, however, is one of those wide-eyed, gee-whiz, David Cassidy types. He is a nice guy.

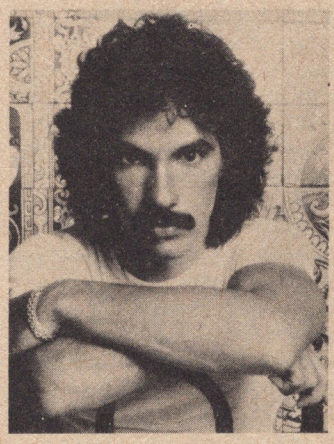
Sincerely (Shelter/ABC), DTB's LP, is similarly eclectic. Borrowing heavily from British sixties pop, the group offers a guitar-heavy sound that has successfully wooed both progressive rock and AM-Top-40 audiences. While all those feminine young things who glue their ears to their tinny portables are busy surrendering their hearts and thighs to the Dwight Twilley Band, older listeners, weaned on the Hollies, have found the group's music a seventies equivalent of the sounds that delighted them in the sixties. How can the Dwight Twilley Band miss?

Appealing to a somewhat more musically sophisticated crowd is the team of **Daryl Hall and John Oates**. Daryl is a prime example of WASP splendor—all blond hair and soft, creamy features. John, on the other hand, is swarthier, an earthy nice guy and the perfect complement to Hall's angel face. Together they've been trying to answer that age-old question: "Can a white boy sing the blues?"

Maybe not, but a white boy sure can sing the funk. After all, Hall and Oates's Motown-flavored "She's Gone" chalked up plenty of chart action for the soul group Tavares and later for the duo itself. Their album, *Bigger than Both of Us* (RCA), shows the pair continuing down the same funky path in their attempt to be the essence of blackness. Slick enough to please the mass white audience, they are rhythm-and-bluesy enough not to turn off blacks and cute enough to please any teen angel.

In theory, **Gino Vanelli** should also be able to get away with it. Tall, dark, and good-looking, in his silken kimono top and in pants so tight that you suspect he used a shoehorn to wiggle into them, he is rock's modern-day equivalent of the stereotypical Italian lover. On stage, Gino's gyrations remind one of the carryings-on that used to drive people crazy at Engelbert Humperdinck concerts. But Vanelli's music aims for the head as much as for the groin. It's this pretension that does the lad in.

On *Gist of the Gemini* (A&M), for example, much of Vanelli's music possesses a viable funky base. The singer-vocalist insists, however, on dotting his lyrics with ambiguous—and many times downright silly—wordings. Vanelli may bump and grind like a stripper in heat, but how many women can get worked up over a lyric that reads: "I'm getting ero-mantic vertigo/In the rain, then the drought/That's what loving you is all about"?



John Oates: nice guy.

Preposterous as well as pretentious, writing like this can take the starch, as well as the sex appeal, out of any pretty boy, even out of one as blatant as Gino Vanelli.—*Henry Edwards*

MOSE IS JUST THE SAME

Mose Allison's ever-so-relaxed country-jazz-blues music and soulfully unsentimental song lyrics haven't changed much since 1957, when he recorded such classics as "Parchman Farm," "The Seventh Son," and his epochal *Back Country Suite*. But the frame of reference within which Allison is perceived has changed drastically. In 1957 he was simply an iconoclast, a white jazz musician from Mississippi who combined progressive piano stylings with the most down-home of blues sounds. By 1967 he had emerged as a prophet. Up-and-coming rock stars like The Who's Pete Townshend and John Mayall of the Bluesbreakers had been introduced to his music, had fallen on the floor in states of ecstasy, and had understood in sudden, blinding flashes of inspiration that it was possible, after all, for white vocalists to sing convincing blues. Now Allison's latest album, *Your Mind Is on Vacation* (Atlantic), has been reviewed in *Rolling Stone* as the work of "a cult

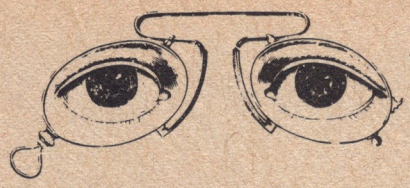


figure singer/songwriter."

Becoming the idol of some of the world's most visible rock stars hasn't altered Allison's music one whit. He still performs with a trio, prefers the standard piano to electronic keyboards, and sings his Duke Ellington, Hank Williams, and Willie Dixon songs and Allison originals in a voice that inimitably combines lubricity and graininess. Nor has adulation altered the essentials of his life-style. He still works in nightclubs between thirty and forty weeks a year, and everywhere he goes he encounters young listeners who are discovering him for the first time.

When first we met, backstage at New York's Bottom Line, we told Mose we liked his music. But he'd heard that before, in the dingy back rooms of half a hundred long-gone clubs and bars, often as a preface to hustles of one sort or another. Of course, he'd be glad to do an interview, could always use the publicity. We made a date and asked him to come by and visit us at home.

He arrived right on time, looking, despite his casual attire, even more Faulknerian than he usually does. Just as he was settling himself on the sofa, the postman arrived with a hefty box of new records. "Is that the weekly releases?" he asked. "The *daily* releases? Oh man, these days I even hate to walk into a record store—there are so many new releases. I think there are too many recordings." This from a man who had just made his first new album in four years. We wondered whether he might like to record more often. "No," he said, "less. People just have so much that they can really offer. I don't think anybody can make two records a year, year after year, and really come up with something worthwhile. And anyway, my approach is to do the most with the least."

Mose grew up in the Mississippi Delta, in Tippo, twenty miles from the end of the rich bottomland and the beginning of the hill country. The population included ten blacks for every white, and the local jukeboxes were stocked with "race" records, mostly urban jump blues. The local bluesmen, who performed on street corners and in the juke joints, made the most of what they had—a guitar, a harmonica, a seasoned, well-worn voice. Mose's father had never had musical training, but he played ragtime and boogie-woogie on the piano. Mrs. Allison sent young Mose off to piano lessons, but he rebelled, preferring to learn the way his father and the local black musicians had learned: by feel, with his ears wide open.

When he was a teenager, Mose discovered jazz, including Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, and, above all, Nat ("King") Cole, his first musical idol. He had been making up songs, both the words and music, since his childhood, and in Cole he now had a strong stylistic model to emulate. But his attempts at mimicry were not entirely successful. He was already steeped in the sound of the Delta. "I was really surprised the first time I heard my voice," he remembers. "I sure didn't sound like Nat Cole; my sound was deeper. Part of it was just my physical equipment—you know, where the voice comes from. Part of it was my accent. The thing about that whole type of music, blues and all, really amounts to a difference in the way you move, I think. That's the key to it, just a subtle thing having to do with the way you move. I got interested in modern jazz later, and more recently I've been into a crash program of listening to piano sonatas, by Bartók, Ives, Scriabin, and especially Hindemith. I've been expanding my playing by developing my left hand. But all of it is still connected to bodily movement. I've never cared much for music that didn't have that bodily movement thing to it."

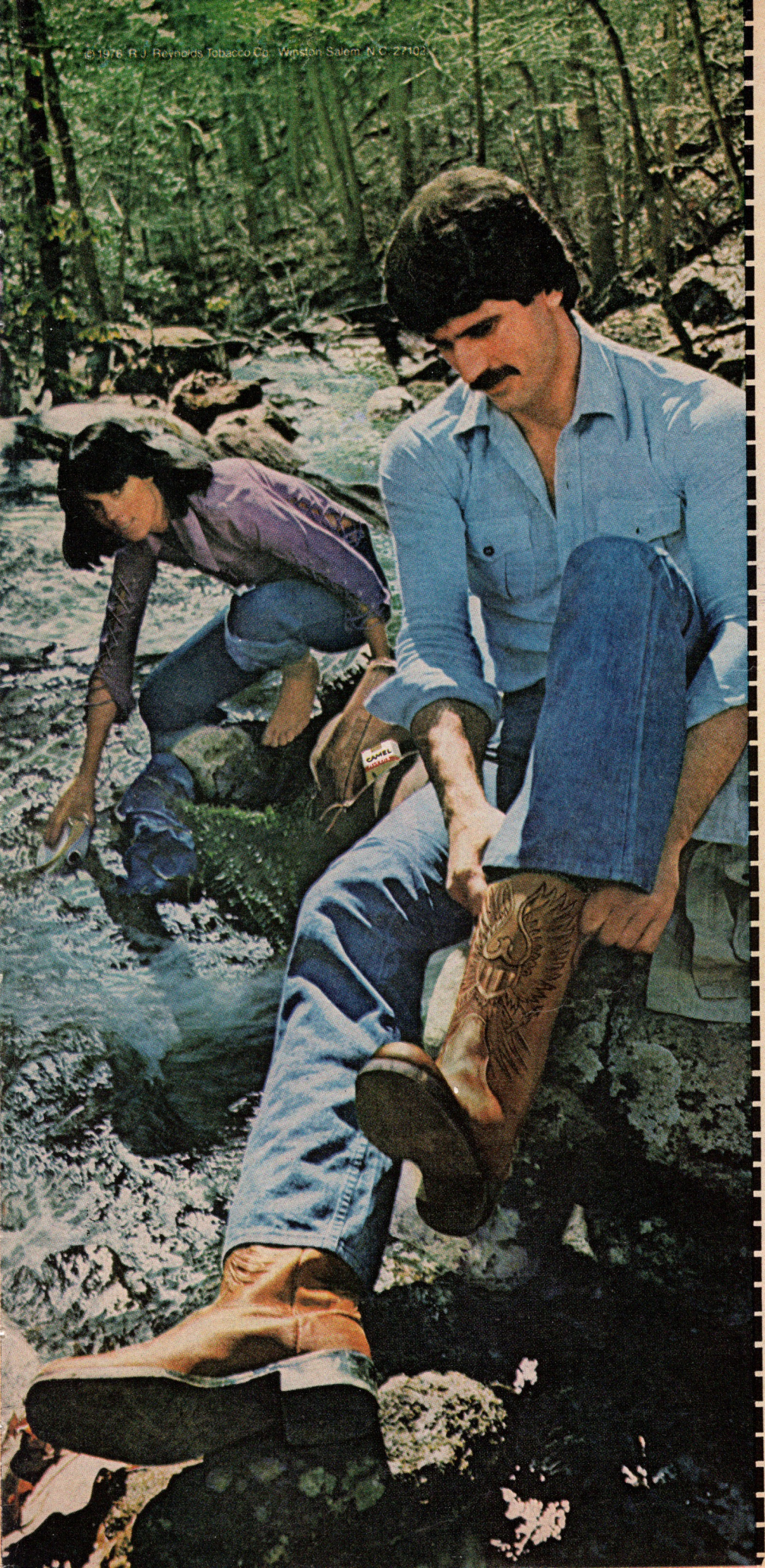
In these few sentences Allison had stripped his music down to an irreducible essence, something he does to situations and emotions in his pithy song lyrics. Some of his fans have concluded, on the basis of this sort of evidence, that their man is a latter-day noble savage with a hip, big-city veneer. But these are the kind of people who habitually misunderstand southerners by mistaking elementary plain-speaking for folksiness. As a matter of fact, Allison *chose* his mixture of country roots and contemporary jazz, having arrived at it through a rigorously intellectual process. "I went into the army when I was eighteen," he explains, "and went west. Then I went to school at Ole Miss and played in bands, got married went to Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. I studied aesthetics there, trying to find out what art was, and I learned a dictum of Walter Pater's that has been very important to me: Art is the Removal of Surpluses.

Allison: "My approach is to do the most with the least."

"At that time, the early fifties, I was playing with jazz groups and trying to decide which way to go. And I was discovering Bartók and listening to what he did with his native folk music. That's when I began to get the idea of concentrating on the things I had known all along as a child, the sound and feeling of that experience, the harmony of it. I moved to New York in 1956 because there was only so much I could do playing down South, and recorded *Back Country Suite* the next year. That was my primer; that's when I set the style I'd been working toward. The things I'm doing now can be traced back to that, although they're not the same. My philosophy is that you have to get a style, and then you have to transcend it."

Mose's music is still blues-based. But when he improvises at the piano, he embroiders this basis with swirling harmonic densities of Ivesian complexity. His lyrics, which have grown even more plainspoken over the years, now constitute a virtual bible of home-grown, road-seasoned wisdom. They cut in all directions, sparing no one, and they are as shorn of surpluses as a tree laid bare by winter. "Some people consider me an out-an-out cynic," Mose said, "but somebody once told me that he didn't think the songs were *really* downers, because I never did say, 'I'm dead.' "

We remarked that although Mose's music had been growing over the years, adding the most sophisticated harmonic trappings and at times approaching the outer limits of atonality, it was still demonstrably the same music deep down; and that Mose himself was demonstrably the same drawling but incisive individualist who sang "Parchman Farm" back in the fifties. "Well," he said, smiling more broadly now, "I'm just the same. I think my feelings are the same ones I've had from the time I was five years old. I mean, you look in the mirror and you look different, but sometimes I think you don't ever change."—*Robert and Roberta Palmer*



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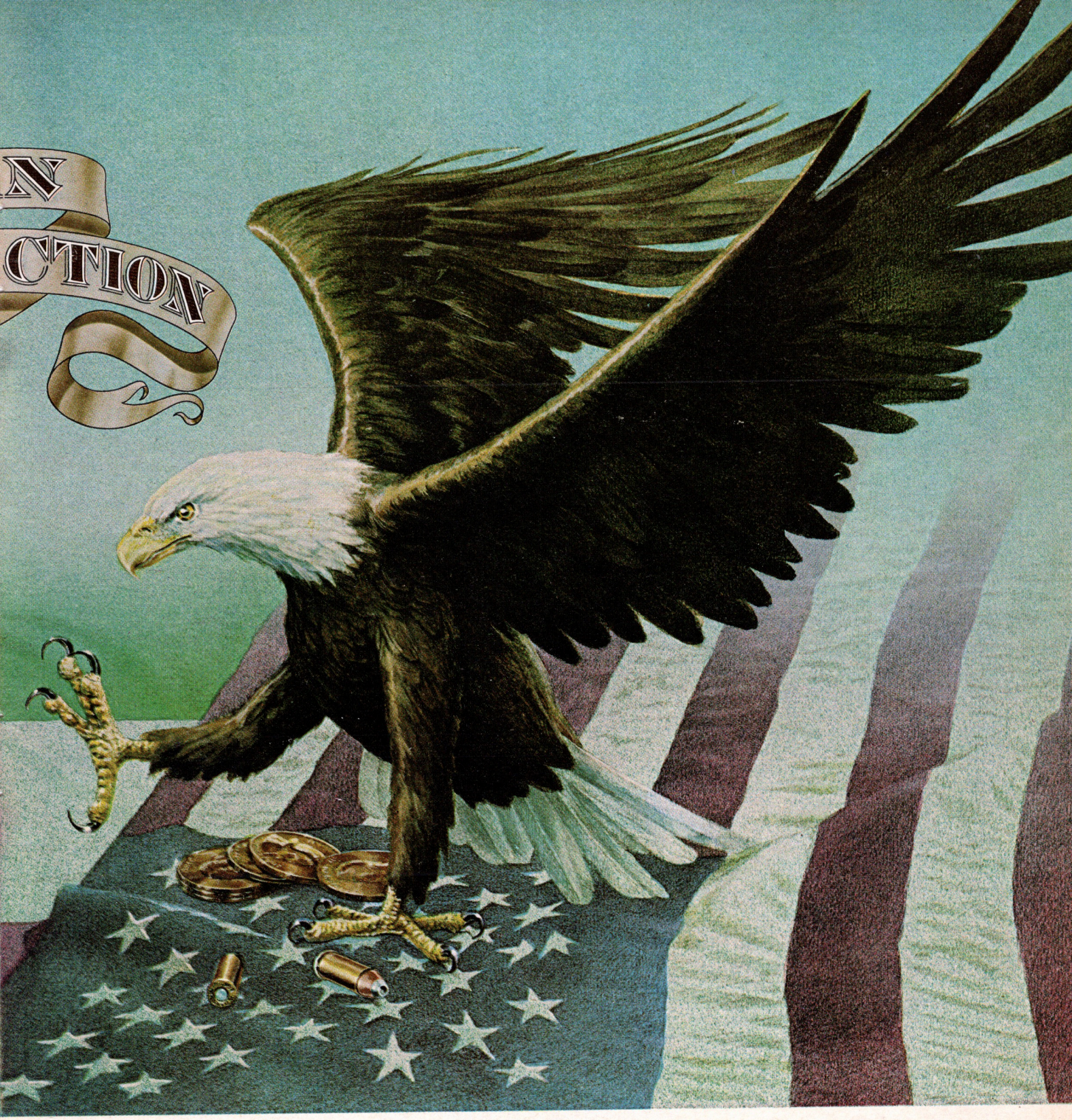
There is more heroin on America's mean streets than ever before. Most of it is being supplied by twelve little-known Mexican drug rings—and there is hardly anything U.S. cops can do about it.

BY DAN ROSEN

We pulled away from the curb and headed west on 135th Street. Al Ingram was in the driver's seat. His car was a nondescript Plymouth. As usual, he wore plain clothes. His revolver, a short-barreled .38, was hidden under his waistband. At the corner, on a dingy tenement stoop, four blacks looked up from their craps game. "Looks like the Man's out sightseeing again," joked one of them, in instant recognition. I tried to suppress a chuckle; this was Harlem, after all, where the unmarked police cars are known by their plate numbers and where the cops are familiar faces.

Ingram snapped an epithet and turned south on Eighth Avenue. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, the time when



the junkies of Harlem get their fixes. He sped past the teenage prostitutes on 120th Street, past the food-stamp shoppers on 119th Street, past the burned-out buildings on 117th Street that are the grim reminders of the riots of a decade ago. Suddenly, he slowed down to a crawl. "We call this area 'the Pit,' " he told me, gesturing to the right. "You said you wanted to see heroin being sold openly on the street corners. . . . Well, here's where you'll see your fill of it."

Clustered on the sidewalk like pigeons, literally hundreds of them, clogging the intersections, were men with needle-swollen hands and scab-encrusted arms, pimps making buys for their ladies, whites from the suburbs of New Jersey and Long Island. "Raise up!" shouted one of them, spotting our car, and they flocked across the street and settled again. "That's what they yell when cops are around," said Ingram, a streetwise narcotics detective. "The one in the middle—that turkey there with the jump suit on—is the dealer. You can always spot the dealer because he's the only guy who would have the nerve to be wearing a wristwatch in the middle of a mob of junkies."

A woman in a well-styled Afro seemed to be passing something to a man wearing a black silk bandana. "She's the one who's 'holding,' " Ingram explained. "You pay your money to the

dude in the jump suit and head over to the chick for your stuff. When they run out of it, another pair will come on the corner to replace them. It's all very organized and businesslike. Shit, most of them even have *brand names* for their crap . . . just like soap or toothpaste."

"Why don't you arrest them?" I asked.

"Do I look like I'm crazy? It would take an army to get someone out of a crowd like that. We do from time to time, of course, but street-level dealers and junkies are our lowest priorities. What with all the budget cuts in the New York Police Department, we've got our hands full just trying to make cases against the big guys who are supplying it in the first place."

The scene was repeated on a dozen street corners more. Finally, we turned left on 123rd Street. Here the pushers were very young. They were reckless and aggressive, openly hawking their wares by name. One pusher ran up to our car and actually shoved a packet through the window.

"Dynamite shit!" he assured us.

Then he saw my tape recorder on the car seat and the police radio under the dashboard.

"What's this?" he demanded, almost incredulously.

Ingram could stand no more. "Now what the hell do you *think* it is, you fucking *dummy*?" he asked, as the youth sprinted off down the street.

These are the signs of a heroin snowstorm. "It's wide open again," New York City Special Narcotics Prosecutor Sterling Johnson confirms. "We've got more heroin than ever before. The purity on the street level has increased, and the prices have stabilized. Everything points to the fact that we're right back to the heroin epidemic we were having in the late 1960s."

And it is similar all over the country. In midwestern cities overdose deaths are at an all-time high. In the western states police seizures of heroin have doubled during the past three years, and addict populations are growing at the rate of about 10 percent per annum. Los Angeles Police Department narcotics intelligence expert Vincent Maga admits that "a few years ago, if someone came up to us and said, 'I know someone in East Los Angeles with five or six ounces of heroin,' we knew it had to be one of five or six people. Today if someone came to us with word that some guy has *pounds* of the stuff, it could be practically anyone."

Use of heroin is spreading, once again, to the suburbs and the colleges. "I can't believe the people I'm doing business with today," boasted Harry, a dealer in Beverly Hills. Harry isn't his real name, to be sure, but Harry, who ministers to the drug needs of this posh Southern California community of six-digit incomes and six-digit homes, is surely in a position to know. "Heroin is the new vogue, the new chic," he said, over drinks at a place whose name I'd rather not disclose. "Rich people are snorting it out here like cocaine. A lot of dealers are getting popped, but for every guy who goes down there are ten to take his place. There's just too much of it available and too much money in it to stop it."

Most of the heroin is coming from Mexico. This new Mexican Connection begins on the steep and rugged mountain slopes of the Sierra Madre range, where opium is grown on thousands of tiny *plantios*, or plots. Every three months, when the bright red poppies fall off their pods at harvesttime, the clandestine farmers make small incisions in the pods and return the next morning to collect the gum that has seeped out through the wounds. Within days the gum is on its way to primitive, kitchenlike processing labs in such cities as Culiacán, Mazatlán, Los Mochis, and Durango. Then most of it is smuggled in automobiles to Los Angeles and Chicago, which have supplanted New York as America's main heroin-distribution centers. "Just head for Los Angeles and Chicago," Detective Al Ingram had suggested, "and you're right into the Mexican Connection."

> "Heroin is the new vogue," boasted one West Coast dealer. "For every guy who is busted there are ten to take his place. There's just too much money in it to stop it."

And so I did. During the course of my investigation, which lasted a period of six months and which also took me to Washington, D.C., to Mexico, and back to New York, I discovered the existence of the twelve heroin-trafficking rings, dominated by Mexicans and Mexican-Americans, that now control most of the American drug traffic. Some of them are vertically integrated, in that they handle every stage of the manufacturing-and-distribution process from the fields in the Mexican mountains to the ghettos and the suburbs of our cities. Others prefer merely to be brokers, buying from trusted sources in the Mexican interior, exporting to the United States from strongholds along our border, distributing through their members in Los Angeles and Chicago. There are perhaps hundreds of smaller groups involved, freelance-type operations dealing in lesser amounts of the drug and wielding far less power, but these twelve are to the heroin trade what the Big Five oil companies are to the gasoline business. These are the groups that are responsible for one of the most serious drug epidemics in American history.

Like the Italian-American Mafia, these rings are known by the names of their founders or their leading participants. As is true of the "top twelve" of anything else, there is disagreement among local police and federal intelligence experts as to who might be included. Nevertheless, the names of the seven largest of these twelve organizations have been mentioned invariably by all of my sources. They are the Favelas, the Maciases, the Herreras, the Valenzuelas, the Aviles-Quinteros, the Sicilia-Falcons, and the Romeros. The remaining five, somewhat smaller in terms of the volume of the drugs they ship, probably include the Leyvas, the Aispuros, the Alvarados, the Jassos, and the Hernandezes.

Very little is being done about the epidemic. U.S. law enforcement, crippled by spending cutbacks and wedded to methods that are proving to be largely obsolete, is hard-pressed to cope with the situation. Moreover, there is a new snarl of diplomatic problems for our State Department, which now risks alienating one of our few Third World allies by leaning too hard on Mexico to solve what is ultimately an American problem.

Yet only three years ago, heroin usage in America seemed to be on the wane. Heroin-addiction centers were springing up all across the country, and they seemed to be working. Turkey, which was previously the main source of the raw material for the drug, had yielded to our pressures and had agreed to ban the opium poppy. The ending of the war in Vietnam also put an end to this alternate source of supply.

But the most important development, perhaps, was the smashing of the French Connection. In 1972 the French government launched an offensive against the processing labs of Marseilles and the Corsican gangsters who ran them. At the same time the U.S. government went after the main importers of the drug. Carmine Tramunte, Vincent Papa, Joseph Di Napoli, and scores of other Mafia drug traffickers were convicted and sentenced to long prison terms. Suddenly, dealers like Harry had little or no product to offer. Panic broke out on the streets, and the price of heroin began to skyrocket. As a matter of fact, the outlook seemed so bright that former President Nixon, in late 1973, was pleased to announce that "we have turned the corner on drug addiction."

But while the public was being lulled into a false sense of security and while the Nixon administration was congratulating itself, the Mexican Connection was already being created. "The Mafia is just about out of it now," Martin Pera, former chief domestic conspiracy investigator of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), reports. "They still haven't put their act together again after all the cases we made against them, and maybe, now that a lot of them are getting into legitimate businesses, they don't even want to. Everyone is doing business with the Mexicans today. There's practically no other way to deal in heroin."

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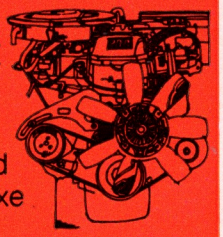

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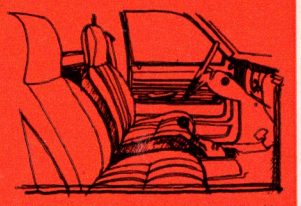

Talk about a tough choice. For '77 we've got the widest selection of trucks in our class including our newest entry, the Half-Ton Standard Bed—Toyota's lowest priced truck. All have cabs with lots of head, shoulder, and hip room. Take your pick: Standard Beds, Long Beds, Sport Trucks—5-speed, 4-speed, and 3-speed automatics—highest torque, best mileage, big cabs, we've got 'em all. That's why we say...if you can find a better built truck than a Toyota...buy it.

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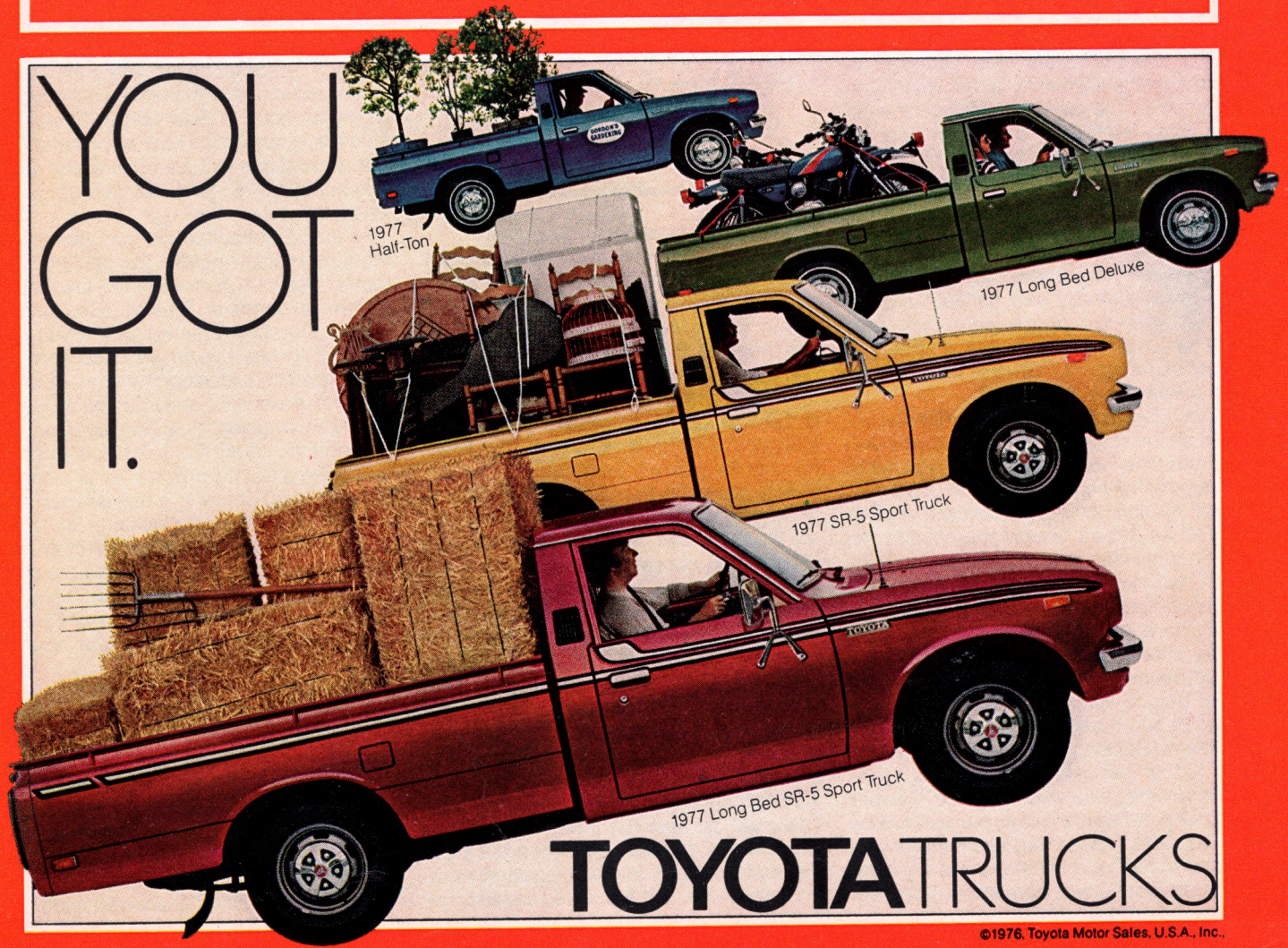

TOYOTA TRUCKS

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I call this new syndicate *Nuestra Cosa*—"our thing." My choice of the Spanish equivalent of the term once used by informer Joseph Valachi to describe the American "Mafia" is hardly a matter of whim. For while the Mexican leaders bear names like Valenzuela, Macias, Romero, and Herrera, they are as organized and deadly as any Gambino or Gallo "family." Their trafficking is not a random, sporadic act: it is a business and a way of life.

Loyalties trace back to strong ethnic ties—to the village, to the homeland, to the family. Discipline is based upon blood ties and intermarriage, and upon a code of conduct that is strict and inviolable. "The traffickers refer to it as *cosa de hombre*—'a man's thing,'" DEA Mexican intelligence expert Humberto Moreno explained. "It is absolutely basic to the way they operate. Any kind of betrayal, any kind of lie or cheating, is *cosa de hombre*. The penalty for these offenses is death, usually by automatic weapons fired from ambush or by a bomb in your car. If a trafficker is promised a shipment and it goes to somebody else, he's got to kill the man who promised it to him. If an official takes a bribe and doesn't deliver protection for it, he's a dead man. In the machismo environment of the drug traffickers, you must live by this system of ethics or die. There's no middle ground."

No one knew this principle better, perhaps, than did Cruz ("Crucito") Macias-Sanchez, a founder of one of the biggest and most powerful of the twelve Mexican families. Crucito was one of the first of the traffickers who emerged in Tijuana on the California border during the early 1960s. The market for Mexican heroin was small during those days, limited, for the most part, to the Mexican-American communities of nearby Los Angeles; so most of their money was in marijuana and amphetamines. Crucito, Jorge Favela, Telésforo Parra-Lopez, and the other early kingpins ran things pretty much like a club, with much formality and gentlemanly behavior. Although drugs were their only business, none of them was a user. "I'd never use that shit," Crucito used to say. "I'm a *trafficante*, not a user."

Then Robert and Helen Hernandez arrived on the scene, and matters took a violent turn. The Hernandezes had dreams of monopolizing the Tijuana action. A wave of shootings and bombings broke out, ending only when Robert himself was shot in the face and blinded in an unsuccessful retaliation hit. From that day until his arrest and imprisonment by Mexican authorities in 1970, he always carried a live hand grenade, attached to his wrist in a specially made pouch, and vowed that he'd take a lot of people with him if another attempt were made on his life.

Meanwhile, the gang war drove Crucito into further seclusion. On the few occasions when he was seen in public, he wore a bullet-proof vest and was surrounded by bodyguards. A pearl-handled revolver was always in his hand. He never ate anything but food that he had personally prepared. "It's no way to live," he admitted to a close associate, "but I'm a trafficker because God made me one. I was born a trafficker, and I will die one."

And so he did, as a matter of fact, in a Mexican prison four years ago. But not before the market for Mexican heroin exploded, and his crime family began to grow and to prosper.

Today about thirty people handle the Macias export operation in Tijuana. Juan José Lara, formerly of San Diego and Los Angeles, currently residing in the fashionable Jardines section of Tijuana Beach, is one of the men responsible for contacts with the processors in the Mexican interior. The Maciases are brokers, and it is Lara's job to obtain the heroin from trusted, nonfamily sources, to arrange to have it smuggled to hiding places in Tijuana and other places along the border, and to see that it is safely delivered to the Macias distribution group in Los Angeles. For these services, he splits with the processors the manufacturing profits of about $25,000 on each kilogram that he ships.

> "The Mafia is out of it today," said an investigator. "Everyone is doing business with the Mexicans. There's practically no other way to deal in heroin."

Lara is still relatively new to the business. He is slim and boyish and in his early thirties. He was a childhood playmate of Danny Torres-Macias, a key member of the Los Angeles branch of the family. (As is common in Latin American usage, "Torres" is the surname of Danny's father; "Macias" is the maiden name of his mother—thus indicating that he is related to Crucito on his mother's side.) Lara ran the family's hiding places in San Diego from 1970 to 1974 and dealt in some pills and heroin on the side. He was under investigation in a federal drug-conspiracy case when he fled across the border, and he inherited his current position when his predecessor—Danny's father, Alejandro—died of natural causes in 1975.

The Los Angeles organization has ninety or more members, including national distributors and contact men, guards and couriers, "mules" to ferry the loads from the American side of the border, and people to man the hiding places, or "stash pads." There are at least ten independently run subsections or cells, each headed by a distributor with his own wholesale customers nationwide. The Maciases are also volume suppliers to America's burgeoning "mini-benny," or illicit amphetamine, market, and they run lucrative sidelines in fencing and shylocking. The full extent of their "market coverage" is still a matter for speculation, but multi-kilo heroin and pill shipments have been documented in more than a dozen different cities, including Portland, Seattle, Denver, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, D.C. Their legitimate enterprises include a moving-and-storage firm in East Los Angeles, a sizable used car lot in the suburb of El Monte, and numerous investments in California real estate. Their profits in heroin exceed $25 million a year.

Smuggling methods are varied, but usually the drugs pass through the customs station at Tijuana concealed in a car or a truck. Armed with false registration papers, the innocent-looking driver, or "burro," blends easily with the thousands of people who cross legally each day. Normally, he is shadowed by a lookout, who will wait near the customs station to report any problems that may arise.

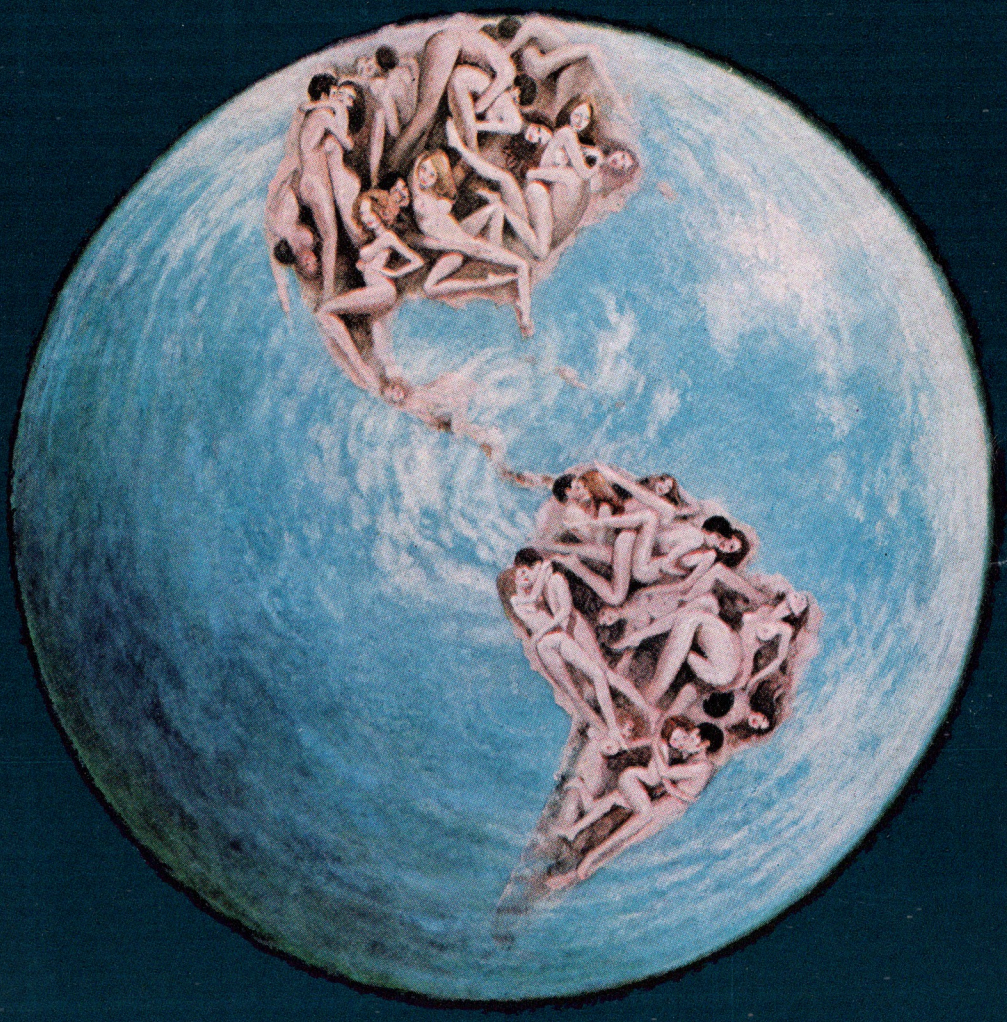
The load—traditionally no more than thirty pounds per vehicle—will be hidden in door panels, false-bottomed gas tanks, exhaust pipes, and spare tires. Often it is wrapped in heavy plastic and doused with canine repellent, to prevent discovery by a customs guard dog. The burro, who is often a woman with her children as passengers, earns $500 to $2,000 per trip, depending on the size of the load.

Once the burro is safely across the border, she heads north on Interstate 5 to a stash pad in one of the Mexican-American neighborhoods of San Diego. There she unloads, changes the license plates on her car, and returns to Tijuana. In a day or so, another burro will ferry the load up to Los Angeles.

In a typical transaction the Macias distributors in Los Angeles pay $35,000 per factory-fresh, 60 percent-pure kilo of heroin to their exporter in Tijuana. (Because of inferior processing techniques, which also account for the dirt-brown color and vinegarlike stench, Mexican heroin in its original form is seldom purer than this.) Once it is in Los Angeles, it is "stepped on" by adding milk sugar that will double its volume. The resulting product, now reduced in purity to 30 percent, is repackaged and sold to nonfamily wholesalers for a net profit of 100 percent per kilo. From Los Angeles, it is spread by couriers across the nation. By the time it reaches a junkie, it has been cut down to no more than 10 percent purity and sells for $60 by the quarter-ounce "bag."

Who are the Macias wholesalers? For the most part they are blacks. Many are the same men, with the same citywide organizations, who once did their business with the Mafia. "There's no alliance involved," one law-enforcement official is quick to point out. "The Mexicans control the dope, the blacks have the outlets on the streets, and the whole thing's a matter of dollars and cents. If anything, there's an undercur-

A UNIVERSE OF EROTIC DELIGHT



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rent of racism: the Mexicans see themselves as white people; they don't consider themselves the low man on anybody's totem pole. No matter how much money a black man may have—even if he's the *main* man—the Mexicans will look down on him."

Armando Torres-Macias, fiftyish, blustery, and belligerent, is the *jefe*, or chief, of the Los Angeles clan. Armando is managing partner of the M. & A. Transfer and Storage Company at 5125 Telegraph Road in East Los Angeles, a firm that operates a commercial furniture warehouse and a fleet of moving vans. He first came to the attention of authorities in 1970, when Los Angeles detectives forced their way into his warehouse with a search warrant and found sixty ounces of heroin. Because of a technicality, however, the case was dismissed.

Armando is one of the five surviving brothers of Alejandro Torres-Macias, the deceased Tijuana contact man. Brothers José and Ruben live in the middle-class suburb of Pico Rivera and drive trucks for M. & A. Transfer.

Late in 1975, Armando, his nephew Danny, and several of the members of one of their distribution cells were convicted on federal drug-conspiracy charges in San Diego. Currently at liberty on a $200,000 appeal bond, beleaguered by IRS seizures of his assets, Armando is reportedly preparing for what may well be the passing of his leadership.

His heir apparent is Rudy, his nephew. Described by one source as being "closer to Armando than a brother," Rudy is the owner of Bellrich Used Cars, a 100-car lot in the suburb of El Monte. Given his undeniable access to automobiles and auto-registration certificates and license plates, Rudy is considered by Los Angeles Police investigators to be the key man in the Macias "transportation department." So far he has never been convicted on a drug offense.

But this is not to suggest that Rudy's coming to power will really change anything. As a matter of fact, the DEA and the Los Angeles Police Department have arrested nearly a score of Maciases and Macias-family associates during the past five years. The organization continues to operate, as big and as powerful as ever.

Compared with the Maciases, the members of the Valenzuela family are upstarts. Most of them are still in their twenties, and they have been in the heroin business only since 1970. But the scope of their dealings makes them grownups indeed. At 2:35 on the afternoon of November 6, 1975, DEA undercover agents in Hollywood seized a Valenzuela shipment and arrested several of their couriers and stashmen. The load was forty-four pounds of heroin, worth $480,000 wholesale, and $24 million on the street.

It was the largest single-drug seizure in West Coast history, and yet it was only a fraction of the family's yearly volume. "When you get down to the nut-cut," one DEA agent admits, "all we did was to stop a single load. It's doubtful if any of their customers ever missed a delivery."

The Valenzuelas consist of at least fourteen interrelated family groups, with sixty members operating deep in the growing areas of Mexico and about forty handling U.S. distribution from Los Angeles and Chicago. They do business with citywide wholesalers in every state but Maine, and there is evidence that they recently opened a third "national distribution center" in New York.

During 1975 the Valenzuelas sold more than 1,000 pounds of heroin to only one of their many customers. After the November 6 seizure and arrests, the IRS confiscated personal assets worth more than $1.5 million—including a thriving Mexican food-products company; $500,000 in real estate; $111,000 worth of furniture, automobiles, and personal effects; and $370,000 in cash. One of their ringleaders, who fled after he had been charged with conspiracy in the case, was a next-door neighbor to a former director of the CIA.

Needless to say, this is a far cry from the days, six years ago, when the founders arrived penniless in Los Angeles from Mexico. "It's the ultimate in free enterprise," former DEA conspiracy investigator Martin Pera explains. "The risks may be great, but the rewards are enormous. The Valenzuelas wanted to better themselves. They didn't want always to be migrant workers or domestic servants, living in some *barrio* in East Los Angeles. So one of them went down to Tijuana in his pickup and came back with a few ounces of heroin. The seeds were not necessarily in criminality, but the profits and the opportunity were there."

The Valenzuela family bought from small-time exporters, and they sold to small-time street dealers. They were reckless, and they did business with virtually anyone. They began to grow. Then one of them made a sale to an undercover agent, several were arrested, and they became much more sophisticated.

The first thing they did in that instance has now become a Valenzuela hallmark: the ones who were still at liberty bailed out their relatives, shipped them back to Mexico, and brought up new people to replace them. As Commander Stephen Downing, of the LAPD's Administrative Vice and Narcotics Division, laments, "The Valenzuelas really have little to worry about. If any of them gets busted, all he has to do is to keep his mouth shut until the family can move him across the border."

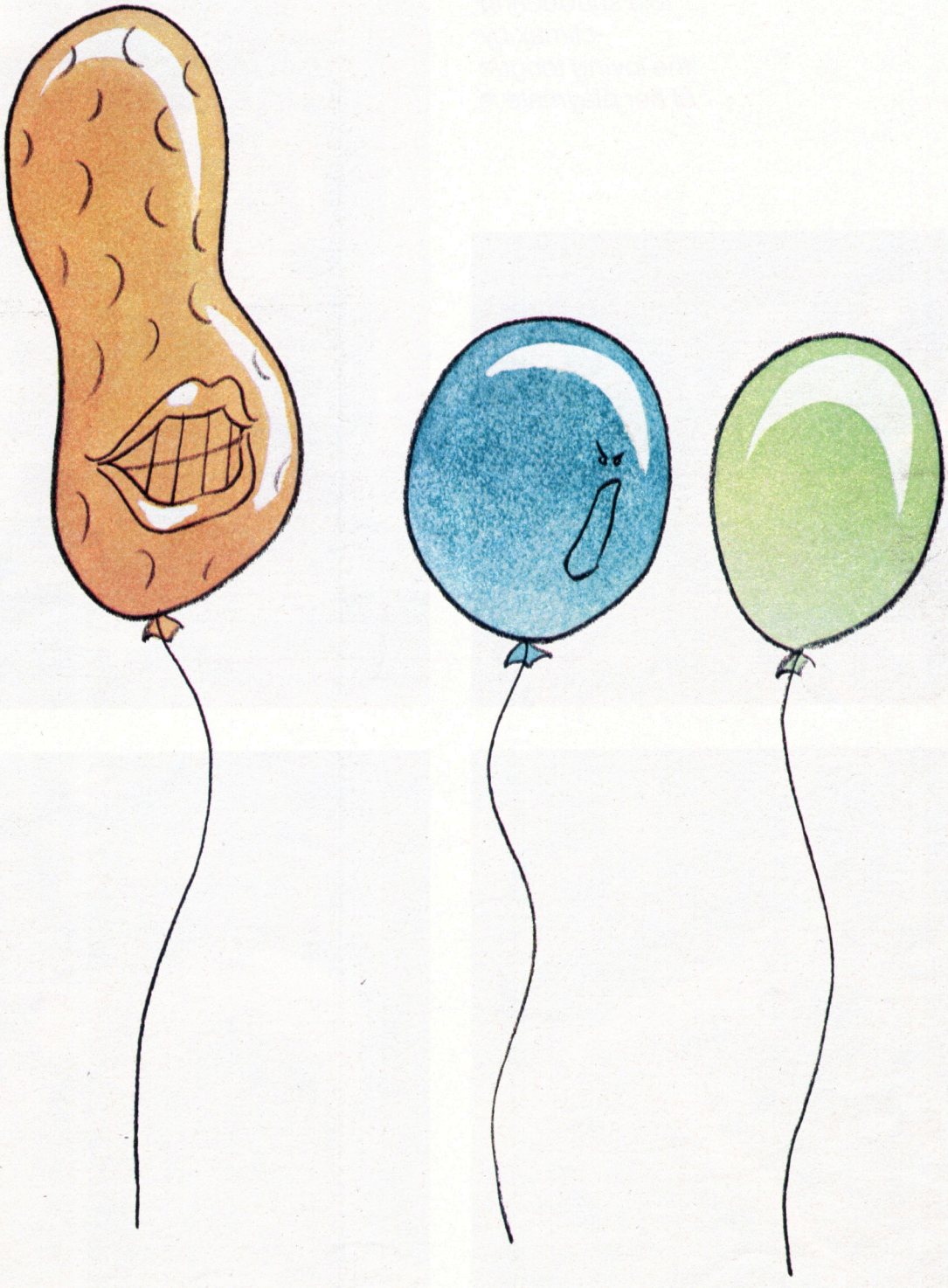
They have also become much more careful in their dealings with "the public." Everything is done through middlemen these days. The leaders are never in direct contact with their customers. No one is supposed to know more than he absolutely has to know.

To do business with the Valenzuelas, one must first be known and trusted. "There are no 'new people' in this game," Francisco told me. Like many of my other sources, Francisco is a dealer. He is a big dealer, as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

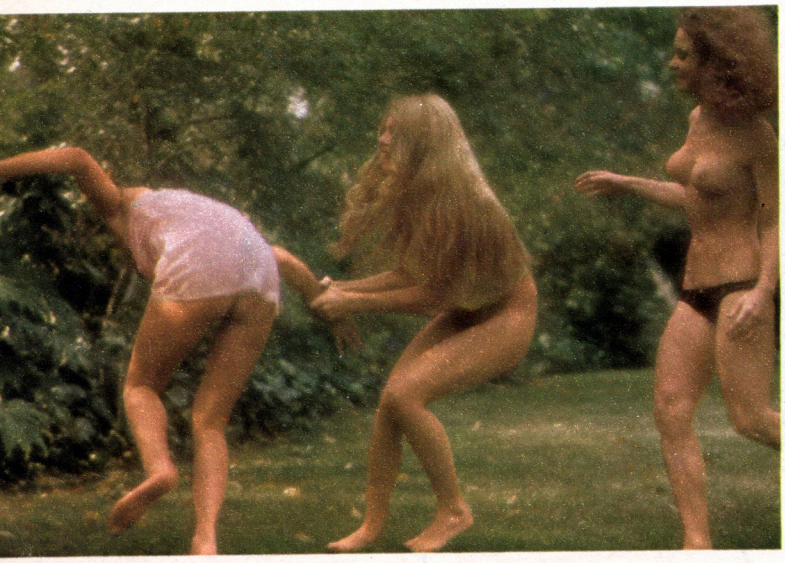
Balloonheads

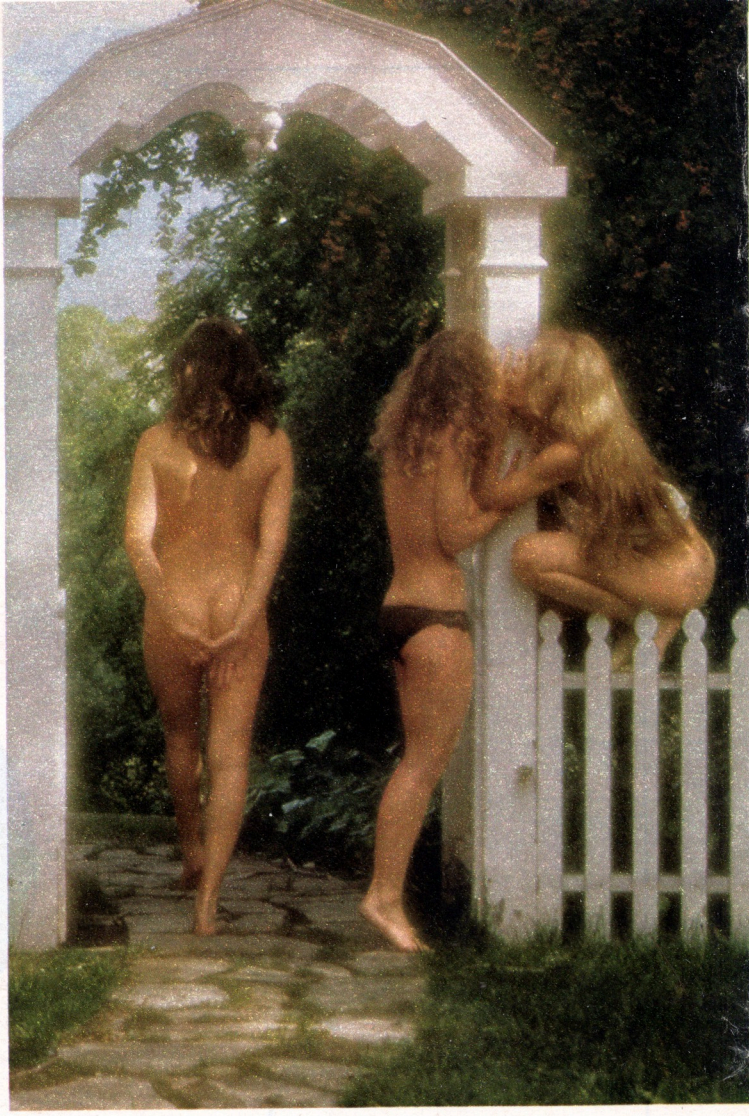
BY ART CUMINGS

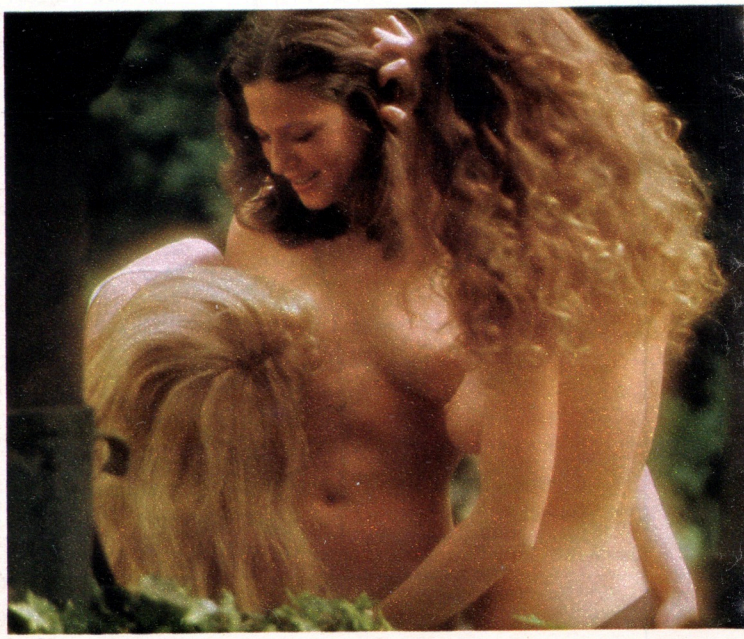


"Shall we tell him he can stop smiling now?"

Each is brought to a shuddering climax by the loving tongue of her playmate.



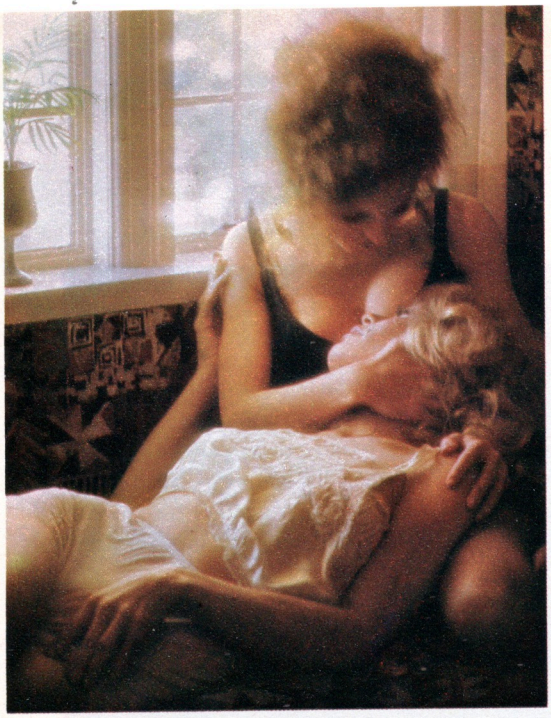




CLASS REUNION

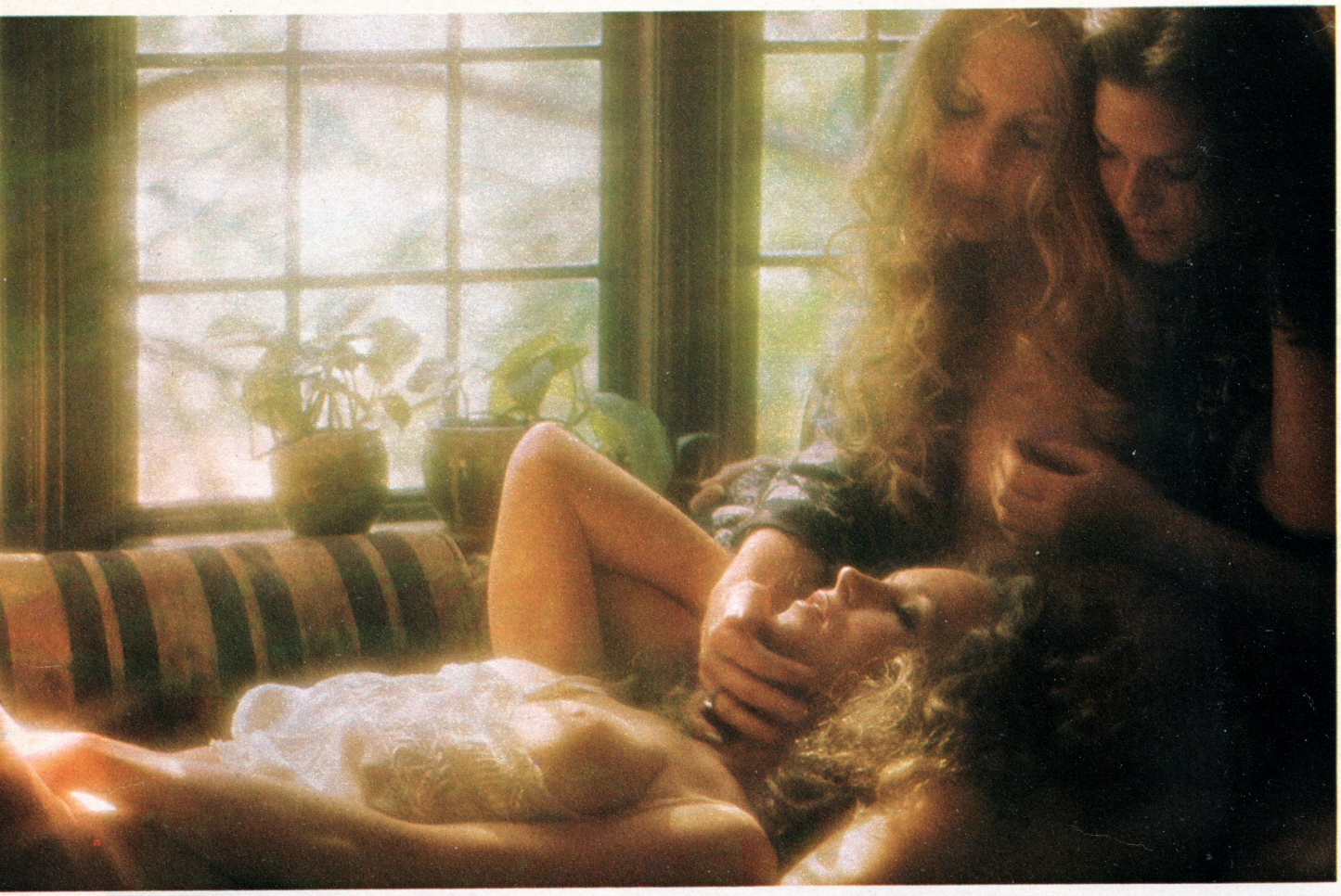
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

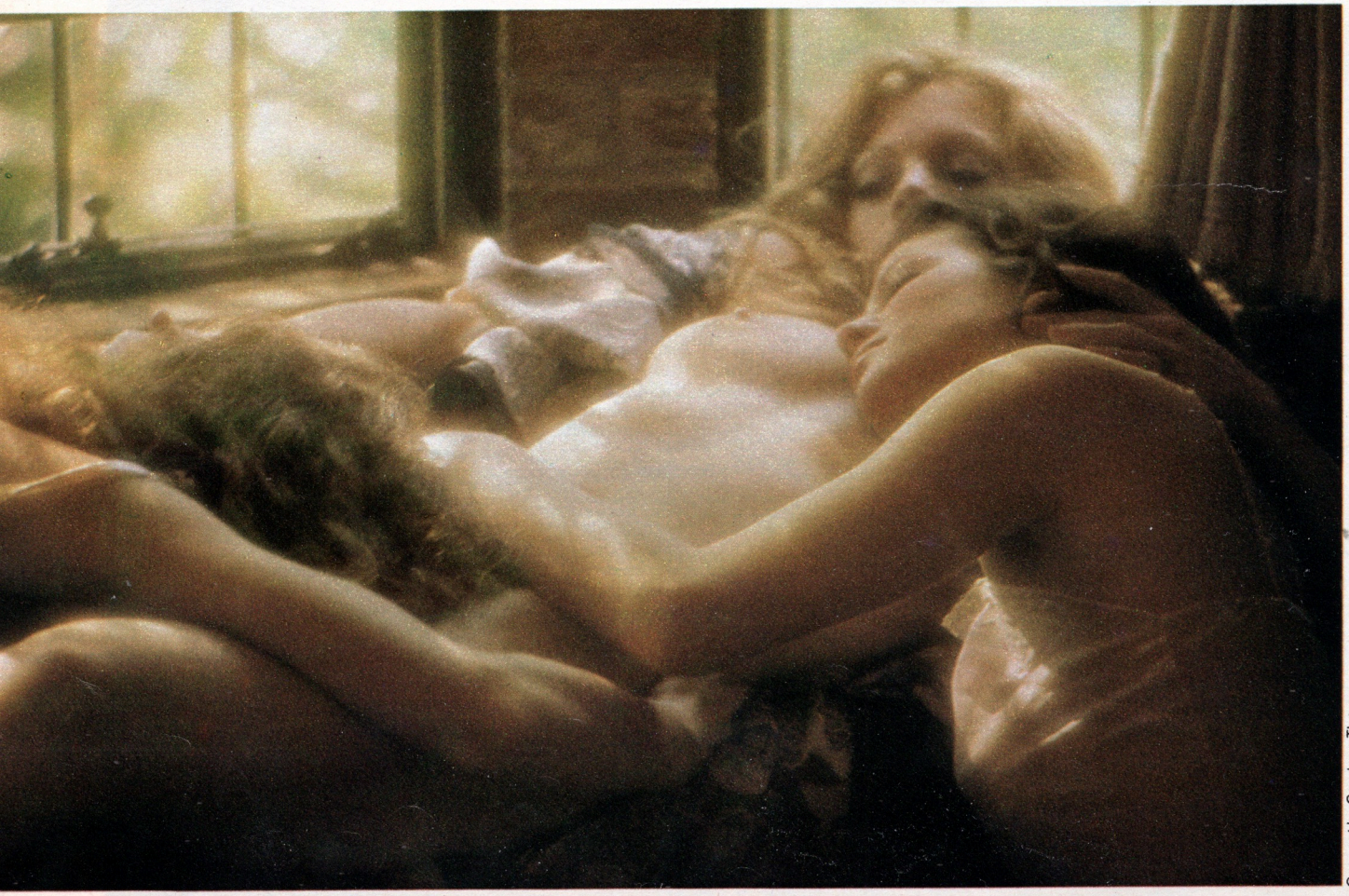
What could be more stimulating than a cool, green spring morning? This is a perfect setting for the voluptuous reunion of three very, very close friends. It is not often that they meet. Each is busy in her own way in her own life. But whenever possible, they steal away together, for an exciting respite from their otherwise uneventful, workaday lives. The day usually starts at a leisurely pace—sipping tea, chatting over current love lives, admiring new clothes. But almost on cue, their lovely new clothes start coming off. Blouses, skirts, slips, and stockings tumble to the floor as each becomes impatient to embrace the other, to run soft fingers through the other's silken hair. There is an urgency about their movements now, their hearts beating wildly as they kiss, stroke, and tenderly explore each mouth and body. This is the way it used to be, the way it will always be.



"The maid inserts a finger into each pulsating pussy."

There are some things that most men will never understand. To them, a nipple is an object of sensuality, something lovely and profoundly female that becomes erect when teased or kissed. But to a woman, her feminine partner's nipple is an extension of her own self, something which she understands so well that her mouth needs no instruction. These friends are intimately acquainted with each other's minds and bodies. As the final strands of silky underwear slip away, the embraces become more and more fervent. White thighs move against each other in the moist, ecstatic rhythms of love. Two women gently hold down the third — her wrists and legs pinioned as they suck each nipple in turn before descending to the moist cleft between her legs. Her passionate cries echo in the quiet afternoon . . .





Concept by Candace Thayer

In the loving context of their relationship, no game seems too silly or perverse. Their favorite one dates back to when they first knew each other at boarding school. One dons the uniform of a maid and becomes the "servant" of her two mistresses. They giggle gaily as the "maid," under strict supervision, inserts a slender, white finger into each pulsating pussy. If the maid lags in her duties, she is spanked. Soon she herself is stripped bare and rewarded fully for her titillating services. As she moans and writhes on the floor, she is brought to a shuddering climax by the loving tongues of her playmates. Then the uniform changes hands . . . and the game begins anew.

When the fevered pitch finally slows, after every inch of supple skin has been completely explored, the women lie in each other's arms, still panting. Each has lost count of her orgasms, but at this point, who's counting?

DIVORCE LAWYERS:
A GLIMPSE UNDER THE ROCK

When you get married "till death do us part," don't think it's easy to cancel those connubial vows if things sour. By the time these lawyers work you over, death—or murder—will seem to be the easy way out.

I did not like the neighborhood, a shabby commercial side street just off the Loop in downtown Chicago. A saloon with an "early bird special" whitewashed on the window—a shot and a beer for seventy-nine cents. A porn shop. A cut-rate jewelry store ("Transistor Radioes [sic] $3.99 this week onley [sic].") A dank restaurant featuring fried chicken wings and watery bean soup. I found the address and stepped around two drunks arguing in the doorway and walked up the stairs.

I did not like the office. Frosted glass, the lawyer's name in flaking, black paint, one letter scratched off but still distinguishable. Dust balls in the corner of the hallway. A stack of mail and faded handbills outside the adjacent office, a "collection referral service."

I did not like the secretary. A brittle blonde in her late twenties, fuzzy aqua sweater and white knit skirt. She was on the phone, and she slipped her hand over the mouthpiece and said, "With you in just a minute, hon," and resumed the conversation, which had to do with someone named Deborah and Chuck, and wasn't it just awful, and Thursday night would be fine, but Friday would be just as well, and, yes, she had heard about Freddy, and wasn't it just awful. . . ? I sat down and began reading a two-day-old *Chicago Tribune*, and the secretary smiled at me again and did the hand-mouthpiece thing and said, "Just a few more seconds, hon," and I read the first section and the sports pages and part of the financial section.

I did not like the lawyer. He arrived about fifteen minutes after I did—a short, balding fellow in his late forties, two manila file folders and a bulky envelope tucked under his arm. He smiled. I saw dirty teeth and on his lip a patch of whiskers that had escaped the razor one, two, maybe more mornings. He looked down at his secretary, who was saying into the phone, "Gotta' run now, baby, so—— "

"Hang the fucking thing up," the lawyer said.

"See you later, baby——"

"*Now, goddammit! now!*"

She did. A thirtyish brunette had followed the lawyer through the door, and she halted at the sound of the shouts, as if uncertain whether she wanted to walk any farther. The lawyer turned to me. "You must be Mr. Closkey. I'm going to have to have you wait a moment, because I'm running late, but I'll get you squared away. She can't get away with that."

No, I am not Closkey; I am Goulden, the writer from Washington who spoke with you on the phone earlier and . . .

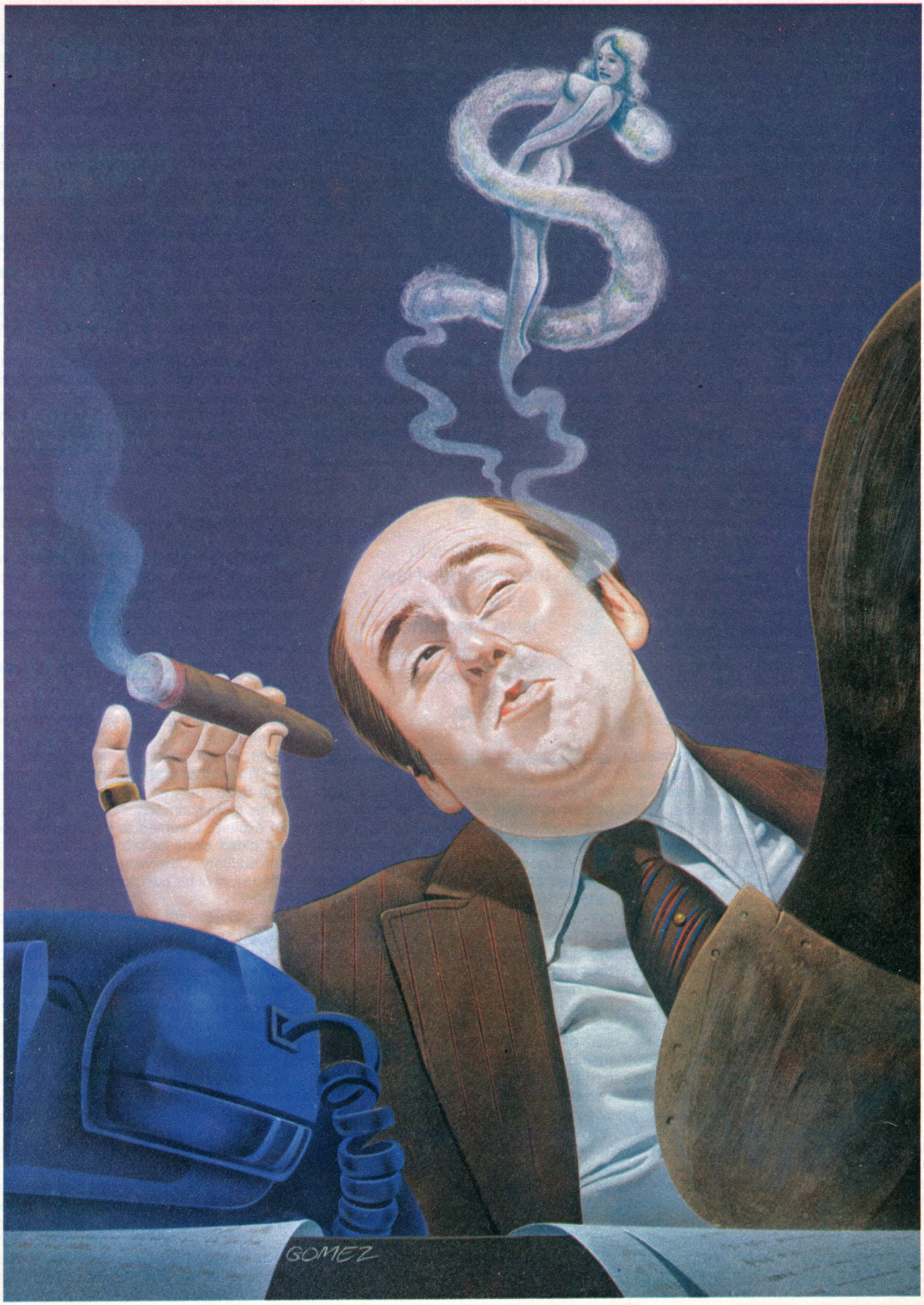
"Oh, yeah, yeah, I remember now. You're writing about the superlawyers practicing outside of Washington. Well, you've sure come to the right place, because we do some super things around here. Don't we, Rose?" The last to the secretary, who was handing him a sheaf of phone-message slips.

No, this isn't *exactly* a book on superlawyers, but more a book on how . . .

"I don't care. Call it what you want; I don't mind the publicity. In fact, I really want the publicity. Come on in and watch how I work. This here is Mrs. Smith [for reasons that should be becoming obvious by now, real names are not used in this section], and she won't mind talking in front of you, will you, Mrs. Smith?"

He did not wait for an answer. He walked toward the inner office. "Rose, get us some ice. If that guy Closkey comes in, tell him I'm going to be busy for a while, that I have a very important person here from

BY JOSEPH C. GOULDEN


GOMEZ

Washington for a conference. He's going to have to wait. He will. He's in a jam." Mrs. Smith followed us, hesitantly.

A cluttered desk. An overstuffed chair. Two straight chairs. A leather couch with a red pillow and a fuzzy aqua blanket—the same hue as Rose's fuzzy sweater. A plethora of framed certificates and diplomas, whatever collective prestige they might signify obscured by dust. A Rabelaisian print of a seventeenth-century lawyer with a counseling arm around a woman's waist.

"Stella here has a problem," the lawyer began, jerking his head toward Mrs. Smith. "She's married to this jerk who drinks and beats hell out of her and screws around, and we're getting ready to cream his ass, aren't we, Stella?" She started to say something, but the lawyer did not pause. "She gave me the basic story when we met last week, and what we're going to do today is nail down some of the particulars. Did you get the letters, Stella?"

Mrs. Smith had been watching me, and she was uncomfortable. "Some of this is pretty personal, Mr. _____, and I wonder if . . ." I arose, but the lawyer waved his hand for me to sit down. "Mr. Goulden isn't using any names, and he's a professional, too, and you can talk in front of him, Stella, just like he was another lawyer."

Mrs. Smith didn't look happy, but she said, "Okay, it's okay with me, I guess." I did not like myself for doing so, but I sat back down. Across the desk she handed some papers with handwriting on them to the lawyer, who began reading them.

"Your sister writes here she's heard him use abusive language towards you. The judge is going to want to know specifically: What does he call you, Stella?"

She glanced at me, but I would not make eye contact. "He calls me a 'worthless cunt' and a 'stinking asshole' and stuff like that. He does this even in front of my mother. She says if my father was alive, he'd kill him."

"Take this back to your sister. Have her write it down, and use the words. Okay?"

"I don't think she will. She don't like the words."

"She want to help you get away from this jerk? You tell her to do as I say."

The lawyer began reading the next letter. "Your friend Shirley, she was around when he was bragging about this other woman. Again, Stella, you get this damned language here that doesn't really say anything. *What* did he say? What words did he use?"

Enter Rose, a welcome relief both to me and to Mrs. Smith. Three glasses and a plastic container of ice. The lawyer into a desk drawer, emerging with a fifth of Four Roses. Glug, glug, glug. "Rose, get us a little water; this stuff needs it." She did, and she also carried a fourth glass into which she set a glug of her own. The lawyer glared at her.

"Oh, shit," she said, "come off it; it's 4:30, and I've worked my ass off today. I'm not going to get drunk and run off with a typewriter." The lawyer said nothing, and she snatched up the glass, and she banged the door when she left.

The whiskey was awful, but we sipped it, and I even did a semblance of a toast toward Stella Smith. "To a happier future," I said, and she looked puzzled, and then she smiled.

The lawyer said again, "Stella, exactly what did he say that your friend heard?"

"Is this something I'm going to have to say in court, too?"

"Yes, you are. Now do you want a divorce, or do you want to stay with this guy? I am your lawyer, Stella, and I'm doing my goddamndest to get you out of this marriage, which is what you said you wanted to do. Now what did he say to your friend that is proof he was playing around?"

"Well, it was a Saturday afternoon, and he had been drinking beer since that morning, when he worked on the car outside the house. He was high, and he was mean, like, he was saying bad things to me all day long. He hadn't come in until late the night before, real late, like after midnight, and when I asked about the bowling league, he said, 'Yeah, I bowled all right, and it was damned good bowling, too.'

> "Divorce is to the practice of law as proctology is to medicine," according to one legal expert.

"When Shirley came over, he got even nastier, because he doesn't like her. She's good, but she's fat, and she ain't so pretty, and he's always telling me that I 'run around with dogs like her.' But she is my best friend.

"Anyway, what happened was this. Shirley and I was in the kitchen, drinking coffee, when he come in and popped another can of beer. I said something like, 'Remember, we're going to Momma's for dinner tonight.' I didn't want him to get bombed, but he don't like me to gripe about him drinking.

"He started cussing me. He called me 'bitch' and 'cunt' and all kinds of nasty names, and finally Shirley, she spoke up and said, 'Oh, leave her alone, Harry; she's done a lot for you.'

"This just got him madder. 'Done a lot for me, shit,' he said. 'I got better pussy last night the first time out with this girl than I got from this deadhead the whole nine years we're married.'

"What he said didn't soak in right away, but Shirley started crying and shouting and saying, 'It's bad enough you screw around, you bastard, but do you have to brag about it right in front of her?' "

Mrs. Smith was beginning to cry now, and her shoulders shook as she tried to suppress the sobs. All I could think of doing was to hand her her glass. She shoved it back. The lawyer sat impassively. He had seen too many clients cry for him to waste empathy on yet another anguished woman. Mrs. Smith finally continued.

"He laughed. He said, 'What's the fun of getting good ass if nobody knows about it? This gal last night wasn't the first, and she damned well won't be the last, and if you two bitches don't get off my back, I'll bring her over here right now and hump her in the living room.'

"Shirley and I left then. I got a small suitcase and a few things and spent the night at her house and Sunday night, too. He didn't call or nothing; and when I went home Monday, after the time for him to go to work, all his clothes and stuff was gone. I tried to talk to him on the phone once later, to get some money, and he just cussed me and hung up."

The lawyer: "Shirley can tell about all this?"

Mrs. Smith: "She don't like coming to court, but she said she'd do whatever necessary to help me get away from him."

The lawyer: "How much screwing around did you do yourself before all this happened?"

Mrs. Smith, puzzled: "What do you mean?"

The lawyer: "You know what I mean. How many guys did you ball yourself after you married Harry?"

Mrs. Smith, stunned: "Now, listen, no way. I'm *not* that kind of woman, and I *never* have been. *He* was the one who . . . "

The lawyer, smiling: "Okay, okay, don't get excited. I wanted to be sure that you had clean skirts before we charged him with adultery. Otherwise, he comes back with a story of his own, and we get zapped. Follow?"

Mrs. Smith, still ruffled: "I suppose so, but you sure shook me."

They talked about the technicalities of ending the marriage. Mrs. Smith would get her sister and her friend to rewrite the statements. The lawyer would file petitions for divorce and ask for temporary support in the interim.

"His take-home pay is $168 weekly? We'll go for half of it. We won't get that much, you being healthy and childless and still young enough to work, but we'll shake him around a little bit anyway."

"I don't want his damned money. I just want to get rid of him."

"You let me worry about the strategy, honey," the lawyer said. "Asking for money is a bargaining chip. You *always* ask for things you know you can't get, just so you'll have some throwaways. He'll be so relieved when we hold off on the money demand that he won't give you any trouble on

From *The Attorneys*, by Joseph C. Goulden. To be published by Webright and Talley later this year.

"Normally, it's against my principles to hit a man when he's down, but in your case I'm prepared to make an exception ..."

the divorce itself. Okay?"

Mrs. Smith nodded. "If you say so."

"That pretty well wraps it up except for one thing. You paid me $100 last week, and I told you I thought I could handle everything for $550 or $575, plus maybe $200 for the court costs. How much more do you have?"

"Right now, not much. He left me with the bills, and the rent was due two days later, and you know I don't make much money at the restaurant."

"Hey, let's don't spend time on the details. You didn't answer my question. How much more money do you have? Now? Today? In this room?"

"Well, certainly not $450 or $500. What I'm carrying today I need to get through until Friday, when I get paid."

"Forget that. When are you going to have my $500? Would your mother come up with it for you?"

"She might, but she wouldn't like it. You know, she don't have so much herself, just the pension and her little sick fund at the credit union, what she's saving for an emergency."

A deep, dark frown. "Damn, woman, this *is* an emergency. You want to get away from this bastard, and I run a law office, not a legal-aid society. I pay my rent and groceries, too, and all I got to sell is lawyering. We've been in here almost an hour, and that's valuable time. A lawyer could charge you seventy-five, a hundred, even a hundred and a quarter dollars for an hour of time. Mr. Goulden here, he's an expert on lawyers; he knows what you pay them. Isn't that right, Mr. Goulden? I could be charging this lady one hundred and twenty-five dollars for this consultation?"

Impulse: Lady, get the hell away from this jerk. He is a crude, vulgar money-grubber, and he violates your very dignity each time he opens his mouth.

I put down the impulse. I am an observer of lawyers, not a monitor of lawyers, and I had stated my intention in advance: to watch how this attorney went about his business.

I turned to Mrs. Smith: "Yes, *some* lawyers *could* charge $125 for what you are receiving here today." I don't think that she understood the stressed words.

"I'll talk to my mother and my brother; we'll come up with it, somewhere."

"You ever do any go-go dancing?"

"*What*?"

"Go-go. You know, topless."

"*Me*? What gives you an idea like that?"

"You're built enough for it. Listen, this guy I do some investments with, he puts girls into places up in Old Town [a nightclub section north of downtown Chicago], sort of like a booking agent. He's always looking for new talent, and you could make two, maybe three times as much a week doing that as you can waiting tables." He stopped, and his eyes dropped from Mrs. Smith's face to her bust and then came up again.

"The work isn't bad. Shake and bounce a bit to the music. Who knows? You might even make some extra money. Get me paid off in two or three weeks, without having to bother your mother. Let me get this guy on the phone right now . . . "

Mrs. Smith interrupted him. "No," she said, "that won't be necessary. I'll find your damned fee, and I'll have it here by Friday." She was putting papers back into her purse, and she was working her jaw in a way that hinted she wanted to say something about this man's "lawyering" but was ready to swallow perhaps one more potion of bile, if necessary, to get her divorce.

"I'll be in court most of the day Friday; so just leave those revised statements with Rose—and the money. Okay?"

"Yes, I understand."

The lawyer got up, but he did not escort Mrs. Smith to the door. She simply rose to her feet, turned, and left without a further word to either of us.

"Cold-headed cunt that one is," the lawyer said. "About as much personality as a goddamned dead fish. I don't blame old Harry for hustling outside pussy. Man, this is one I'll handle with relish, because *nobody* should be married to a woman that stiff."

We talked about my book, and I explained that I was interested in the nuts and bolts of a big-city divorce practice, the "realities," as opposed to what is taught in law schools and discussed in the legal journals.

"Man, you've come to the right place, because I'm a realistic son of a bitch," the lawyer said. Using his hand, he fished out new ice cubes for our drinks and poured more Four Roses. "I've been divorced three times myself, and I'm coming up on number four. So I'm not sentimental about the institution of marriage. When two people want out of it, I'm happy to help them get the best deal possible.

"Further, it's my living. I'm a lawyer, not a social worker. When an adult asks me to perform a piece of work for him and agrees to pay me in U.S. currency, we have a deal. I tell the party what's required for him or her to get out of a marriage and what kind of settlement we can get away with.

"That dame who just left is typical of the stuff I do—a dumb-ass Polack who is essentially a dumb person and who marries a jerk who loses interest in her once he's banged her a few times. Both of them made a bad deal—she probably the worst deal, because now she's seven years older and has that many more miles down the track.

"She thought I was insulting her, asking if she'd like to dance go-go. Best thing in the world that could happen to her—get out and loosen up a little bit, make some money, and find a boyfriend who would give her some fun. Sure, I have a selfish motive: I want to make sure she comes up with my fees, and that's a way she can do it in a hurry.

"I'll tell you something else you can put in your book, but don't use my name or the

"One of us is an asshole!"

Benson & Hedges 100's

I finally got a break, but it wasn't the kind I expected.

that's the breaks.

Regular and Menthol
in soft and hard pack

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method; 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report Apr. '76.

city's, because I don't want any crap with the Bar Association. You know _____, the singer?"

By name, I certainly did, for she gets into the papers and on the television and movie screens.

"Twelve, fifteen years ago, when she was a nobody, she married a jerk musician who played at a club on North Clark Street. Man, she was *nothing*—playing with dope, doing real crap engagements—really, a tramp.

"Anyway, she finally had it up to here with this musician, because he was pissing away what little money she made and beating up on her besides. At the time, I did labor-negotiation work for some of the clubs, and she got my name and asked me to handle her divorce.

"Sure, no problem. The musician didn't give a rat's ass about staying married; so it would go through like cream. Only thing is this chick _____ didn't have more than a few hundred dollars saved, and she wanted to use it to get out of town, get out to Vegas, and try some of the clubs there.

"So she asked me, real sweetlike, was there any way she could handle the fee without spending any of her money. I said, 'Sure baby, you come up to Wisconsin with me for a weekend, we stay at this lodge I know, and you can forget about the fee.'

"Oh, she bargained. She would give me a night at her place or a night at mine, but I didn't budge. The upshot was that we went to Wisconsin, and I had a helluva time with her, and she relaxed and enjoyed it, too."

The lawyer paused and tilted his head so that he was staring at the ceiling, and I knew that he was deciding whether to share yet another part of the memory with me. He was, and he did.

"In fact, it was so much fun that I halfway got the idea she'd do it again, even after she got to be a name. She was here four or five years later, playing one of the hotels, and I called and got a secretary—some dame who travels with her. She took a message, and I didn't hear nothing for two days; so I called back. The secretary assured me she had given _____ the message, and I said, 'Remind her who I am, that I handled her divorce here a few years back.' And the secretary says, 'Oh, she remembers you all right, and to save you some time, I wouldn't bother calling her again.' "

A tight, sour laugh. "I don't care. Every time I see her on television, I say to myself, 'Man, I've had that, in every way a man can.' "

I had heard *sotto voce* comments about "couch fees" from other lawyers (and not all of them divorce specialists either), but this Chicagoan was the first to boast about taking sex from a client in lieu of money. "How often does this happen?" I asked.

Refills from the bottle of Four Roses. The secretary in with three letters for the lawyer to sign. As he did so, she went to the outer office, returned with her glass, and filled it again. He scowled, and she stuck out her tongue at him. "Wise ass," he said. "A hell of a lot smarter than yours," she replied and left.

"That's one right there," the lawyer said after the door had closed.

I am not a fast thinker. "One what?"

"A couch fee. That's how we got started. She couldn't pay; so I took it out in ass, and I liked her so much I put her in the office. She had been working at some real-estate firm out on the West Side, and she's a good secretary, and we understand one another. She gets more money than she would as a straight secretary, and we spend one, maybe two evenings a week together." A grin, and I understood the full import of that hackneyed phrase "dirty old man."

"Plus, of course, whatever we manage to squeeze in here at the office on slow afternoons when nobody's around."

We talked for perhaps half an hour more, chiefly about the way the lawyer coaches clients to give the right answers in court to win a divorce on grounds of threats of physical violence by their spouses. I had heard the same scripts, in variant form, so many times that I became bored, and I made an excuse to by saying that I had to get back to my hotel.

> There's only one rule: if you represent the wife, get as much as possible. If you represent the husband, give away as little as possible.

"Where you staying?"

I named a small commercial hotel off the Loop, cheap and obscure, but clean and close to the downtown law offices. The lawyer wrinkled his nose. "Yeah, I know it. What you got on tonight?"

I did not want to have dinner with this man, and I mumbled something about making some phone calls and typing notes and maybe arranging an interview with another lawyer. He broke into my explanation. "Let that stuff go. You need some relaxation. Here it is after six o'clock, and you're still working.

"Tell you what. You saw Rose. She has a smart mouth, but she's one hell of a woman. What say I fix you two up for the night? You'd have some fun, and you wouldn't have to stay in that kind of hotel tonight." He paused and attempted an apparent lascivious smile. "You won't get any notes typed, though, because Rosie will eff your brains out; that's for sure."

"What would Rose think about such an arrangement? After all, she is an adult and obviously a woman with a mind of her own."

"Rose does what I say Rose does," the lawyer said. "She gets extra because she does extra. Let me call her; I'll show you."

I stopped him with a wave of my hand. "I think you are a slimy bastard," I said, "and the sooner I get away from you and your schlock operation, the happier I'll be."

The lawyer was standing, spluttering. "You can't talk to me like that. Who the hell. . . ?"

"I did talk to you like that. So long."

When I walked through the outer office, Rose said, "You must be hard up for material if you have to write about guys like that." I smiled and nodded and left; and as I walked down the dark stairs to the street, I thought, *Oh, Rose, I don't know. Jerks are more interesting when they are self-revelatory.*

Let's be blunt about the situation. Few citizens who have professional contacts with divorce lawyers think kindly, or highly, of them. One reason, of course, is that the subject under discussion—dissolution of a marriage—is not so happy an occasion as, say, a merger of two corporations or the purchase of a new home. But the divorce lawyers bring much of their general opprobrium upon themselves. "Divorce is to the practice of law as proctology is to medicine," scoffs Michael Wheeler, a professor at the New England School of Law in Boston, who has done extensive work in the field.

Judge Paul Alexander of Toledo, Ohio, who has heard thousands of divorce cases during three decades on the bench, feels that divorce lawyers are produced by a sort of reverse Darwinism—a "survival of the unfittest" that is responsible for the "greed and corruption" that he sees in divorce practice. Indeed, Judge Alexander accuses lawyers of pushing people into divorces that were "unwanted, unnecessary, and undesirable."

And, while men who serve on enough committees and carry enough titles to warrant the accolade "a dean of the family law bar" decry the poor esteem of divorce lawyers, they are often candid enough to recognize reality. Raoul Lionel Felder, for instance, volunteered that "the lawyers in my area of law . . . run the spectrum from superb to cesspool." I was interviewing Felder because he was reputed to be one of the six or so lawyers who monopolize big-money divorce cases in New York. Collectively, these lawyers are known as "The Bombers," and although the person who first used the name did not intend it as a compliment, Felder called himself just that during the first five minutes of our conversation. A bomber supposedly does what the name implies: if necessary, he'll use any legal high explosives available to help a client win a case, even if that should mean blowing the opposing spouses into bits and pieces.

But other divorce lawyers don't quite see it that way. "How the hell do you define 'effective representation'?" asks one Manhattan lawyer, "other than to try to get all your client deserves—or thinks he de-

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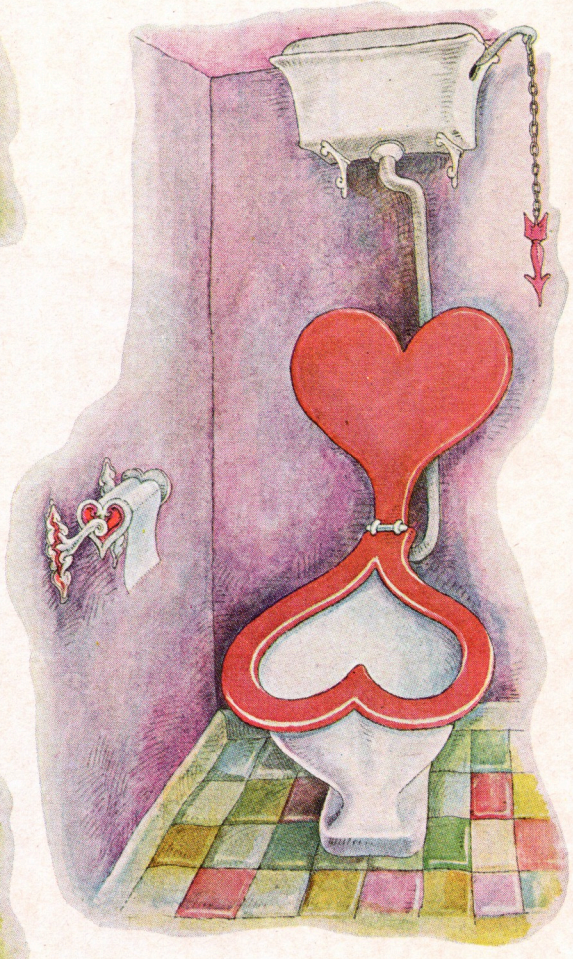
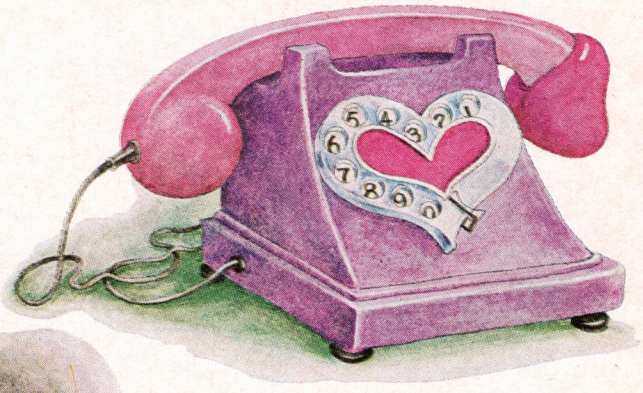
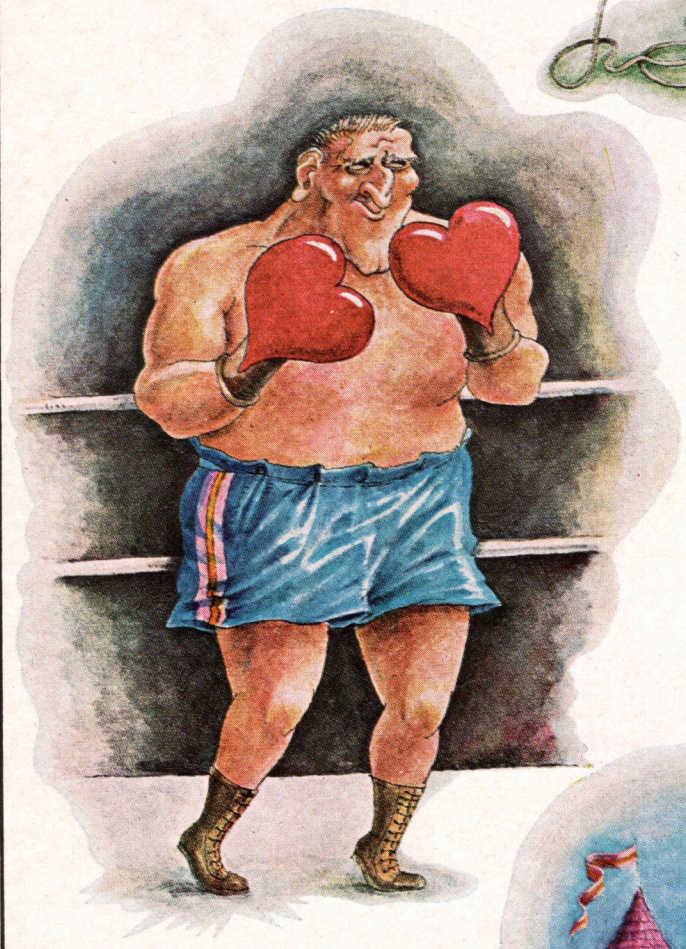
HAPPY HEART-ON

By Tony Escott

The traditionalist may think that hearts belong to candy boxes, tree trunks or Daddy, but there is a darker, more whimsical side to our favorite romantic symbol....







DIVORCE

. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

serves, anyway—under the law and the facts? A goddamned magazine here once called us 'bombers' because we go for the nuts when some woman asks one of us to get her a good, fair divorce agreement. I don't believe in divvying it up down the middle in a case where the husband wants out of a twenty-year marriage just so he can go play house with some little bra-less broad who bounces when she walks.

"Sure, I have 'ethical guidelines,' but they are mine, and not what some jerks at the Bar Association say I should or shouldn't do. Let me give you a couple of examples, and both of these, by happenstance, come out of the same case."

"Okay, the husband is big in a publishing house, and his average adjusted-gross-income the past five years, according to his own 1040s—and let's talk about that in a minute—is $52,312 and some change. He's in his early fifties, married seventeen years, has two kids, both in private school, and Momma doesn't work. He meets a gal from another publishing house at the Frankfurt book fair, and they hit it off, and he decides he wants to go with her full time.

"Momma comes to me. Under a rule of thumb I can get her 35 to 50 percent of his gross income for support. In fact, his lawyer tells me right off he's willing to go 40 percent. Of course, he's to have the benefit of this other chick's salary, and she's pretty high in her own house. Balls. That means Momma lives in Forest Hills rather than the East Seventies, or worse, and I look at her, and I think she isn't going to find another Prince Charming.

"For me, the fee is going to be around five thou, awarded by the court, paid by the husband. That's standard. But we have some leverage. Momma tells me that he's charged a lot of expenses to his employer that aren't really legitimate—Montauk summer entertainment that wasn't really business and some side travel when he's in Europe. There are also some tax things that Uncle Sam might want to hear.

"I decide: let's play with this guy a while. I strike a deal with Momma. I'll start with the offered 40 percent as a base. For that her tab runs $5,000, to be paid by hubby. Anything above that, she gives me 20 percent off the top—flat, if it's a lump settlement; for three years, if it's counted into the monthly payment. She's okay, she has nothing to lose, she tells me to go ahead.

"The look on your face tells me you know the bar says a contingency-fee arrangement is a no-no in a divorce case. So what? Momma likes it, because she might get more money. I like it, because it salves my conscience for playing rough. You don't like it? Tough. Try and prove it. You can't.

"This is what happened. I told the husband, through his lawyer, that we intended to bring in the comptroller of his company for examination about the expense accounts. The reason I stated was to establish that he had effective income above what he received in annual salary. The real reason, of course, was to signal him that we were ready to do some whistle blowing at his publishing house. He was vulnerable. He had cheated, and he would be out on his ass.

"There was some yelling, but we got 58 percent of the gross. My share added another $11,000 to my fee—$4,000 I've already gotten; the rest I'll get over the next two years. Nothing in writing, but Momma is honest, and she'll pay. Why? Because the agreement stipulated that the first three years of payments go through this office.

"Now let me tell you the clinker. We were literally in the last page of the negotiations when Momma came in one day, kind of sheepish, and told me she's pregnant. My jaw literally dropped. 'How the hell can that happen?' I asked. 'You've been separated for five months.'

"Wow, what a problem. I fixed her for an abortion within the next twenty-four hours, but I held my breath. This could really have screwed up my negotiations, and she could have come out with a lot less than 40 percent. But nothing on God's earth says I have to tell the other side that my client's been committing adultery herself—much less getting knocked up—and she was on her feet in time to sign.

> I had heard about 'couch fees' from other lawyers, but this Chicagoan was the first to boast about taking sex from a client in lieu of money.

"The husband thinks I'm a bastard, and he's bad-mouthed me around some people I know. He's living on an income of less than $30,000 and paying taxes as if he made $45,000, because of the way we split alimony and child support, and I hear that his hot little chickee doesn't think he's all that exciting now, living in a one-bedroom apartment on Central Park West. Momma is happy, though. She has almost $30,000 a year tax-free, and she's found that these guys around the East Side tennis clubs know about more things than your backhand and ground stroke.

"So what am I—a 'bomber' or a good lawyer? Momma certainly has nothing bad to say about me.

"There's only one rule on divorce settlements. If you represent the wife, get as much as possible. If you represent the husband, give away as little as possible."

Why would a sharp lawyer want to spend his professional life engrossed in such gamy turmoil? Raoul Felder professes to be emotionally aloof from his cases; yet his face became extraordinarily somber when he told of a custody case in which a judge ruled that one child should go with the father, one with the mother: "The little girl wanted no part of her mother, who had to drag her out of the courtroom physically and down the corridor. The scene became so traumatic, what with the child screaming and resisting, that the family service officers stepped in and effectively overruled the judge by letting the girl go with the father. "My medical training helps [Felder briefly considered a medical career before turning to law]; so does my experience as a prosecutor." The long hours—seven o'clock in the morning until past dinnertime plus most weekends—are another drain.

A month before we spoke, Felder had bought a summer home in Montauk; he had managed to get there for brief snatches of two weekends, and he spent most of his time on the phone. He interrupted our talk to tell his wife that he probably would miss the trip the coming weekend as well, because of settlement negotiations. "Let the chauffeur take you out on Friday afternoon, and I'll join you on Saturday if I can," he said. "If I can."

So I returned to my previous question: why? Felder fell silent a moment and then buzzed his secretary and asked her to bring copies of letters that he received recently from three clients.

A New York judge: "You are indeed a beacon light in the otherwise dreary and bleak nightmare of my martrimonial battle."

A church official: "I shall always be grateful for your never-failing patience and courtesy with me over the past several months, and for the fact that, in the midst of my sadness and loss, you have been not only trusted counsel but valued friend."

A physician: "No day has gone by in the last month without my gratitude to you being foremost in my mind. Your brilliance was apparent the first day we met. What became increasingly clear with each week you worked with me was your humanity and compassion."

"I don't like divorce," Felder continued, "because it is a failure of relations between two human beings. In many instances, staying in a bad marriage is better than splitting, and I make that point when I talk with prospective clients. I make my living from divorce, but I repeat: I don't like divorce. As a lawyer, however, I aim to do the best job possible for a client. And these letters, I think, indicate that some people agree that I do."

A half hour later, at a luncheon with some publishing executives, I casually mentioned that I had just come from Felder's office. One of the men across the table involuntarily winced. "Hell, yes, I know that guy," he said. "My cousin is a doctor; and when his wife sued him for divorce, she hired Felder, and let me tell you, by the time Felder had finished with him. . . ."

A bombing mission, successfully completed.

"Sometimes just brushing up against a man can get me really turned on."

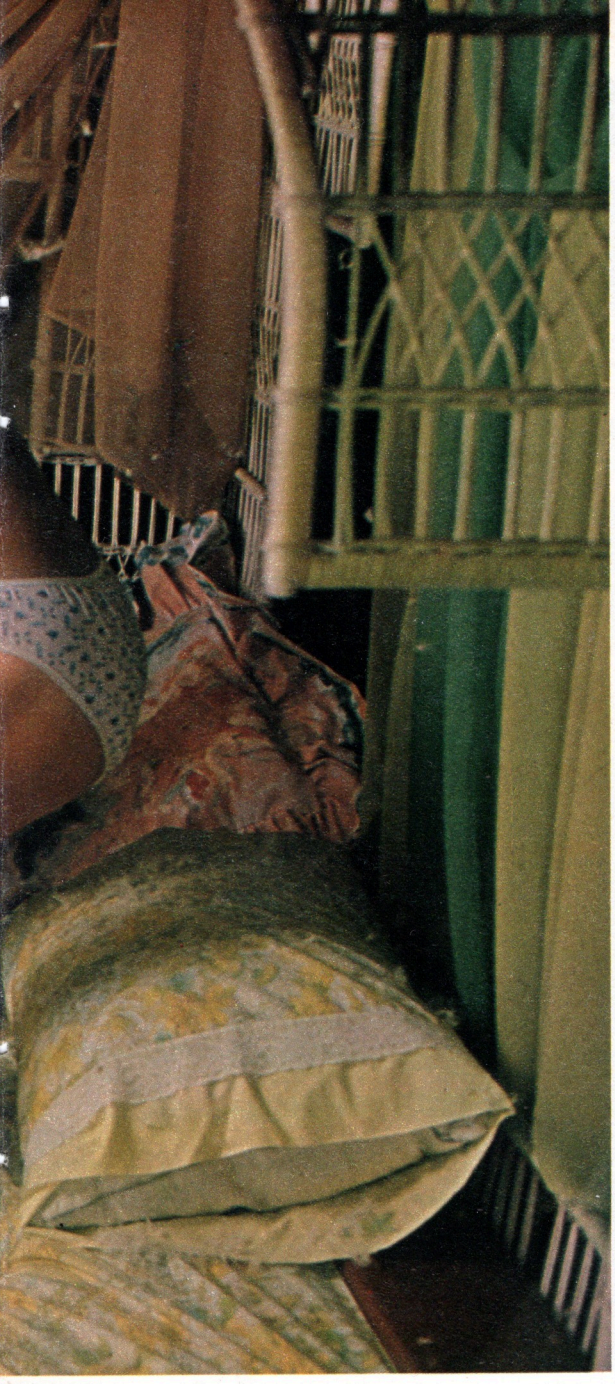
BETSY

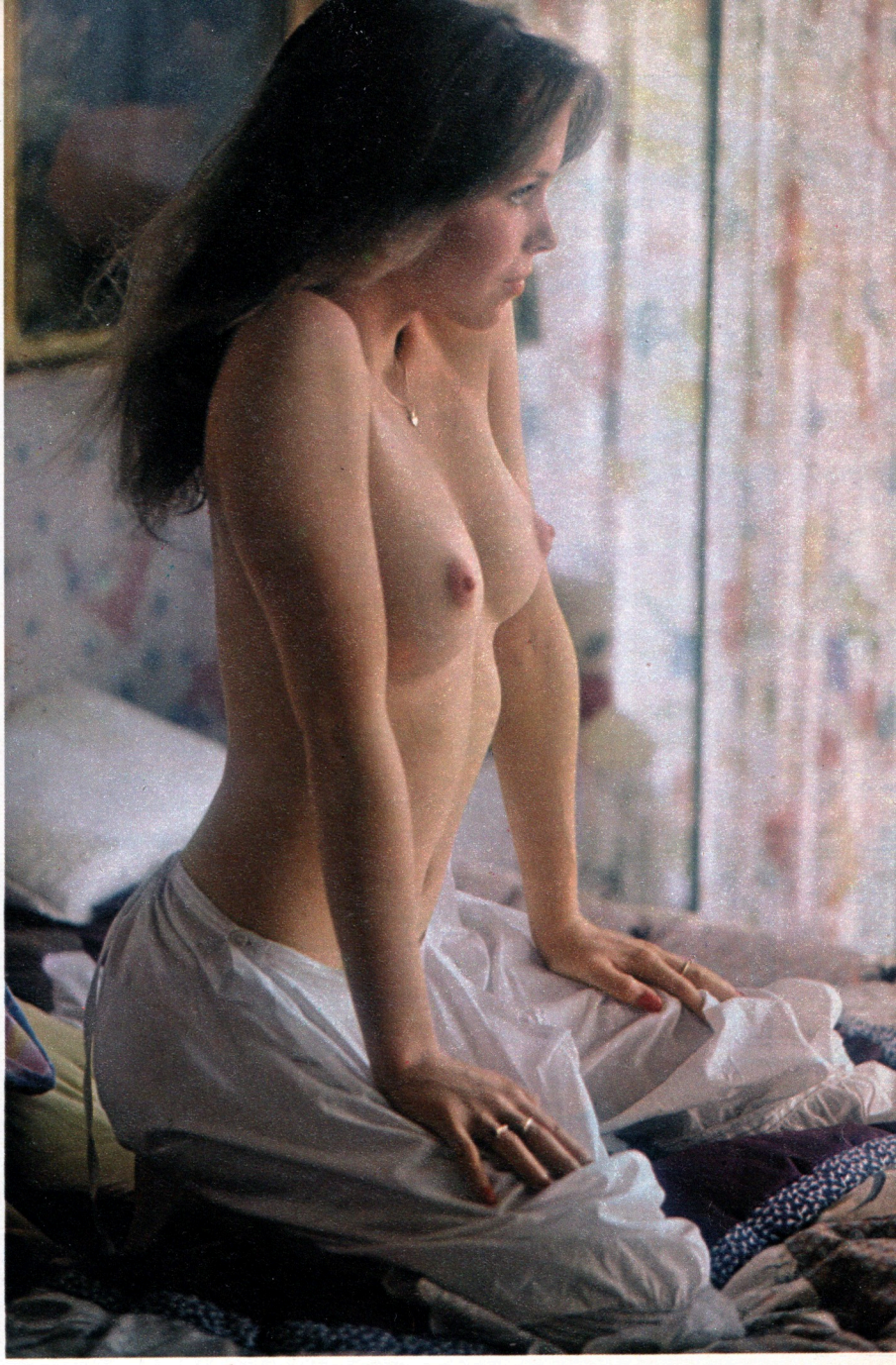
SUGAR AND SPICE

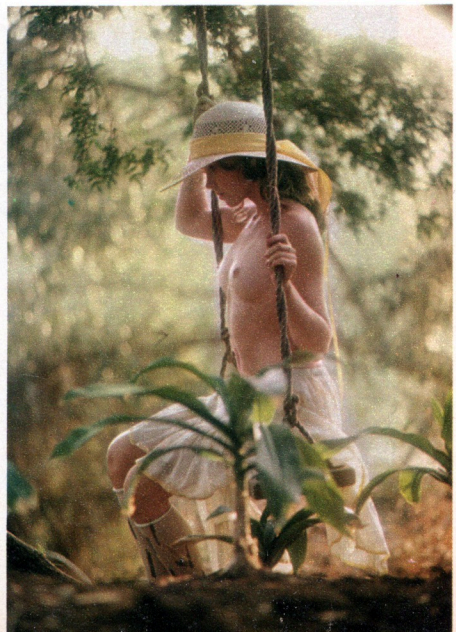
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

The sun is always shining for Betsy Harris, this month's pert, curvaceous pet. "I really don't think I ever get depressed. There are too many terrific people in the world, too many fun things to do. So far, my life has been one great experience after another." Naturally, Betsy comes from California, legendary land of the good life. "I like things to be laid back, free and easy," says this 35-22-35 green-eyed nymph. "Life should just flow naturally, with no hangups."

"I like to feel a man's arms around me, to have him whisper sexy things in my ear or nibble my neck."







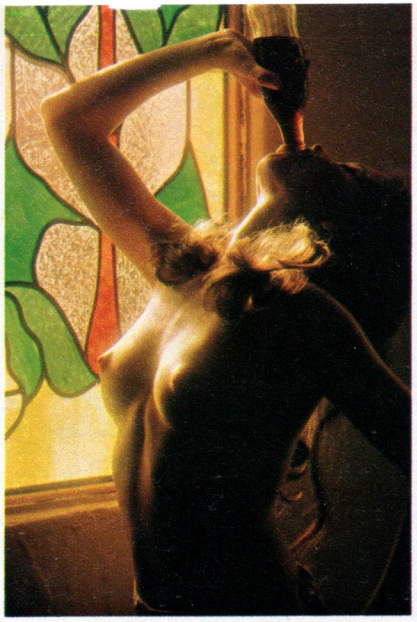
Betsy exudes an exciting, free-form sensuality which is made all the more intense by her relative youth and innocence. "Of course, I'm still very attached to my girlfriends; we like to get together and giggle and talk about guys. But I guess that's how I know I'm growing up—it's more fun being with a guy than talking about him. I like to feel his arms around me, to have him whisper sexy things in my ear or nibble on my neck and shoulders. Sometimes, just brushing up against a guy can get me really turned on—and when that happens, I simply stare at him until he gets the message. I used to be embarrassed by these feelings, but not anymore!"

"Sex is totally different if you love someone. I mean, you can always have an orgasm, but so what?"

Wardrobe by The Redheaded Lady, props courtesy of Kent Erle Inc., jewelry courtesy of Diane Merrick, hair by Peter Vargo, Los Angeles.

"Really good-looking men turn me off, especially if they flaunt it."

"Looks really don't have much to do with a man's appeal—I'm much more interested in his personality and magnetism. *Really* good-looking men turn me off, especially if they flaunt it. I have to be turned on to his mind, his way of thinking, his confidence in himself. But they can't be really *ugly*. That would be no good at all!" When discussing sex, Betsy is equally positive: "I think it's the greatest!"

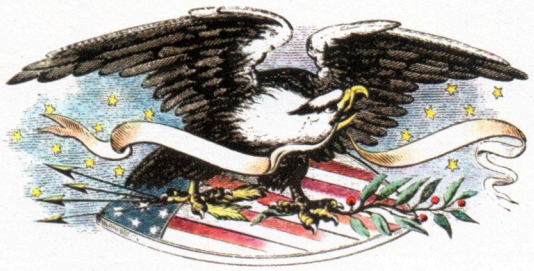


"Soon the dress came off and I was in my slip and stockings, making violent love."

"Sex is really important to me... It can be good when it's *just* sex, but it's better when you have strong feelings for the other person. I've experienced it both ways and it's totally different if you love someone. I mean, you can always have an orgasm, but so what?"

A wistful tone creeps into Betsy's voice as she describes her most fulfilling experience: "There was this guy I was crazy about. He used to do really sweet things like buy me candy and flowers, and take me to expensive restaurants. I would get dressed up in very romantic clothes. One night we were riding along the beach in his sports-car—the top was down and the stars were scattered across the sky, all bright and beautiful. He parked in a secluded spot and started kissing me and caressing me through my velvet dress. Pretty soon the dress came off and I was in my slip and stockings, making violent love. It was gorgeous." California, he-e-e-re we come.

MISS BETSY HARRIS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

From the many letters we have received from Vietnam veterans, two serious problems are evident. One is the frequent insensitivity of officials in the Veterans Administration, Department of Labor, and military services to that individual veteran whose problem is complicated because of missing or lost information or the uniqueness of his or her case. The other problem is the communications gap that exists, with veterans not knowing pertinent information and, in many cases, not even seeking answers to their questions from the Veterans Administration.

There is no excuse for this situation. Although *Penthouse* has been, and will continue to be, critical of the Veterans Administration when such criticism is called for, *all* veterans must realize that the VA is the most authoritative voice on any matter concerning veterans, and that personnel in the VA offices can and will answer the individual veteran's question.

According to both the National League of Cities and the U.S. Conference of Mayors Veterans Education and Training Service, the questions that *Penthouse* has received from veterans closely parallel those that the local VA offices deal with on a daily basis. Because these questions and their answers are of general interest, we have set them forth below. More detailed information is available from any VA office.

> Although *Penthouse* has been, and will continue to be, critical of the VA, *all* veterans must realize that the VA is the most authoritative voice on any matter concerning veterans.

Q: I am receiving a nonservice disability pension, and my medical expenses are large. Can these be excluded from my income? How should they be reported?

A: Unreimbursed medical expenses that exceed 5 percent of reported annual income may be excluded from your income. You should submit a statement that indicates the amount expended for medical expenses and the nature of the treatment. This may be done at any time; it is generally indicated on one's annual-income questionnaire.

Q: My wife and I got a divorce, and the judge awarded her possession of our home. Can I get another G.I. loan?

A: Your eligibility for another G.I. loan can be confirmed provided that the divorce decree explicitly awards the property to your spouse and that the VA is relieved of liability—which usually means that the original loan is repaid in full.

Q: Are VA benefits subject to taxation?

A: No—with two exceptions. Interest paid on accrued G.I.-insurance dividends left on deposit is subject to income tax. Similarly, death-settlement proceeds of such G.I.-insurance policies are subject to federal-estate taxation.

Q: Will the VA guarantee a loan for a mobile home?

A: Yes, assuming that you meet the normal eligibility requirements for a G.I. loan.

Q: How long after separation from military service do I remain eligible to apply for compensation for a service-connected disability?

A: You have the rest of your life to apply, but compensation is effective from your date of separation *only* if you apply within a period of one year from the separation. Otherwise, payments commence effective with the date of application.

Q: I served on active duty for two months. Am I eligible for admission to a VA hospital?

A: A veteran who has served at least one day of active duty (other than for training purposes) and who was discharged under conditions other than dishonorable is eligible for VA hospital care.

Q: I have been advised that if I change the optional settlement of my G.I. life-insurance policy from Option Four to Option One, my wife—who is my principal beneficiary—will gain flexibility of payment, which at present she does not have. Is this true?

A: Yes. Option One enables the beneficiary to elect that option for settlement or any other option that pays over a longer period.

Q: May a veteran attend two schools concurrently?

A: Yes, under certain conditions. Approval can be obtained, for example, when particular courses are not available or when they are not available in a convenient, sequential manner.

Q: Would I be eligible for a VA widow's pension based on the fact that I lived with a World War II veteran as his common-law wife? After his death I learned that he was previously married.

A: A common-law union cannot be legally recognized unless the previous marriage was dissolved by death, divorce, or annulment.

Q: Must I submit my original separation paper to the VA to obtain a certificate of eligibility for a G.I. home loan?

A: Any legible copy of a separation paper covering active military service will suffice.

Q: The VA is paying me $270 per month while I attend school full-time under the Dependents Educational Assistance Program. Will this amount be increased if I marry?

A: No. There is no additional allowance for dependents under this program.

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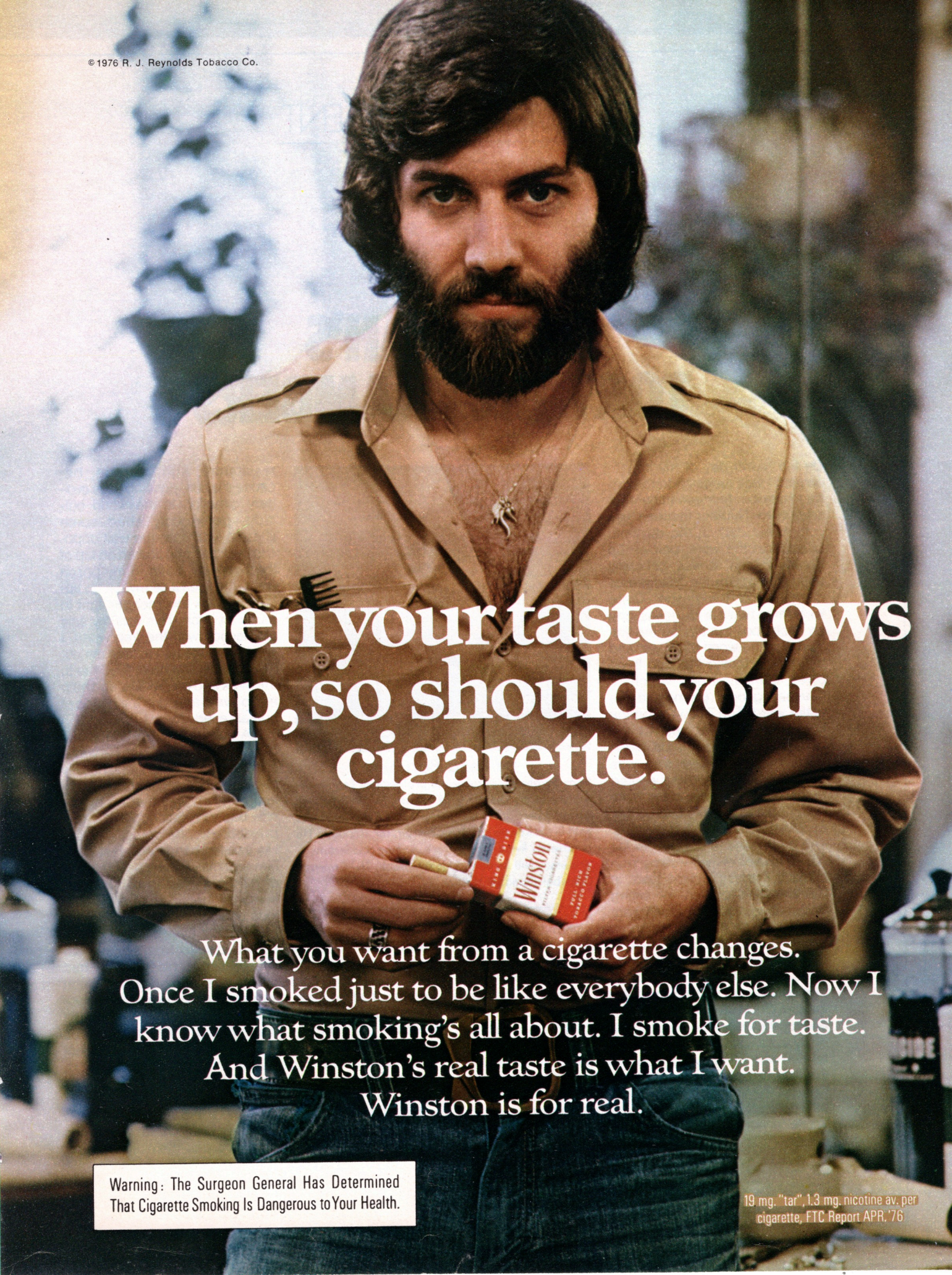
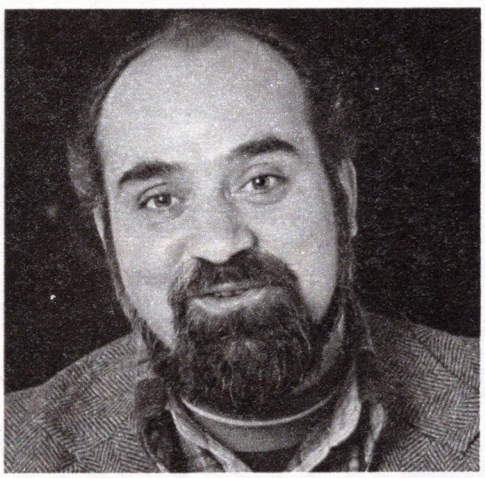


THE SHAH'S TORTURE CHAMBERS



By Reza Baraheni

Reza Baraheni was associate professor of English Literature at the University of Tehran. In 1973 he was arrested because of his criticisms of the shah and was held in the Komite Prison, in Tehran, for 102 days. He is currently living in New York, writing and lecturing. This essay will be part of his new book, *The Crowned Cannibal* (Random House).

On the fourth day of my imprisonment I was removed from dungeon number fourteen to number seventeen. Number fourteen was completely dark in the daytime. Located in the worst part of the Komite Prison, it was generally used for holding the "dangerous elements" of the prison. There were three number fourteens, one on each floor, but that on the first floor was the worst of all: wet and pitch-dark, facing the sole three open toilets, from which a nauseating odor permeated the entire ward. The little vent on the iron door was kept shut all the time because the guards didn't want anyone to see who was going to the toilets. They wanted to prevent the prisoners from being able to identify each other. But there were also other reasons. The guards loved to observe the naked bodies of their victims, particularly if these victims were in the awkward posture of sitting and shitting. And they didn't want anyone to see them watching their victim-objects.

I had been completely alone in number fourteen. Three days earlier I had been given seventy-five blows on the soles of my feet with a braided-wire whip. I had been threatened with a pistol held at my temple by the head torturer, Dr. Azudi. I was told that if I didn't confess, my wife and my thirteen-year-old daughter would be raped in front of my eyes. One of my fingers was broken, and I had been beaten very severely. I couldn't walk. I literally crawled into the only two places that one was allowed to enter in the Komite: the toilet and the interrogator's office. But one usually went blindfolded even to these two places.

Life in number seventeen was more tolerable for two reasons: first, because I met MA, who was a pillar of human resistance; and, second, because the sun, passing in its ordinary direction in the world outside, generously shed some shaded light onto the wall opposite the little hole located on top of the high wall. Later in my prison days, I would raise myself on tiptoes to allow this meager light to touch my face. This was my sole connection with the free world. I would woo the sun to take me out through the little hole, feed me to the birds and the beasts, and help me to avoid rotting in the hands of human executioners.

MA tried to get up and shake hands, but he could not. He was a short and sturdy man, with heavily swollen hands and feet. The problem with him was that no matter how badly he was flogged by the braided wire, he couldn't bleed. His swollen hands and feet gave him a primitive look, as if the rest of his body had grown into full humanity because of a miraculous accident, leaving his hands and feet in the primeval forest. His eyes shone like two spoonfuls of blood. He seemed to suffer from severe diarrhea, but he told me later the reason for his travail: he had great pain in his testicles and penis, and he pissed blood because he had been given shocks by means of an electric prod applied to his genitals. He was afraid that he had become permanently impotent, but a few nights later, when he had a wet dream, he was happy. He underwent torture twenty hours every day. This went on for ten days, until he was removed from my cell and I was left alone again.

MA crawled into my cell in the middle of the night. He would say: "I haven't told them yet." His torturer was a man called Dr. Rassouli. All torturers called themselves "Doc-

> An Iranian prison produces very serious effects on the face and the eyes of a prisoner. The face yellows in a few days, and the eyes become frenzied out of fear, dread, and insomnia.

tor." The title gave them an air of professionalism, pseudo-intellectuality, and a feeling of superiority. Dr. Rassouli, one of the most brutal sadists in SAVAK, the Iranian secret police, tortured those who were leftists. MA's crime was that he had kept a copy of the *Communist Manifesto* in his room for one night. He told me that he hadn't read it. In conversations we had together, he demonstrated that he hadn't read it. But since Dr. Rassouli hadn't read it either, they couldn't prove to each other that either of them had or had not read it. In the meantime, MA underwent all forms of torture. He was thrown into the courtyard pool of the prison.

The pool was small and shallow. Four or five torturers would beat him from outside the pool with sticks, maces, and batons. They would discharge water upon him from a powerful hose, and when he didn't know where to turn, they would beat him from the edge of the pool. Then they would strip him naked, seize the braided wire, and flog him while he was wet. His mutilated body would be taken and set in front of the "Doctor." The question would always be the same: "Who gave you the *Manifesto*?" The answer was also the same: "I don't know." MA would not betray anyone. He finally told them, because the very individual who had given him the book was confronted with him, and the man admitted that he had given the book to MA. MA could no longer deny the charge, and he was sentenced to eight years in prison for having *seen* the *Manifesto* and for "Communist activity" based upon this sole fact. I heard in March 1975 that he was shot. I do not disclose his name because I cling to the hope that what I heard was wrong.

In conversation the interrogators call the prisoners "sons of bitches," "mother-fuckers," "catamites," "pimps," and "prostitutes," but in the written reports they refer to us as "Mr.," "Master," "Your Excellency," "Miss," and "Madame." All the written documents are purged of obscene abuse. In the middle of the interrogation, the interrogator gets up and beats the shit out of the prisoners or hands them to the guards to be raped; but when he returns and sits at his desk to record his questions, he writes: "Your Excellency said yesterday that . . . " These moronic minions of the shah's bureaucracy play their game of democracy–hypocrisy as crudely as the shah himself enacts it on the national and international stage.

The "benovolent monarch" rapes and mutilates his nation in the name of social progress. The interrogator is at once an emblem and a surrogate of the monarch. And even as the monarch has his agents everywhere, these petty rulers of the torture chamber have agents of their own through the prison.

A young man was thrown into dungeon seventeen. He told me that he had been in Qasr, one of the oldest prisons in Tehran. But he didn't look like a prisoner. Incarceration in an Iranian prison produces very serious effects on the face and the eyes of the prisoner. The face yellows in a few days, and the eyes become frenzied out of fear, morbid dread, and insomnia. Nothing of such a transformation was evident in this man. He also appeared to be extremely brash and reckless, compared with the rest of the prisoners.

He talked incessantly of revolution, the situation of the Iranian nationalities, of language and culture and their relationship to imperialism, the Arabs and Israel, the Palestinians and their connection with the Iranian opposition. He ended every ideological discourse with a leading question: "What do you think?" He also seemed to have read some of my work. I gave him very vague answers. He pretended to be perplexed that I, "a revolutionary," should give such uncommitted and ambiguous replies. I told him that my feet hurt terribly and that I wanted to rest. He said that he might be taken out any moment to be tortured and that he wanted "the benefit" of my knowledge and specific opinions on all these matters because he might not see me again.

I told him that because of my physical condition, I couldn't think properly. He began to talk about the death of a famous wrestler at the hands of the SAVAK torturers. He described the process step by step and in minute detail, as if he had been present when the wrestler died. I had heard about the death of the wrestler and simply nodded when this apparent impostor spoke. He was disappointed. He was subsequently blindfolded and removed from my cell before supper. I was to see him two months later, sitting at the side of one of the interrogators.

The night after our conversation, the following happened to me: I couldn't sleep that night, nor could anyone

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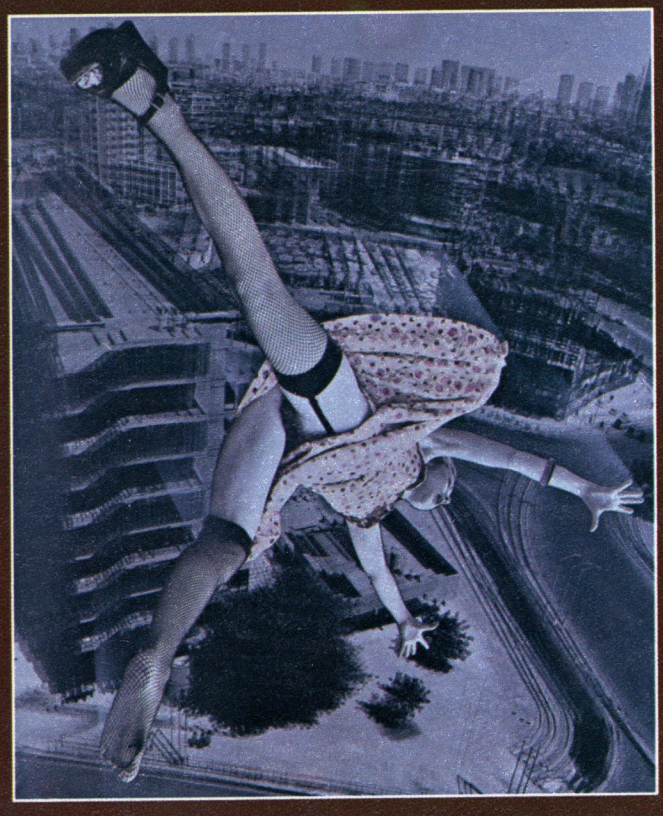
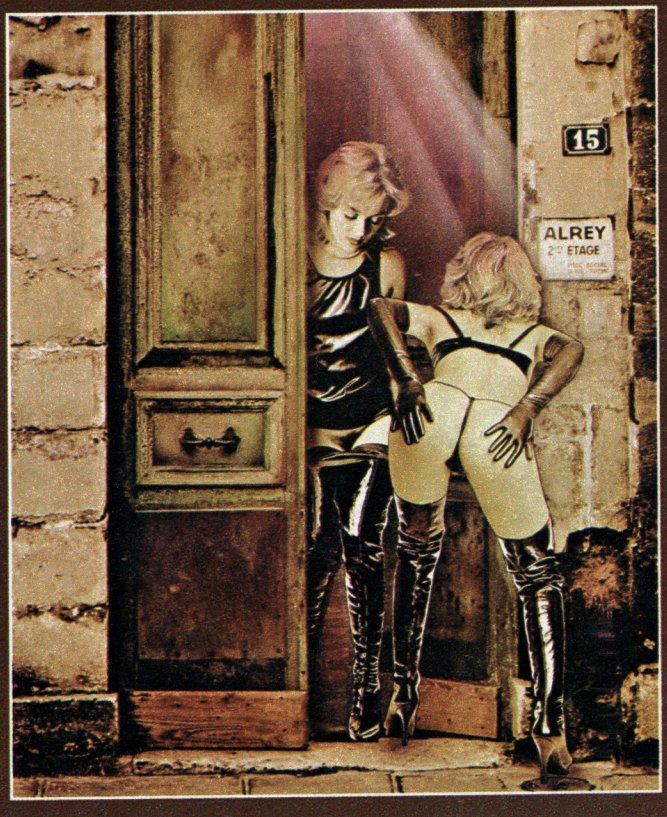
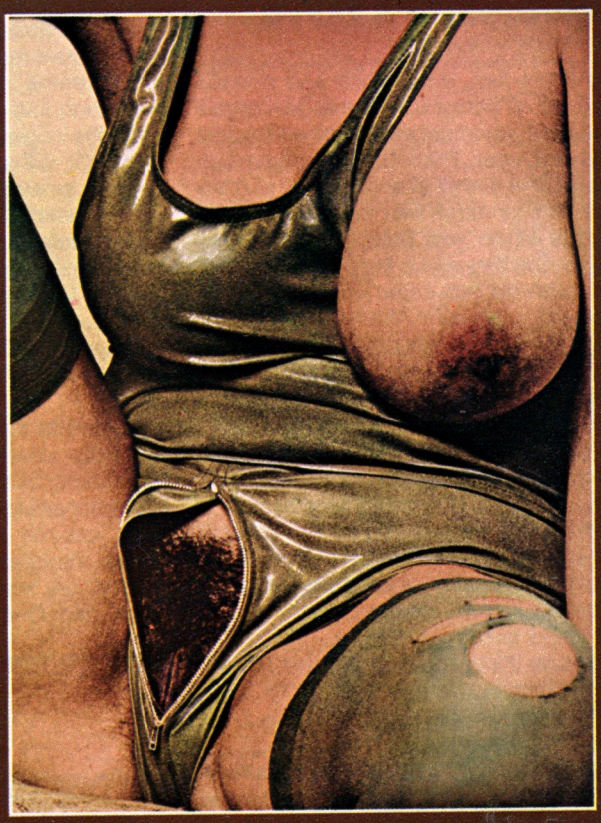
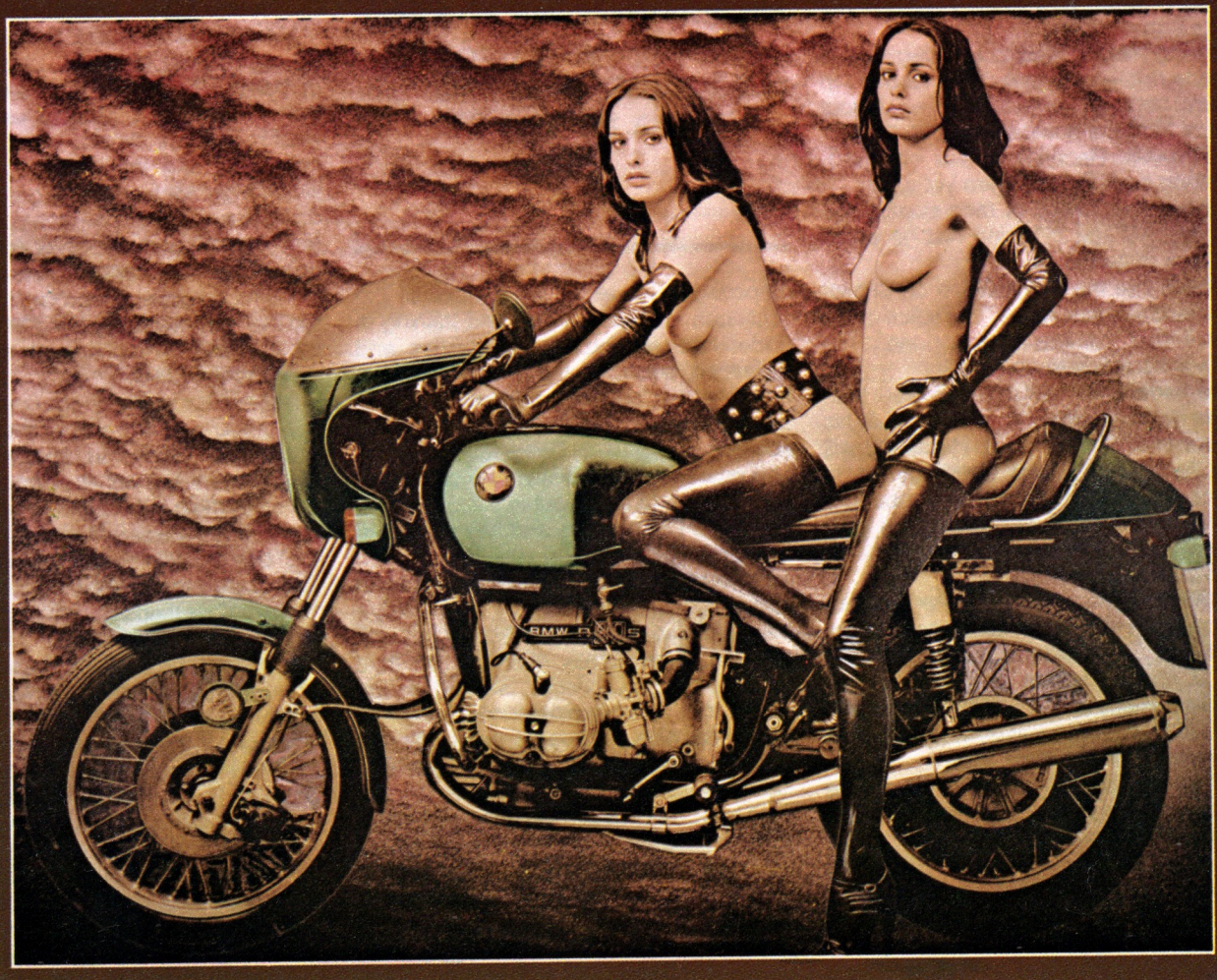
CARLOS CLARKE





Accidents happen. Irish-born Bob Carlos Clarke, whose work is featured here, had a motorcycle crack-up and ("like so many other emotional-physical wrecks") promptly went to a London art school. Once there, he realized that he couldn't draw—even for therapeutic purposes. "I couldn't get the texture of cellulite on the model's thighs," he says woefully. Clarke decided to take up photography to "lure a pretty lady back to my den." The new therapy worked! To please his artistic temperament, he took up photocollage and colored the photos by hand: "Imagine the bliss, coloring naked ladies' rude bits!" Enormously creative, he will not discuss the intellectualism of his work. "It isn't," he says simply.





CONNECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

a matter of fact, doing kilos and pounds and a lot of cocaine. We met at Largo's Restaurant, an after-hours joint on Atlantic Boulevard near Third Street in East Los Angeles. It was well after midnight, and the place was jammed with people. Mexican mariachi music was blaring in the background. Still Francisco kept his voice low, toying with his half-eaten enchilada as he spoke.

"If a guy is 'new,' he's probably a cop," he said. "If someone you know comes to introduce you to someone new, you tell him, 'If you know him so well, *you* make the deal.'

"It doesn't take much for a cop to come on like a big-time wholesaler from Detroit. Anyone can go down and rent himself a Cadillac. Anyone can check into a fancy hotel and wear fancy-looking clothes. But it doesn't take long for us to figure out where somebody is really coming from."

"How?" I asked.

"For one thing, he's got to have his shit totally together. If a guy tells me he won't front the money because he got burned once, he's either a dummy or a cop . . . because a guy at this level of the business has *never* been burned. If a guy comes on like a junkie, then he's probably a snitch . . . because nobody would trust a junkie with a heavy load of dope."

Dealing with the Valenzuelas begins with a phone call—not to one of the leaders, to be sure, but to an "order taker." Throughout most of 1975 the number was 625-0300 in Los Angeles. Recently, it was changed, and soon it will be changed yet again.

"I need four cases of taco shells," the customer will say, meaning that he wants four kilos of heroin.

"Check into the Ramada Inn on Sunset Boulevard and wait for us," the voice at the other end of the line may respond. "The stuff will be ready in an hour."

The "order taker" will use a different telephone to call Humberto, a courier, at his hideout in a rented house. Humberto will relay the order to Pedro, the stashman, at another location entirely. While Humberto is driving to the motel to pick up the customer's money, Pedro and his assistants are packaging the load.

Within thirty minutes one of Pedro's runners pulls up in front of Humberto's house. He is carrying a suitcase, filled with the kilos of heroin. Humberto returns to meet him five minutes later. The money goes into a safe in Humberto's basement; the heroin goes into the trunk of his car.

By the end of an hour and a half, the customer is on his way back to Cleveland, Atlanta, Phoenix, or any of the other cities from which he may have come. Should he happen, however, to be an undercover cop, and should he happen to bust Humberto when Humberto walks into the motel room with the delivery, all he has busted is a courier. Armed with a search warrant for Humberto's rented house, he will probably get his "buy money" back. Tracing the address of the "order taker," he will probably find a woman in an otherwise empty apartment. If he's really lucky, and if his surveillance teams haven't been spotted, he may even find Pedro at the stash. Meanwhile the ringleaders, safely insulated from all of this, will already be arranging a new delivery system.

The names of these ringleaders are Fernando Valenzuela-Verduga; his brother, José; and his sister Carmen. Another brother, Manuel, is a heroin user who likes to party a lot: only twenty-four, he is the youngest and least trusted of the family and is usually relegated to running errands.

Fernando, the family's top administrator, is hardly what you might expect. Quiet, handsome, and timid, almost effeminate in his mannerisms, Fernando is a twenty-eight-year-old admitted homosexual. His lovers, mainly Mexicans like Fernando himself, are scattered throughout Los Angeles and Chicago. Nevertheless, he is responsible for all of the details of the American operation: hiring and training of underlings, organizing the stashes and deliveries, arranging the money transfers, handling any special problems that may arise. Indicted on federal-conspiracy charges late in 1975, Fernando made bail and promptly fled. Currently, he commutes from Mexico to a hideout in the Echo Park section of Los Angeles and has also been spotted in Chicago and New York.

> A DEA spokesman admitted that the arrests of some 300 low-level distributers in October were primarily designed to reassure Americans that "yes, Virginia, there is a DEA."

His brother, José, is quite a different sort of man. José, twenty-six, is in fact a lady's man and also has a weakness for fast, expensive cars. Totally illiterate, an avid hunter and a gun collector, José is the family enforcer. He's been personally identified as the hit man in at least three different gangland executions. A fugitive like Fernando, presently living safely in Tijuana, José handles contacts with top-level American wholesalers. His wife, Aileen, is one of his many go-betweens.

The stronghold of the Valenzuelas is Culiacán, the dirty, rutty-streeted city of 360,000 inhabitants that has justly been called "the Dope Capital of Mexico." Convenient to the growing fields of the nearby Sierra Madres, straddling Highway 15 heading north to the American border, Culiacán is to the twelve Mexican heroin families what the Hole in the Wall was to the Wild Bunch. Growers and processors as well as the exporters from the border towns come together here. It is a place where men carry pistols in their belts, where the ugly pop-pop-popping of submachine guns can easily be heard by visitors at the best hotel in town.

Here, in the infamous Tierra Blanca district, rules sister Carmen. Not particularly attractive, older by several years than any of her brothers, Carmen is the family opium buyer.

For unlike the Maciases, who are brokers, the Valenzuelas control everything from manufacturing to distribution. Carmen's raw opium, for which she pays the growers about $800 a kilo, is shipped by runners to Enrique and Guadalupe Valenzuela-Ozuna, cousins who operate processing labs near their ranches a few miles north of the city. Cousin Eduardo helps out in the smuggling operation, while an uncle handles bribery with local officials. Other relatives are found scattered throughout the general area. Juan Manuel Valenzuela-Batiz, yet another cousin, was arrested at a police roadblock on Mexico Highway 40 last June. Seven and one-half pounds of heroin were found in his Volkswagen sedan, on its way from a Valenzuela processing lab in Durango to the East.

Most of the labs are makeshift affairs, usually housed in shacks, chicken coops, or barns. The technicians are little more than short-order cooks, working with washbasins, oil drums, and inexpensive chemicals. But the refining process, by which eight kilos of opium gum are boiled down to a kilo of 60 percent-pure heroin, is fast, simple, and effective. Including the opium, the chemicals, and the meager pay of the technicians, the production cost of a kilo that may ultimately bring $1.5 million on the streets of an American city may come to well under $7,000.

Regardless of the successes of the Valenzuelas, some believe that they are headed for serious trouble. Not with the law, perhaps, but with their counterparts in the other main families. "Normally, you get big in this business with the help of a sponsor," one of my informants explained. "The Valenzuelas made their connections with money rather than through traditional family ties. They *bought* their way into their processing labs, and it's possible that the older, longer-established families may eventually want to get rid of them."

Trouble, if it comes, will probably come from the Herreras of Durango, Mexico, and Chicago, Ill. They are rich, these Herreras, very rich. Their fortune in Mexico was built on lumber and cattle ranching, years before they branched out into heroin. Also they have power, power of the sort that only a generation of corruption can buy.

The ringleader in Mexico is Jaime Herrera-Neverez, a big, burly man in his mid-fifties who once was an official of the Durango State Police. Cousin Carlos is

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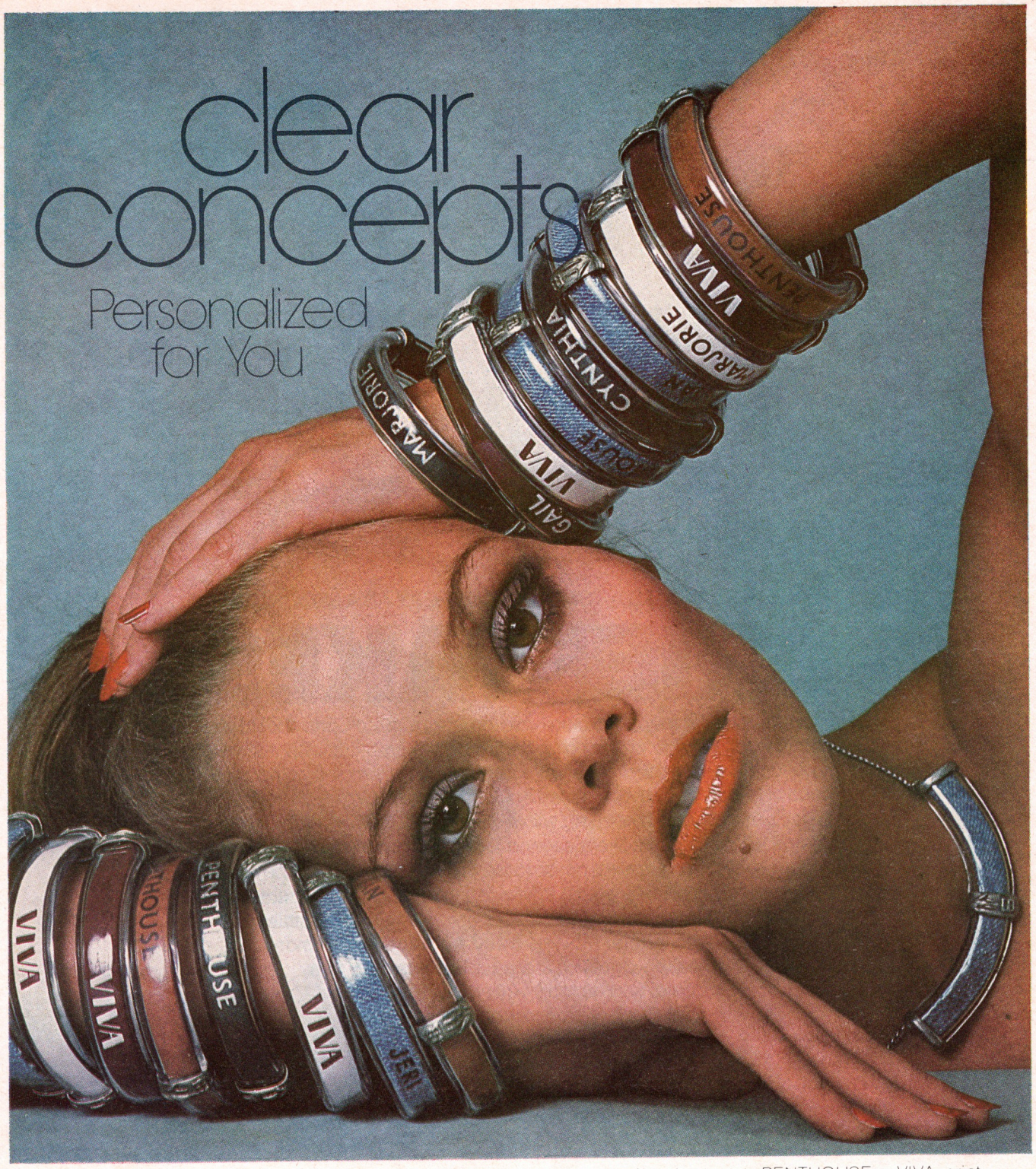


Garry Feinstein, designing for VIVA, has created CLEAR CONCEPTS—a textural innovation in bracelets and necklaces.

Both bracelets and necklaces are styled with an outside shell of clear lucite plastic and pewter findings. Bracelets show your choice of the PENTHOUSE or VIVA logo with your name (if desired) embossed on leather or jean fabric. Necklaces are plain in matching colors.

VIVA bracelets available in White with burgundy logo; Burgundy with white logo; or Denim with black logo. PENTHOUSE bracelets come in Dark Brown with silver logo; Saddle Tan with brown logo; or Denim with black logo. In Small or Medium sizes. Necklaces are available with a non-tarnishable stainless steel chain—15" or 17".

When ordering please state PENTHOUSE or VIVA, print your name clearly, and specify color, size (bracelet) and/or chain length. Also please use the following Code Numbers: PV01 for necklaces, PV02 for bracelets.

Send check or money order for $10.00 plus $1.00 for postage and handling or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank No. for Master Charge). Mail to VIVA Products, Dept. PV01, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

UNDERWEAR THAT'S AS SMOOTH AND SEXY AS A SECOND SKIN.

BRIEF TAKES

Now that styles in men's clothing have the lean, trim look, one should pay attention to the type of underwear worn underneath it all. Beneath the form fit of the new clothes, a wrinkled undershirt and a bulging waistband or leg band are most unseemly. Clearly, fashion begins on the inside. Today's underwear, in keeping with this look, has a sleek, untrammeled design which fits more like a second skin than a smaller pair of pants – not so tight that it squeezes, not so loose that it wrinkles or sags. The best undercover story is one whose theme is a slim simple fit. Current underwear fashions return to basic solid colors and trims in athletic tops and briefs, moving away from the wild, color-splashed prints of the past few seasons to a basic, unaffectedly virile look. So encircle yourself with cottons, nylons, and polyester blends cut nice and easy. They feel good. And so will you.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Versatile scoop-neck top ($3) and lowrise brief ($2.50) in dacron-polyester and cotton. By Munsingwear. At JuJu, Hollywood, CA. Her satin-look slips and robes by Montenapoleone, N.Y. Stockings and garter belts by Michael Salem, N.Y.

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured, see Fashion Finder, page 144.

Photographs by Silano

For temperature control, a cellular-mesh-weave top (approx. $5) and briefs (approx. $4), by Brynje of Norway. Available at Lew Magram, New York, N.Y.

This scant nylon-bikini brief ($4) also serves as swim underwear. By Gil Cohen for Boulet. At Head to Toe, Palm Beach, Fla., and Snyders, Portland, Maine.

Cotton athletic top ($3) and brief ($2.75) by Jockey International, Inc. At Macy's, N.Y.; Bambergers, N.J.; the Hecht Co., Baltimore, Md.; the May Co., Denver, Colo.

Easy-wash, quick-dry stretch-nylon athletic top ($3.25) and low-rise brief ($1.75) by Paris Accessories. At Abraham & Straus, New York area

MAIN BEACH

With fuel-injection, mag wheels, and superior styling, the Datsun 280Z is the hottest GT sports car in its price range.

By Fred Mackerodt

The first incarnation of Datsun's sporty Z series, the 240Z, arrived in the United States in 1970. For a car with its particular features, it was the worst possible arrival time in automotive history. The federal government was making heavy inroads into the cherished American ideal of the "supercar," and stringent emission standards and other legislative safety features were taking their toll. Throughout the early seventies, the auto industry went through the exquisite and continuing pains of trying to give birth to consumer-acceptable cars, with the Feds operating as bumbling midwives. Needless to say, things did not look good for a high-performance sports car trying to find a place in the American market.

But along comes this smooth Japanese import, the Datsun 240Z, and its sales history since has been only a little short of phenomenal: it has sold at a rate of 50,000 cars almost every year since it went on the market. To recognize how impressive this success is, you have to know that in 1975 Renault sold a total of 7,000 cars in the U.S.; BMW sold 19,419; and Mercedes, with its cachet and multiple models, moved 45,000. Clearly, Americans have been having a serious love affair with the Datsun Zs for over five years.

Prior to the Zs, the Japanese did not manufacture a real sports car. True, Datsun sold a little 1600cc open sports car, which was patterned after the English MG, but it did less than set the world on fire. It was called the Fair Lady, and the name alone was enough to kill it.

In preparing to launch the 240Z, Datsun took a long, hard look at successful sports cars. It took something from everything and a lot from the Jaguar XKE. The 240Z was to have a conventional engine-drivetrain layout, like the XKE and the Corvette. It was to have the reliability of a Chevrolet. And pricewise it was going to be attainable for the average consumer.

The car was designed by a German, Albrecht Goertz. It was equipped with a reliable six-cylinder, overhead-camshaft engine, which had seen a lot of use in the luxury sedans that Nissan, the parent company, manufactured for the Japanese market. Its styling wasn't exactly of the head-turning variety, but it was patently clean, neat, and sleek.

The 240Z was a new kind of car, a hybrid, taking the best features of many other, more exotic models. It took some ingredients from the Porsche, some from the Lotus Elan, many from the Jaguar XKE, and some from the Corvette, and put these all together into a salable package. It didn't have the roadability of the Lotus Elan, but it wasn't anywhere near so fragile. It wasn't so flashy as the Porsche or the Jaguar, but it wasn't nearly so expensive. It didn't have the performance of the Corvette, but it could come close, and it was a lot more controllable and "rode" much better. It didn't have the mid-engine design of the then new Porsche 914, but the Datsun is still with us today—and the 914 is a thing of the past. In fact, the new Porsche 924 takes a lot from the 240Z concept.

The price was right, too. Oh, was it right! The 240Z was introduced with a base price of $3,526, which was remarkable, even in 1970. (As it turned out, few of the original cars sold at that price. Sensing that the car would be an instant success and in great demand, the dealers would sell the car only when it was loaded to the gills with options and accessories, and these extras brought the selling price well above the base price. Something similar is happening with the Honda Accord today.)

Another strong selling point of the 240Z was its performance. It could get from zero to 60 mph in less than nine seconds and could break 100 mph without even breathing hard. Datsun realized that performance was the key to building a successful market for the 240Z, but over the next few years it had a hard time retaining the guts of the original car. In fact, it failed—or, better, it stumbled. Government emission restrictions and the weight added by "safety" items, such as heavier bumpers, quickly began to take their toll. The 1977-model 280Z of today is more than 500 pounds heavier than the original 240Z.

The original engine lasted until 1973, but by then the weight increases and emissions decreases had lopped three seconds off the 0-to-60-mph time. Datsun stroked the engine .012 inches, getting a displacement of 2,565 cc (compared with the original 2,393 cc). The car was renamed the 260Z, but the increase in displacement wasn't enough to balance out the decrease in

Photographs by Stan Malinowski

performance. The 260Z lasted through the 1974-model year, and the engine was then increased in size again. This time it was bored .020 inches, which brought the displacement up to 2,753 cc; but still the performance wasn't equal to that of the original 240Z. The car by this time was known as the 280Z.

To solve the performance problem, Datsun decided to replace the two carburetors—which had been troublesome on the earlier cars anyway—with fuel injection. Fuel injection is by no means an engineering breakthrough; it has been used for years in the more exotic cars. But it's much more expensive than the normal carburetors. However, confronted with the ever-tightening emission laws and the need to retain at least some of the power that engines had had a few years before, many manufacturers, including Datsun, saw fuel injection as a viable alternative.

The 280Z uses the Bosch L-Jetronic injection system; and one advantage over carburetion, aside from fuel economy and performance, is general, overall drivability. It also makes cold-starting a snap. You turn the key and it's on—instantly!

The car's performance is still slightly less than that of the original 240Z, but "slightly less" is a miracle in this day and age of Uncle Sam and the Automobile. The engine's performance under 3,000 rpm is far from spectacular. In fact, it's rather so-so. But once the needle climbs past the 3,000 mark, as the revs climb to the red line, things begin to happen. There is a gutsy roar in this range that is one of the things sports cars are all about. The car lets you know it's going—as if you had any doubt in the first place. The engine is reliable. It will sit idling for hours without fouling a plug and will wind through the gears at a moment's notice. It's a strong design.

If there is anything that distinguishes the Datsun 280Z from other cars in its class, it is its ride and handling. We talked with John Zuijdijk about the 280Z. John is the chief engineer for the American distributor of Koni shock absorbers and is one of the leading suspensions experts in this country. "Any suspension system," he said, "is a compromise between comfort and handling. But the Datsun blends both of these ingredients perfectly. The result is a very cushy ride and high-performance handling. I have to admit, I was very impressed with the 280Z."

The ride of the 280Z is very comfortable for a car in this class. It has MacPherson coil-shock suspension all around, and there is considerable suspension travel, especially in the rear end. This is what distinguishes it from other cars. On all but the smoothest roads, the suspension seems to be moving all the time. This increased suspension travel enabled Datsun to use "softer" (but not mushy) springs without this resulting in the car's banging down on the bump stops when moving over rough terrain. The 280Z doesn't have the "tar-strip syndrome" that a lot of sports cars have. Whereas with other cars of this type you know exactly how deep a rut is or how high a tar strip is by the "computer" in your pants, the 280Z just seems to glide over the road.

There is another, very dynamic result of the increased suspension travel and "soft" springs. When you hit the gas, the rear end squats down to a degree depending directly on the amount of power you are applying. This is great for traction, because it transfers weight to the rear wheels, where it is needed most during acceleration. This hunkering-down effect also yields both the feeling and the look of acceleration that are not present in other cars having stiffer suspensions and less suspension travel.

The handling of the 280Z is excellent for a sports GT car. In recent road tests, *Car & Driver* reported, "understeer prevails." *Road & Track*, on the other hand, described the car's handling as having "gentle oversteer." This seeming contradiction is understandable, because the handling of the 280Z is about as neutral as you can get. This is due, to a great extent, to the car's nearly perfect fifty-fifty weight distribution, front and rear.

> What distinguishes the Datsun 280Z from other cars in its class is its handling. The result is a very cushy ride.

We talked with Bob Sharp, probably the foremost expert on Z cars in the world. He has raced Zs since they were introduced in 1970 and has amassed 150 wins and eight Sports Car Club of America national championships with the car. He also owns two Datsun dealerships and has a mail-order catalog strictly for Z performance parts. (The address: Bob Sharp Racing, Parts and Accessories, Danbury Road, Georgetown, Conn. 06829. The price is two dollars, refundable with the first order.)

Although Sharp makes a sizable income selling Datsun cars and parts, he is genuinely in love with the car. (Most Z owners you run into love their cars.) "If I could find a sophisticated automobile that handles as well as the Z," he says, "I'd buy the damned thing. It's about the most neutral car I've ever run into, and I've driven almost all of them. You see, where the average driver can quickly get into trouble with some of the sports cars on the road today, the Z is completely controllable. Controllability is designed 'into' the bones of this car.

"The early cars," Sharp notes, "tended to have rust problems in the rocker panel areas. No more. The Z is a stronger automobile now than it ever was. Every time we take a Z and strip it down to build a new race car, we're impressed by the improvements that nobody would notice from the outside. For instance, much of the unibody construction has been triangulated and strengthened."

Sharp is convinced that the 280Z is one of the best buys on the market—and not only because he has two dealerships: "Anything else in this Datsun's price range just doesn't have the guts this car has. Anything that does have the guts it has costs a hell of a lot more."

But what does the 280Z cost today? What happened to the car that originally sold for $3,526? Many people having fond memories of the original base price complain that the '77 model costs twice as much. They complain that it has become too expensive. The answer to this is, "Compared with what?" The prices of *all* cars have gone up drastically since 1970. Cars that cost twice as much as the 240Z in 1970 still cost twice as much—or a good deal more.

The basic 280Z sells for $6,999. The "two-plus-two" model, which was introduced in 1973 and which is a foot longer than the two-passenger model, goes for a base price of $7,799. An automatic transmission will add an additional $320, and an air conditioner will set you back $515. Other than these, there are few extras to buy. The 280Z comes with many extras as standard equipment that on other cars are optional, such as an AM-FM radio (the sounds are good) and an electric antenna.

In the Z-car tradition, the 280Z has some new things for '77, but no really drastic changes. (When you have something that works, don't fool with it!) A five-speed transmission is being offered for the first time as an option ($165). The steering has been lightened for low-speed situations and parking, but it still requires plenty of muscle. The arm rest is now standard, and there is a vanity mirror on the passenger's visor. (Many women purchase Zs.) Polycast, mag-wheel-looking hub caps have been added, and the seats have been improved by inserts made of a new vinyl material that breathes. Thicker, cut-pile carpeting has been added, and a space-saver tire is now standard. Oh yes—and functional hood louvers have been added to improve cooling and looks.

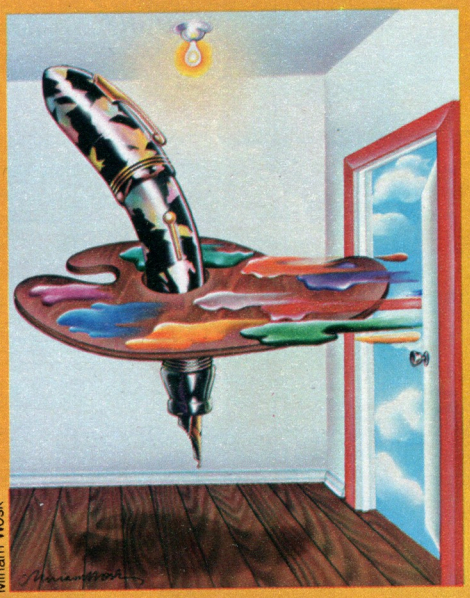
But we still haven't come up with the reason why the Z cars sell as well as they do. A good part of it probably owes to what people read about the car. In 1975, *Road & Track*, which is not given to superlatives and which could find fault with God if He had four wheels, called the 280Z one of the "Ten Best Cars for a Changing World." It probably is.

But a young lady whom we had in the test car for a few hours summed it up very beautifully: "It's so *American*," she said. And that could pretty much be the whole thing in a nutshell.

ANNOUNCING THE PENTHOUSE NEW WRITERS SHORT-STORY CONTEST WITH MORE THAN $13,000 IN CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE: $5,000; SECOND PRIZE: $2,500 TWELVE PURCHASE AWARDS OF $500 EACH

People who write short fiction, people who publish it, and people who read it have been told for years that the short story was an idea whose time had gone. And an uncomfortable element of truth is inherent in these prophecies of doom. For if the short story itself has managed to avoid its often predicted death, many of the mass-circulation magazines that provided a market—and a large audience—for short fiction have not. Thus the market for short fiction has shrunk dramatically. Talented authors have become frustrated. Worse still, an exciting art form has become a terribly endangered species.



Miriam Wosk

Penthouse, since it was founded, has demonstrated a strong commitment to literary—as well as editorial—excellence by consistently publishing the works of both well-known and unknown authors. And to reaffirm a commitment to short fiction, *Penthouse* takes pride in announcing its first New Writers Short-Story Contest. By opening these pages to new authors, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione is determined to discover fresh talent and to stimulate new interest in short fiction. And since *Penthouse* believes that ability should be amply rewarded, we will award more than $13,000 to the twelve finalists, who will be selected by judges associated with the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities. All winning stories will be published in *Penthouse* during the coming year. So we now invite all of you to enter this exciting, new contest. Who knows? One of the twelve winners may be you.

THE RULES

Eligibility: Entrants are limited to *unpublished or barely published* writers of any age, sex, creed, race, national origin, or country of residency. The interpretation of "barely published" will be left to the judges' discretion, but if a writer's work has appeared in a small magazine or literary journal, he will not automatically be disqualified. No author who has been published in any major national magazine will be considered. No author who has previously appeared in *Penthouse* or in any of its associated publications will be eligible. No employee of Penthouse International Ltd. or any of its subsidiary companies is eligible, nor are the members of any employee's immediate family qualified.

Format: No manuscript longer than 6,000 words will be considered, although any length up to this limit is permitted. All manuscripts must be written in English, typed, and double-spaced on one side of standard 8½x11 sheets of paper. Each page must be numbered consecutively and must bear the author's name and address.

Subject Matter and Style: There are no restrictions whatsoever regarding subject matter or style. Entries will be judged on their literary merit alone by an independent panel of judges. No editor or employee of Penthouse International Ltd. will be involved in any way in the selection of winning entries.

Pen Names: All entries must bear the author's real name. The use of a pseudonym will result in disqualification.

Number of Entries: Each author may submit only one short story.

Winning Entries: Twelve finalists will be selected by a board of judges. Each of these winners will receive a purchase award of $500. From these twelve stories, two will be selected for the first and second prizes by a single judge, who is unaffiliated with the first board. The authors of these two stories will be awarded $5,000 and $2,500 respectively. The first- and second-prize winners, along with the other ten finalists, will be announced in a spring 1977 issue of *Penthouse*. Beginning with that issue, *Penthouse* will publish one of the award-winning stories each month. The decision of the judges will be final.

Postage: Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope if the entrant wishes their return.

Deadline: All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight January 31, 1977.

How to Enter: Mail all manuscripts to THE PENTHOUSE NEW WRITERS SHORT-STORY CONTEST, 1707 "H" Street, Washington, D.C., 20006. *Do not mail entries to our New York office.*

Rights and Responsibilities: Neither Penthouse International Ltd. nor the judges assume any responsibility whatsoever for any entries. Those submitting stories to the Penthouse New Writers Short-Story Contest are strongly advised to retain copies for themselves. All winning entries become the exclusive property of Penthouse International Ltd.

The code of the real West was that a man could have anything he could take—and defend.

THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF MRS. POLK'S SUDIE

It was already late September when the young one, the one called Meeks, stole her off the streets of Independence, pulling a gunny sack down over her head and dragging her into an alley. Perhaps it was the name of the town that prompted him, or its liquor. It was after dark, and she shouldn't have been out, but Mrs. Polk's monthlies were bad again, and she'd been sent to the doctor for more laudanum. Halfway down the alley, Meeks took off the gunny sack and replaced it with a gag that smelled of sweat. He himself smelled the way a man smells when he has taken to spilling as much as he drinks, and he had trouble with the wrist thongs. But she could see everything (even if she couldn't yell or struggle) when they got to where the Frenchmen waited with the horses, the pack mule, the Old Man, and the young Blackfoot Indian in back of Mr. Polk's livery. She could see the Old Man tied across his horse, unconscious, like a bedroll of greasy buckskin. She could hear the Frenchman, Corbeau, drawl, "Eh, you crazy? Whatchu trade for that?" and the young one mumble, "Damn town owes us, don't it? She washes

FICTION BY JOHN CLELLON HOLMES

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

up for the old bitch. I saw her yestiddy. Come on, get her up on mine." And she could see the Blackfoot slither up onto his pony as if going over a hurdle.

They left town by the dark backyards, walking the horses, Meeks's forearm banded across her belly in a vise. She didn't understand what was happening, except that there had been some awful mistake and that she would be in danger once they got beyond lights, out there in the huge night to the West. The Frenchman, who sat on his horse like a man used to maneuvering a canoe with his buttocks, sang a little after an hour. Meeks was still very drunk and very angry about something, and the Indian, in the rear, pulling the mule, never said anything. It began to rain around first light, and they were well out into the beginning of the prairie when the Old Man came to.

He was a small, dirty old man of sixty or sixty-one, with an ugly knife scar on one cheek, where the beard wouldn't grow anymore, and even his hat was made of buckskin with two bedraggled eagle tail feathers stuck in it. His reddened, crazy eye looked at her with a feral squint and then shifted to the one called Meeks. "Dint you get enougha that, boy? Back there?"

Meeks said nothing, only clucked his horse up beside the Old Man's and handed him the bottle. The Old Man took a long swig, wincing as if probing a wound in his own belly, and then sighed: "Well, we better not stop to eat then. Them bastids come after us, sure as shit . . . Lord, you young farts're dumber than cow flop, ain't ya?"

They stopped around noon in a little stand of cottonwoods because she couldn't hold it in any longer and started to wet the saddle. Meeks was feeling awful now and stood over her while she crouched, holding her up by one shoulder. But he didn't look. The Old Man chewed on a piece of meat and had another drink. The Frenchman did what she did while he ate. Meeks ungagged her to give her some food, but she started to yell as soon as her mouth was free; so he gagged her up again. "Jus' shut up, or you'll starve," he said, lifting her back onto the horse and mounting behind her. She felt his jaws working the gristly meat as they rode, and the warm reek of his belches tickled her ear.

The rain came back in late afternoon, a big, black cloud of it coursing over the treeless prairie—as awesome as she had always imagined mountains to be. Mr. Polk's old range jacket didn't do much good, and water ran down off her thighs into her shoes. She was certain now that these men were crazy and turned around in their liquor, because there was nothing out here. They weren't even following the main trail.

They picked a place in a grove of willows when the dark gathered over the prairie behind them and the horizon ahead winnowed to a murky wash of gray. The Indian cut the supple branches and made a kind of bower, and the Frenchman sat on his heels, coaxing at a fire. The Old Man pulled her down from Meeks's horse, and she smelled the grease of slain animals on him. "Now don't you yell, child, or I'll bash you . . . No one but us to hear anyway, an' I jus' can't put up with it yet."

He ungagged her, and she didn't yell (even when Meeks came back and glanced at her bruised lips and smiled with one-half of his mouth), only wondering if this was the place, the place where it would happen to her.

"What's your name, honey?" he said amiably.

"Mrs. Polk's Sudie, but——"

The Old Man guffawed at that, so loud that the sound startled her. He sat down on the ground with a thump, laughing and coughing and spitting like a maniac. He kicked out his thin, old legs and waggled his moccasins.

"Well, I *am*," she said stubbornly, "an' I got to get her back her laud, num, too, or——," as Meeks was untying her hands, and the first pain in her freed shoulders came, and she started to cry in self-pity.

"Now, you shut up," the Old Man said with a groan, "'cause I can't stand it, like I told you before."

"But where are you——?" she began, blubbering.

Meeks slapped the sob out of her. "Jus' shut up an' eat," he said, and they all sat down on their heels around the puny fire, just in the lee of the bower, the Indian squatting a little way off in the high grass as the Frenchman turned the meat on a twig. She watched them eat and work on the bottle; she listened to them talk, planning how she'd slip away when they passed out, and run as far as she could, and hide in a gulley when she couldn't run anymore, and somehow get back the way they'd come.

They were arguing about her. The Frenchman, Corbeau, knew she'd slow them up. But it wasn't the girl he was worried about; it was Polk's stolen horses. The Old Man didn't care about the goddamn horses or the whole goddamn town. He knew this goddamn prairie like he knew his own ass hole, and they could keep off the goddamn trail, and hadn't the last goddamn wagons left two weeks ago? No, it was the girl herself. What would they do with her? She'd only ruin it when they got there. They were through with all that, weren't they? Holy shit, just use her and leave her here. Meeks said nothing, his light blue eyes looking young and stubborn in the firelight, and then he said, "I wanna keep her awhile. They cheated us on the pelts, and then they cheated us on this here piss-water whiskey, and I'm gonna get somethin' back for this last time." He stared at the Old Man, outrage knotting his face. "Why not? She can ride with me, can't she? Why not?"

"We're late awready; that's why. Be snow jus' after Laramie; you lissen . . . Besides, if you don't know a gal'll ruin it, then you ain't trapped mountains long enough."

They argued some more, finishing the bottle, and the enormous prairie night deepened like a shroud around them, and she was as scared as she had been that time when she was five, and the bitter northers had come down, and her mother lay coughing with the influenza, and didn't comfort her, and then died. The men groused about the trade that was "beavered out," and how you came upon baking-soda tins and human droppings all the way up in South Pass now, and how this war with the Greasers was bound to mean cows, and then plows, and then pianos going across the mountains for Oregon, and then all that town shit after that.

"But not in *that* place," the Old Man mused. "I was there with Jed Smith, for Ashley, in '23, wasn't I? We wintered in one of them valleys. Up in back, up in the Windrivers—shit, *Blackfeet* won't even go in there. Ask Joe-Jack," jerking a thumb at the Indian just out of the smoky glow of the embers and belching wearily. "Well, you better tie her up when you finished."

She was too cold to understand any of this, and she'd always been frightened by dirty talk, and so she was something a little like grateful when Meeks wrapped her up in a blanket, and then she was terrified when he crawled in with her, and then she was shamed when he used her there in the black, soughing wind—fumbling, silent, a brief expenditure—though she had been used before and had old, wet-lipped Mr. Polk's range jacket to prove it. How would she ever get back? That was what she was thinking when Meeks tied her up again, ankles as well as wrists this time, and left her.

But during the night she managed to work the laudanum bottle out of her pocket and push it away into the grass with her bound feet. Someone might find it, word would get back, and they'd come after her. "Yes," she whispered stubbornly to herself, "*someone* will."

But no one caught up with them. They worked their way west, skirting the outposts, always some miles north of the wagon trail—four horses and a mule inching across the great plain, as seen in the wheeling eye of a hawk. With the cold dawn on their backs, they rode into the steam of the horses' nostrils; they ate in the saddle; their supper fires were meager; and late each night she managed to scratch her name—the only word she could write—in the dead ashes.

She was terrified all the time. Meeks beat her when she cried, saying, "You bawl like a kid; you get whupped like one—that's only fair," and then he would lie with her and took to staying with her, too, her bound wrists bound to one of his, some claw of will relenting in his sleep so that he looked like a solemn boy, who'd had to grow up too fast.

The prairie terrified her as the Atlantic would have, its low hills rolling like long combers, squalls rushing over it in tremendous black shadows that seemed to gobble up the world, the ugly, yellow light along the stormy horizon limning five sloped backs in wet blankets, crouching around a

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"Sex is a very important part of my life, and I find it intruding into my thoughts at the oddest moments."

CELINE

FRENCH PROVINCIAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAJDA

"I never really know which is the real me," says Celine Martin, with an ingenuous grin. "Sometimes I feel very grown up, very sophisticated and mature, and other times I feel like a little girl who needs to be petted and pampered and taken care of." Born and bred in Montreal, this twenty-one-year-old French-Canadian loves skiing, Shakespeare's sonnets, and sex.

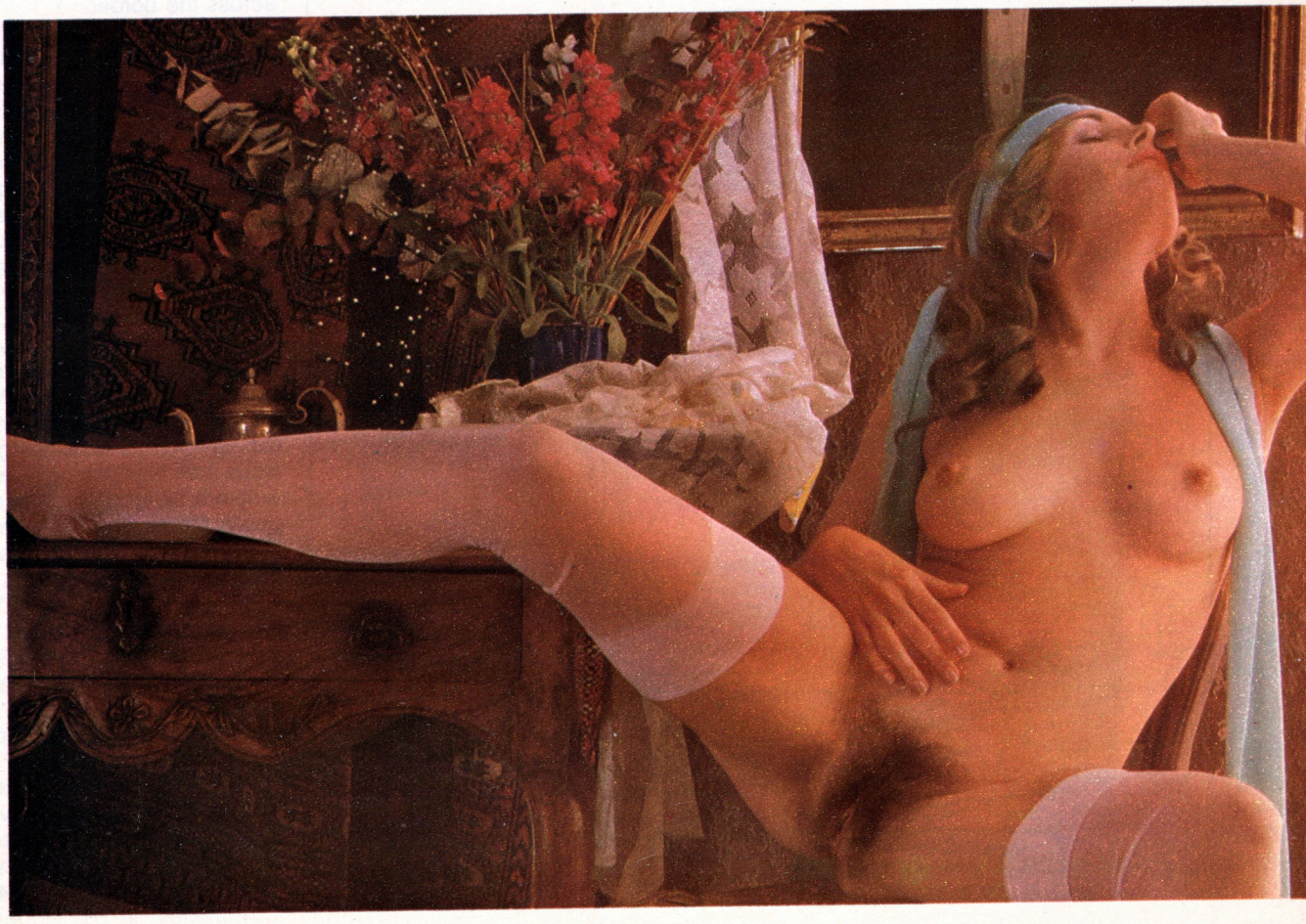
Clothes by Menage A Trois; antiques by Howard Kaplan; Oriental rugs by Iran Genter.

"Sex is a very important part of my life, and I find it intruding into my thoughts at the oddest moments. Once I was at an ice-hockey game with my favorite boyfriend, and I got so excited watching all the action that I started playing with myself with one hand and unzipping my boyfriend's pants with the other." Blessed with a nubile 36-23-35 figure, Celine has the kind of bright, inquiring mind with which men and gods are wont to compound their desirability.

"If a man seems a little nervous when he realizes I'm the 'brainy' type, I put him at ease quickly. I wear nice, sexy clothes and let him open doors for me, and make sure he realizes how much I value *his* opinion. I like a man who can take control of situations, especially in bed. My favorite fantasy is pretending that I'm a young schoolgirl who is very, very naughty. The schoolmaster makes me stay after class, and instead of giving me a rap on the knuckles and sending me home, he tells me to lift my skirt so that he can spank me. But he doesn't spank me, he caresses me so gently that I get very excited, and then we both lose control and end up making love right in the 'schoolroom.' I have acted out this fantasy once or twice, and it really turns me and my partner on. Of course, other times I like to dress up in a slinky black dress and be the total seductress."

"I get very excited, and then we both lose control and end up screwing right in the schoolroom."

Although Celine has been with several men—"there's nothing as thrilling as the sight and feel of my lover's erect cock"—she hopes to settle down one day and be faithful to her dream man . . . empty schoolrooms notwithstanding.



CONNECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

presently the mayor of Gómez Palacio, a town near the strategic railhead of Torreón. Another Herrera is with the police force of Hidalgo del Parral, a village not far from a favorite rendezvous spot for drug-smuggling planes. Officials on the Herrera payroll are in virtually every important city in the region. With such protection, the operators of the Herrera processing labs near Culiacán have little to worry about.

To the impoverished *campesinos* of this part of Northern Mexico, opium cultivation is a matter of economic survival. This is Pancho Villa country, with few roads, no electricity, no manufacturing that is worthy of the name. The terrain is rough and desolate, fertile yet impractical for legitimate crops. Planted some four times a year in an average half-acre plot, opium yields a $3,200 income for a farmer and his family.

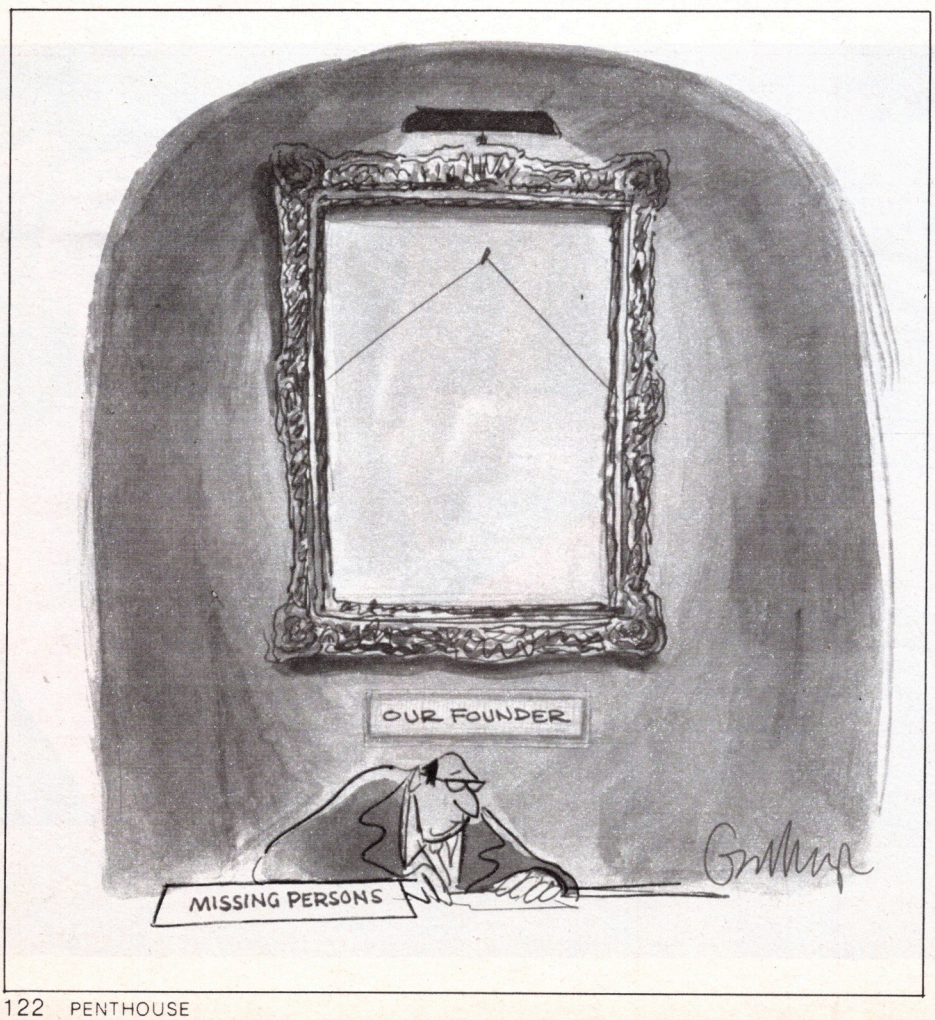
Should fighting break out between the Herreras and the Valenzuelas, it will probably be over distribution territory. The Herreras, largest of the families who distribute from Chicago, have long considered our midwestern cities as their personal domain. The Valenzuelas have distributors of their own in Chicago. They are also young and impetuous, not the sort of people who respect lines on a map.

There have been gang wars between the twelve families in the past, to be sure, and no doubt there will be wars in the future. Nothing has changed. The traffic continues to grow.

The Mexican government is obviously facing a tough dilemma. On the one hand, it has no wish to antagonize Washington into a resurrection of Operation Intercept—the 1969 Nixon border crackdown that effectively closed the frontier. Moreover, the Mexican authorities are firmly opposed to the trafficking on moral grounds, and they worry about the potential of its spread to Mexican youth.

On the other hand, the Mexican people are deeply nationalistic and fiercely proud of their hard-won independence. The government, which benefits from de-facto control of the press, does not dare to admit publicly that twenty armed American DEA agents are actually working in Mexico.

To complicate matters, the specter of a peasant uprising in a region that depends upon heroin for much of its livelihood is all too real to be ignored. The growing areas in the states of Durango, Sinaloa, and Chihuahua were the bases of operations for Pancho Villa's army. Close to our border, encompassing an area that is twice the size of Texas, they have always been havens for smugglers of all kinds. The heritage of Villa and the 1910 Revolution remains, and corruption is a way of life. The central government is generally regarded as just another natural calamity.



Given problems such as these to contend with, the 360-man Mexican Federal Police Force (better known, perhaps, as the *Federales*) has little to offer in the way of concrete achievements. Many spectacular drug seizures have been made, but critics are quick to point out that seizures are no barometer of success in Mexico or, for that matter, in America. "There are many more opium fields, many more processing labs, and much more heroin produced than the market may even require." says one disgruntled American official. "Seizures—regardless of how big they are—have got to be regarded by the traffickers as nothing more than an occupational hazard, an added cost of doing business. As long as the ringleaders continue to escape, as long as their families remain intact, they can absorb practically *any* loss out of the tremendous profits involved."

Meanwhile, the reservoir of operatives for the American branches of the families remains virtually inexhaustible. Many are recruited from the estimated 10 million illegal Mexican immigrants currently at large in our country. Others may be drawn from the million or so "wetbacks" who cross yearly back and forth. Armed with forged birth certificates or work permits that the families provide, they are able to live quietly and inconspicuously in the Mexican-American enclaves that are in Los Angeles, Chicago, and other American cities. Should trouble arise with the law, they can just as readily flee safely back across the border.

But the biggest problem, perhaps, is the apparent inability of the United States Drug Enforcement Agency to deal with the matter. The 2,000 special agents of the DEA are plagued by suspicion and bureaucratic jealousies. Only recently have analysts in Washington begun a program to identify the members, relationships, and activities of the twelve main families, and it is information, I am told, that they are most reluctant to share.

How this information will be acted upon is another question entirely. "Our problem is not that we don't have enough agents," former DEA investigator Martin Pera allows. "We have more than enough agents. Our problem is convincing our agents to focus their attention on major, international violators rather than competing with local police forces in making local, small-time arrests. Theoretically, we should be concentrating on the exporters, the importers, and the major distributors."

"Theoretically" is the best way to put it. In a study conducted for the Senate Committee on Government Operations covering the first six months of 1975, the U.S. General Accounting Office reported that *82* percent of the "buy money" that was spent nationwide by DEA undercover agents was spent on trapping low-level middlemen and street dealers. More significant, perhaps, a 1974 study conducted by the DEA *itself* concluded that 74 percent of the "buy money" in *Los Angeles* was being spent for this purpose. "Most of our man-

hours are being spent on other [than top-level] violators," said the DEA report.

One reason for this, it seems, is that the DEA has been caught in a "numbers game." "Some first-line supervisors and special agents indicated that there was a variance between stated policy [to go after the big-time violators] and that which was practiced," this same DEA report noted. "The reason given was that they viewed routes of advancement within the DEA to be open to them predicated on the number of arrests they made and the amount of narcotics they seized."

But one former high-ranking DEA official cites a far more important factor: "The DEA's law-enforcement theory is predicated on the idea that you attack at the base of the pyramid and work your way up to the top," he contends. "You give a little guy too big an order to handle, which brings you to the next level, and so on. It was the basic premise of the old Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, and it's still operative with the DEA. "Sometimes it works," he goes on, "but not very often. Usually, you end up doing business with the same person you started with. When the bust goes down, you find out you've got nothing but a street peddler with one big customer—the narc who busted him.

"The point is that there isn't a 'Mr. Big' who controls everything. There's no one man in an organization whom you have to go to to score. The pyramid-type operation is a myth: you have to penetrate horizontally, across all the lines of the structure."

Seldom, if ever, is this done. On occasion, a kingpin of one of the twelve families may actually be arrested. Normally, though, he simply posts bail and goes on about his business. "Sure, it upsets us when a big guy gets out and continues to traffic," conspiracy investigator Pera admits. "Sure, we should continue to work on an organization after we've made a case. But there are so many targets that the temptation is always present to bring in a new face, to come up with a new statistic."

"New statistics" were, certainly, all that emerged from the DEA's arrests, last October, of more than 300 lower-level heroin wholesalers. Although *Time* magazine hailed it as "the biggest—and perhaps most important—federal drug bust ever," it is doubtful that these arrests will do anything to disrupt the drug traffic seriously. In fact, a DEA spokesman admitted to me that the October busts were primarily designed to reassure the American public that "yes, Virginia, there is a DEA."

This may be human nature, but it surely is no way to run the nation's drug-enforcement agency. And in the meantime, things will probably get worse. The heroin traffic will continue to soar. The families will locate in many other cities. Drugs will be a problem in the smallest of our hamlets.

"The last thing we ever thought we'd accuse a Mexican trafficker of was organization," Martin Pera ruefully concludes. "The *last* thing. But once they *do* get organized, all hell breaks loose."

"Permanently wired & still pumping B·I·C"

—Brillo Bob, WSC

I admit I'm sort of permanently wired into the audio scene, so it's a definite kick to run another B·I·C ad in *Penthouse.* A couple of years ago B·I·C came out with their Venturi concept that blew away traditional approaches to loudspeaker design. Not long after, the same people introduced the first belt-drive-programmable turntable which I immediately glommed onto; and it has set **the** direction for record playing devices. About that same time, we ran our first ad telling people that we carried the stuff – cause **that's** what was happening.

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SEXY
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Hot rods in makeout city, passion pits on wheels—the great American drive-in revival is on, and it's back to the backseat.

Coming Attractions

BY THOM RACINA

It's a hot summer night, back in 1962. The place is a drive-in just outside Kenosha, Wis., and the humidity is so heavy that you have to start the car and turn on the wipers every half hour or you start thinking that you're watching the porpoises at Marineland. Gidget has just gone Hawaiian, and it's snack time, intermission, the time when they roll the faded short subjects that try to lure you into the snack bar for big brownish orange hot dogs, yellow pizza, hot tamales, and bug candles in case you didn't like the mosquitoes biting at your tush.

Snack time is a signal, a warning. It says: hey, if you haven't had a piece yet (not pizza), you've got only one more movie in which to get it. (This is not true of the special midnight show on Saturday; then you get a third chance, and those damn girls usually hold out for it.)

Diane goes to the toilet, and I fix the seats. *Gidget Goes Hawaiian* had been devoted to the lead-up, which consisted of crossing the split seat and getting around that goddamn knob sticking out of the floor ("oh, why the hell didn't I buy an automatic on the column?") and the foreplay (copping a feel of the left one, a quick run down between her legs, and getting her to at least *brush* her hand over the lump in your pants). During intermission you plan your attack, your cock still hard, your lust for Diane knowing no bounds as you watch her walk seductively to the snack bar, her beehive hairdo piled high, her foam-rubber bra holding her tits high, the cigarette butt hanging sensuously from her Chapsticked lips. The car is a Rambler, and a Rambler may not mean much on the drag strip, but it's the Rolls Royce of drive-ins. The seats recline to turn the staid little car into one massive bed. It's a little lumpy, but it works. Say what you will about American Motors, you must admit that they've done more for drive-in-movie sex than even Sal Madriana has (he owns a drive-in somewhere in New Jersey and gives out free rubbers to every boy driving a Chevy).

Diane comes back from the john, comb in hand. "Oh, what has happened to the seats?" she says, pretending to be coy. I love it when she's coy; she's so sexy. I'm laid out there, my head on the back ledge, my ass on the crack between the top of the front seat and the bottom of the back, my legs stretching across the front, my toes pushing the buttons on the radio, which Diane thinks is so "boss and bitchin' " (remember: we had just seen *Gidget*). I toe in a good station, and we sing along, which makes us more excited. (You always turn down the speaker during intermission to see if you can catch a Timi Yuro number on WLS.)

Diane fights me. I love it when she fights me; she's so sexy. She won't sprawl out. She's so scared that she burns her lips with her cigarette butt. I tell her that I'll kiss it and make it better. She still refuses to sit all the way back. So she props herself up like a papoose in the tepee. But this is the middle of an eight-cylinder bed, and her beehive hits the roof. The lights dim, those terrible spotlights that they aim right into your eyes during intermission. The countdown comes on screen, the big clock with three minutes ticking away. Last chance to piss and munch. Here comes *Parrish*. Troy Donahue and Connie Stevens down on the tobacco farm . . .

Gidget was fluff compared with this. Here's romance, all that Max Steiner music, Gorgeous Troy and Gorgeous Connie, and all those gooey lines about love and illegitimate babies down there in the South. Diane is no longer playing Sitting Bull. She falls backward, gracefully, into my arms, her hair a mess now, not caring, throwing her comb to the wind, moaning, "Take me!" as I yank her tight pedal pushers off her creamy thighs.

Claudette Colbert is having a heart-to-heart with her son, Troy, just as I stick it to Diane. She screams and kicks her feet into the air (Diane, not Claudette), knocking the speaker off the goddamn window into the dirt outside. Soon there is more screaming (poor Claudette yelling at Troy, but she's just talking into the ground) as the parents in the station wagon next to us are outraged, the father starting the engine as the mother shields the view from the kids in the back, and then Diane has both feet stuck out the front windows, and the guy hits his horn, and suddenly all the drivers in the whole place are blowing their horns.

Aw, let them blow. You're making love, and that's all music to your ears. It's what you came here for in the first place. All that glass around you. All that night. That big screen full of colors your TV set just doesn't have. That music, the smell of popcorn on Diane's breath, the scent of your English Leather as it sweats off you, the realization that the Rambler needs new shock absorbers as the car rocks and rolls with your passionate, pounding bodies. And Diane weighs half a ton, I forgot to mention. A lot of woman there.

And finally you come—just as in the movies you'll see in ten years, when we've graduated from Miss Day to Miss Lovelace—together. In her passion Diane pulls off one of the door handles, and you don't pull out in time (you don't want to do to her what Troy did to Connie, do you?) and end up squirting it all over the back-right passenger window. Try rolling that up or down again.

And then *Parrish* is finished, and so are you. You're driving out during the last few lines of dialogue, to avoid the crunch of cars at the gate, over the dead speakers and cold pizza and children who fell out of the back of the station wagon. Diane is doing her hair so that her mom won't ask any silly questions. She looks so sexy when she's doing her hair. You're both feeling strange, and you can't explain it, but by the time you reach Sheridan Road and Seventy-fifth Street, you feel downright guilty. You remember what the priest told you the day he came into the eighth grade and asked the girls to leave and said, "You're men now, and I want to talk to you as men." You wonder if you got Diane pregnant. You get her home, and you can't even say good night. You find it hard to sleep that night. And

LETTERING BY RAY BARBER

then, on Wednesday, just before study hall, Anna Bocwinski catches you in the corridor and says, "Hey, Racina, I heard you went all the way with Diane at the Keno, but I won't tell anyone." On Friday you vow to become a monk. And on Saturday you call Diane and ask, "Hi, whatcha doing tonight?"

"Oh, nothing," she says. She's so sexy when she's doing nothing.

"There's a good double bill at the outdoor. The Mid City's got two horror pictures. Or *Flower Drum Song*'s at the Keno. You wanna go?"

"I guess so. Okay."

Back to the passion pit! This time it's Miyoshi Umeki up there in place of Connie Stevens, but who cares? It's what's in the car that counts.

So much for memories. Last year my girl and I took a trip down the back roads of America and came to the conclusion that the last of the truly great American institutions was the tacky eight-dollar motel (where it actually costs twelve dollars for a room). But, alas, I remember years ago, A.D. (After Diane), when I didn't have money for even the lousiest motel room. I was forced to sleep in a drive-in movie. Perhaps the experience of all the Gidgets and all the Dianes and that good night's rest amidst all those naked speakers standing like trees in the forest wears with me. This year I've come to realize that the motel has definite competition—the big TV set in the sky, the only place where you can reach an orgasm while you watch *Aloha, Bobby and Rose* through a steering wheel, the magical kingdom that Walt Disney would vomit on if he could see what's going on in those cars during the second reel of *Bambi*. The drive-in movie.

Moonlight, Elvis up there on the screen, your pants down around your ankles, Betty Lou down around your ankles, just you and that crackly speaker hanging on the window. Isn't it heaven? Yeah, but heaven doesn't last forever. Just as Holiday and Ramada are putting the cheapo inns out of business, the shopping-center cinemas and cable TV are doing the kind of damage to the film business that it takes four wheels to see. The drive-in movie is a vanishing experience . . .

Movies are better than ever, and that's part of the threat, because people who really want to see a film don't want to contend with fogged-up windshields, speakers that are too soft, and in-car heaters that snap, crackle, and pop—not to mention burning their elbows off while their feet freeze.

But what's this uppity cultural shit? Drive-ins sell sex, not on the screen, but in the front seat and in the backseat and under the dashboard. Hell, at the Keno a guy was famous for kneeling in the trunk of his car and masturbating directly at the girls in the car behind him—whatever gets you off. And as sex gets easier and easier to find—the traditional reason for going to an outdoor movie—the institution of the drive-in becomes an innocent, unprofitable relic of the past.

Talk about the tacky great American institutions. Drive-ins were always in direct competition with motels for the sex-away-from-home dollar. It's hard to picture a drive-in with the back of its monumental screen along the state highway like a wall—*The Great Wall of Middle America*?—without imagining the neon motel sign right next door. "Vacancy" holds more sexual promise than does any other phrase in our language next to "Triple feature, starting at sundown."

When drive-ins were an innovation and people were poor (and they stood on the roofs of their Buicks, which had portholes, twirling their hula-hoops and drinking Moxie), the choice between sex in a car in front of a big, flickering screen or sex on an eight-dollar-a-night bed (Magic Fingers, twenty-five cents extra) was no choice at all. Who had eight smackeroos for a place where you wouldn't even spend the whole night and didn't even have a radio? People got horny standing in breadlines. Thus drive-ins flourished across the land. I mean, at seventy-five cents a carload . . .

> Gloria yanked off one of the car-door handles when she climaxed. Now I ask you: in what indoor theater can you have that kind of passionate release?

Recently, the sleazy motel trade has been picking up, with waterbeds and rooms to be rented by the *hour* and closed-circuit TV with films that the Supreme Court won't allow out on the highway. And competitive prices. So what do the drive-ins offer by way of competition? A triple feature, starting at sundown?

Aha. A change is sweeping the country. Drive-ins may be in the dumps (and in fact, many of them literally are dumps), but don't count them out. All over the country the drive-in is shaking off its sleepy head and getting a hard-on. We're back to 1962, with sex that's easy and sleazy. The drive-in revival is on.

Take, for example, this first-hand report on the Eden Gardens Drive 'Em Up 'n' Drive 'Em In drive-in near Fayetteville, Ark. There customers are greeted with a gracious "Howdy!" and are given as many as five complimentary condoms for their personal use. What they're saying at the Up 'n' In is: "Fuckin's all right by us. Y'all come. Y'all enjoy the picture, hear? Y'all got any naked Polaroids you wanna leave on the call board in the snack bar, you feel free . . ."

Maybe it's just nostalgia, for people like me. Maybe a guy likes reliving the Days of Diane with her feet over her head and the sound of surfboards hitting the shore on a lousy speaker: the way you first made it with a chick, that time your foot got caught in the steering wheel and you sprained your ankle, the time when you came in her mouth and knocked over the large Dr. Pepper sitting on the floor in the front seat, the time when you double-dated and your date turned out to be frigid and you turned around to find Gary and Joanne in a sixty-nine position in the backseat ("Gary, Joanne, got a cigarette? Hey, either of you . . . Oh, Jesus!").

And there's something about knowing that everyone around you is doing the same thing you are. If you're liberated and enterprising enough, you could play musical cars at the Up 'n' In. "I seen one dude—he's really tanked—fucked his ole lady on top of a Plymouth. Got a round of applause, he did, by golly," says the manager. Identification with the drive-in is so strong that steady customers string up their unused prophylactics from their rearview mirrors as proof of their loyalty. The swaying scum bags are recognized by other customers, who wave with wild, lewd gestures. It's a brotherhood. (Word has it that the Arkansas legislature is drafting a bill to outlaw the display of birth-control devices on state thoroughfares. This is a consequence of the head-on collision of two automobiles just outside Fayetteville. Both cars were Up 'n' In regulars. No one was hurt; in fact, the occupants landed in the cornfield and proceeded to fuck, but that isn't the point.)

Pete and Paula Belcher, who now own a thriving drive-in in Broward County, Fla., turned what was a drain on their finances into a lucrative sex haven by cashing in on the CB phenomenon.

Reports Paula: "Up until six months ago we couldn't get a flock of pigeons in this place. We tried everything. Lowering our prices. Raising our prices. Giving away Miami Dolphin lobster bibs. The only thing that worked was when word got out that we were spiking the Pepsi with Seagrams 7, but the law stopped that in a hurry. Then we got this idea for the CB thing.

"The first thing we did was to change the name of the drive-in from the Flamingo to the Shtupp. Believe me, it wasn't that long ago that we didn't even know what *Shtupp* meant, did we, Pete?"

"We sure didn't."

"We sure know what it means now. SRO. Liquid assets. Socko, boffo." Paula made a fist and slammed it against Pete's shoulder. Her tits shook, and she smiled, the cash registers in her eyes clinking. "Then we took out full-page ads in all the papers, inviting every car with a CB unit in for free. That first night we had the biggest crowd since we showed that movie about the world being flooded with scalding coffee, back in '58. What was that called, Pete?"

"*The Revenge of Doctor Mean Bean*."

"Yeah, something like that. Well, it's been nothing but franks and mean beans for me

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

piece

by piece

The Viva Sensuality Puzzles

From the pages of America's most exciting publication for women, come these three captivating puzzles of erotic scenes and dazzling models. Each puzzle is distinctive, handsome, and sensual, affording many hours of delight in putting them together. When finished, each forms an 11 by 16½ inch picture, perfect for hanging on your wall. The first is **Loving Couple,** a series of delicate and evocative photographs of two lovers on a beach. The second is **Claude,** the muscular and sensitive woodcutter with a mane of golden blonde hair. And the third is **Bruce,** dark, athletic, shown by a stream preparing for his favorite sport.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

else. There was an infant crying in a cell by the iron gate of the ward. He screamed incessantly, and whenever the voice died in his throat, his mother spoke, pleading with the guards pitiably: "The electric prod has dried my breasts," she said. "Get me some milk; my son will starve." But her pleas had no effect on the insufferable indifference of the guards. One of them shouted: "Shut up, you whore!" She became silent for a short time, but the child continued to scream, and again she began asking for milk.

Suddenly, the door of my cell was flung open, and someone landed a heavy fist on my chest. This blow was followed by kicks and other blows from other assailants. I started to yell, "Don't!" but the unknown attackers continued pounding and kicking. Then I was blindfolded and taken out. I was dragged to a room on the third floor. I had been there several times by then, and I could tell, even with the blindfolds on, where I was. I stayed there for about half an hour before someone came in and told me to leave. When I replied that I couldn't see with blindfolds over my eyes, he came over and took me by the arm and led me to the balcony.

Then the ritual of intimidation started and went on in the same pattern that it had apparently assumed for the famous wrestler, as reported to me by the spy. A cloth was thrown over me and someone else. The blindfold was taken away by the same man who was with me under the cloth. At first, I couldn't recognize the huge face looming in front of me under the heavy, black cloth. Then the realization dawned on me: the man was none other than the famous Azudi. Our faces were so close that we could easily kiss or bite each other. A combination of onion, garlic, and some cheap, male perfume permeated the space under the cloth. The huge, black eyes that I had seen on his face the first day of my torture now had a doubly demonic quality. They shone sinisterly from the depths of this ghost hidden with me under the cloth. This man had become almost an evil spirit straining to invade my soul. A mixture of black magic and sheer nightmare overtook me.

"Why don't you tell me who told you to write that article on the nationalities?" the ghost asked, seizing my right cheek in his hand and squeezing it very hard. "I wrote the article myself," I said. He grabbed hold of my sides and began pressing. "Tell me! Tell me!" he kept repeating and squeezing. I fell short of breath and started panting. He gave up squeezing and started kicking me hard in my stomach, groin, and testicles. I fell down, the cloth dropped, and we were in the open moonlight on the balcony.

The beating now began with the help of others, and it went on for an endless time, until I fainted. When I opened my eyes, the torturers were whispering to each other. Someone told me to get up. I tried and failed; then I made the attempt again and succeeded. The blindfold was put on again. The whispering also started up.

"Not tonight," Azudi said. "Mr. Hosseinzadeh isn't here." (He was the man in charge of all the torturers.) But the whispering went on in spite of his absence. Later it seemed that they had all gone away. I tried to lift the blindfold. Someone slapped me hard on the face, and I gave up. It was early in the morning when someone came and told the man standing by me to take me down for interrogation. But when we went downstairs and the blindfold was taken away, my new interrogator, Dr. Rezvan, hadn't yet arrived.

There in front of me stood Dr. Shadi, a huge, tall man who always went about the prison with a whip in his hand. His great expertise was ripping out fingernails. But early in the morning he didn't feel like pulling out nails. "Open the palms of your hands!" he shouted. I did. He started flogging me like the dutiful torturer he was and didn't stop until he had turned my hands into pieces of mutilated flesh.

> "The guards loved to watch the young prisoner's ass. They would point him out and giggle passionately. I could see their hard-ons and the beads of saliva on their lips."

The young man is brought to my cell fresh from the Faculty of Science and Industry. We all have our dirty uniforms; he has his tight-fitting pants and clean, colorful shirt. He is quite sure that he will be released in an hour. Mustapha, a prisoner from Isfahan, asks me to tell him the ugly truth. Already I have become an expert in the habits of executioners and torturers. I tell him that they will come after him and that they will take him out to the torture chamber. I tell him that fear is pointless; we came out alive, and so will he.

The young man objects, "But it can't be true. I haven't done anything!" I tell him that most of the people I have seen here have done nothing but that they were nevertheless tortured. He sits in a corner and waits until they come after him as predicted. He goes away with the dirty blindfold over his hazel eyes. We forget all about him. Every man has his own problems to worry about.

Then the door of the cell is opened, and a heap of broken bones and mutilated flesh is pushed in by the guards. He has been given electric shock, tortured by the pressure device, and beaten all over. We can hardly recognize the face, the body, the pants, and the shirt. When the door is closed, I take his face in my hands, stretch his legs straight to the wall, put his head on my knees, and pour in his mouth the lukewarm soup we have kept for him. I use the bowl itself, because forks and spoons are considered to be dangerous and we are not allowed to have them. Later I carry him on my back to the toilet.

I have carried several prisoners in the past. I have told them that it was all right for them to take a crap while they were hanging from my back. I have told them not to piss while they were doing that, because they would be pissing on my back. But I know that it is very difficult for them to hold in their piss when they are shitting. I washed them as a Moslem washes his ass. Then I carried them back to the cell. You don't learn the art of humility in schools. You learn it in an Iranian prison. . . .

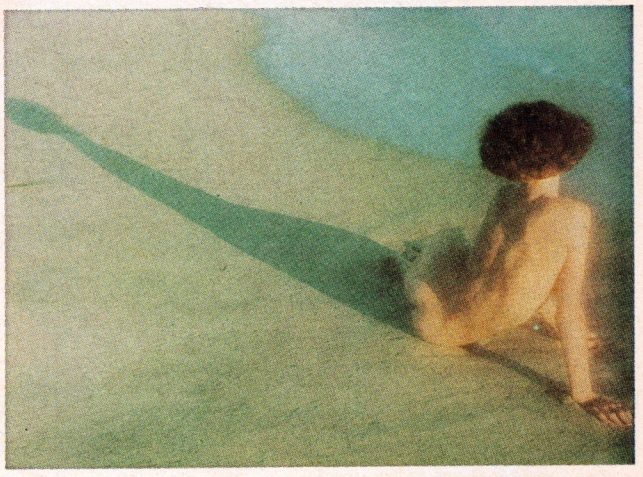
For the second time they take me out of the Komite area, blindfolded and handcuffed, to the central police station close by, to see my wife. The station and the prison are attached. I can hear the autumn wind rustling through the trees of the large station courtyard. We go up the stairs and walk through long corridors. We stop. The handcuffs are locked. The blindfold is removed. The door is opened. I walk in and sit down by my wife.

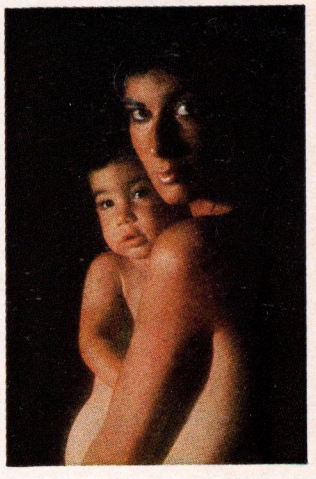
Then a girl is brought in, hardly thirteen years old. She sits across from us on the chair. Dr. Rassouli comes in and sits behind the desk. Guards are seated all around us. Then a man walks in. The girl gets up, lifts herself on her tiptoes, and kisses the man. The man is tall and resembles a schoolteacher. The girl is crying. The father tries to console her. But the girl goes on crying. My wife and I can hear everything she says: "That man sitting there is Dr. Rassouli. He is my interrogator. He is the one who raped me." Now the father is crying, too.

My wife goes away first. I am blindfolded and handcuffed again. Back in the small courtyard of the prison, I am taken upstairs to my interrogator's room on the second floor. The blindfold is taken off. Dr. Rezvan isn't there. But there are screams coming from the torture chamber on this floor. The handcuffs have been unlocked, and the guard has gone away. I walk to the window. A little girl, scarcely six years old, has been placed in front of several men in handcuffs. Hosseini, the professional whipper of the Komite, asks the girl questions about the identities of these men. The girl hardly understands what the torturer is talking about. She is beaten on the face, and her ears and hair are pulled. The question is repeated, and the girl is terror stricken. Hosseini beats her again.

This procedure goes on for some time until one of the men in handcuffs cannot stand it any longer and betrays his identity. The girl is taken back to her cell. The man is taken up to the torture chamber on the third floor. I go back and sit down on the chair

Images of Woman





Robert Farber

With over 70 sensuous full-color nude photographs, IMAGES OF WOMAN is a testament, a stunning statement of talent by a gifted, impressionistic Young Master.

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until my interrogator comes out of the torture chamber.

We were taken to the showers on Fridays. We were ordered to throw our jackets over our heads and to hold onto someone's shirttail from the rear. Others behind would hang onto our shirts. Thus we walked to the showers, which were located to the left of the wards on the first floor. The guards watched us, with belts, whips, and batons at the ready in their hands.

They would use these indiscriminately on anyone they considered to be doing something wrong. It would take the inhabitants of each cell only three minutes to occupy one of the shower booths; wash themselves under the cold, pressureless showers with the rock-hard soap; and dry themselves with wet towels made of red cloth. On the way to the showers, peeping from underneath our jackets, we saw hundreds of confiscated books stacked by the walls. We faced the walls so that others passing behind us could not recognize us and we could not identify them.

BE was a handsome, young student of metallurgy in the University of Tehran. He was in my cell. He had been asked to become a member of SAVAK and had accepted out of fear for his life. He did not tell me at first. But then, one night, he woke me up: "Listen! They offered me the chance to become a member of SAVAK, and I accepted. What can I do about it?"

The offer had been made by one of the torturers, called Dr. Tehrani. I tried to talk him out of it. He was convinced that he should do something about it before it was too late. He finally asked the guard to take him to the "Doctor." He went away and came back a few hours later, beaten up. I was convinced that he had rejected the offer.

He and I would go to the same booth in the showers. The door was left open. The guards loved to watch his ass. They would even point it out to each other and giggle passionately. Sometimes they would come closer and touch his ass with the tips of their belts or batons and say something suggestive. I could see that the guards already had hard-ons and that beads of saliva played on their mouths.

During these moments, BE would ask me to help him. I would stand by the door of the booth with my hairy back to the guards, obstructing their erotic vision of passion with my own ass. It seemed that they didn't fancy my ass.

Rhythmic blows of whips and batons would fall on my wet back until BE finished washing. Then he would stand by the door with the loincloth around him until I had washed. With jackets covering our faces, both heads bent so that we saw only our own feet, we would walk back to our cells. On Fridays this was our only torture.

God made the world in six days and rested on the seventh. The devil destroyed the world in one day and rested six days.

An Iranian prisoner's memory rests on the eighth day of the week.

COUPLES

THE LESBIAN CONNECTION

Susan came clean about her sexual desires in the laundry room—where she was willingly seduced by a not-so-typical girl-next-door. Susan's husband rose quickly to the occasion, giving birth to a kinky *ménage à trois*—and much more.

"Make me come! Baby, make me come!" my wife said to Tina. I couldn't believe it. My wife lying there on the bathroom floor with a teenage girl in her arms!

ELLIOT'S STORY: I hope that this is appropriate for your Couples feature, but I worry because it's really about a threesome. It hasn't been a threesome for very long, because Tina really came into our lives less than a year ago. Until then Susan and I had a pretty good sex life, a contented one, if you know what I mean. We met in high school and hated each other. She was too beautiful. You know, that type with her nose stuck up in the air. I was half jock and half honor student. I wasn't her type. She liked long-haired, freaky guys for some reason. I guess it was chic.

Anyhow, one day her car died a block away from school. I stopped and helped. That was it. That was enough. We went out a few times and then got engaged. We were married as soon as we got out of school. Sure, everyone was saying that it wouldn't work; we were too young. Bullshit. Hell, a person is biologically ready to make babies and experience all the fun that goes into sex at about age fourteen; so who's to say that he has to repress it all until he's twenty-one? He's practically dried up by then. I guess that our parents finally gave in only because they knew that we'd live together even if we weren't married. That would have been more than they could have handled.

And it worked. I did four years of college in bits and pieces, and Susan did, too. We both had part-time jobs. The going was rough, but we made it work out. Now we have good jobs, and Robbie and Denise are wonderful kids. Oh, yeah, we had two children, during the rough years, and now that things are working out they're getting old enough to enjoy life. We don't want any more children. We planned on two, because two are enough.

But there's this other business about a child . . .

I'm talking about Tina. Who is Tina, and how does she figure in my sex life? Well, you could say that she's someone the cat dragged home, the cat, of course, being Susan. Everyone says that Susan looks like a beautiful, sleek cat. She's feline and mysterious. She even purrs when she's nestled down between my legs—her lips resting on the tip of my cock, her

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

warm breath on my nuts—scratching me with her nails.

Jesus. See? I'm still tuned into Susan sexually as I ever was. That's not the problem. The problem is that she is tuned into Tina and that Tina has this really crazy, really unique thing about being into me. That's what I'm not sure I can handle.

One night I got the shock of my whole goddamn twenty-five years. Susan had gone to visit her mom, and I had gone to the gym and out for a few beers with a buddy. I got home earlier than usual, and I was surprised to see Susan's car parked in the lot. I walked past the bedroom window—the kids' bedroom—which was dark and quiet inside. But the bathroom light was blazing, and I could hear unmistakable moans and sighs. I listened for a minute. There were lots of womanly sounds. I could recognize Susan's. But whose were the others . . . ?

I went into the hall, fumbling for my key. Hell, I didn't know what to think. Tina had been baby-sitting. Was some dude in there balling them both? Maybe Tina had left, and Susan was in there with some guy who had a high voice. I'd kill him, I thought. My heart was pounding. Maybe Tina and Susan were being like schoolgirls and masturbating at the same time . . . ?

"I love you, Susan; oh God, I love you!" That's what I heard as I opened the door slowly. It was Tina's voice. I crept into the hall and watched the whole thing in the full-length mirror directly across from the bathroom door. I couldn't believe my eyes. Susan was sitting on the toilet seat, her head thrown back, one hand grasping the sink and the other running through Tina's hair. And Tina was on her knees, on the floor, her face pressing between Susan's creamy thighs, lapping her cunt, eating her like crazy—eating her just like she loved me to do. Susan's skirt was hiked up around her waist—she must have just come home—and her blouse was opened to let her breasts swing out. Tina reached up and pulled on the nipples, and Susan moaned. "I love you, honey," Tina whispered, looking up at her for a moment. And then she said, "I love your pussy, too . . . I love your pussy more than anything else in the world. Making you come is like paradise to me."

"Make me come! Baby, make me come!" Susan said the words that were so familiar to me. I was fucking dumbstruck. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My wife, my lover, sitting there with a teenage girl's tongue sliding up her cunt! I wanted to rush in there and kill them both. I wanted to run away and have a very unmanly cry. I wanted to erase the whole thing out of my mind. I wished that I'd never found Susan with her goddamn car trouble so many years ago. I wished that I'd been dead. The bitch, the liar, the fucking lesbian! I clenched my fists and felt my whole body tighten up. I thought that I was going to burst.

And yet I didn't do a thing. I stood there and watched the whole scene, right through until the climax. Tina mentioned something about my coming home. Susan said—and I'll never forget the words—"Who cares?" And then Tina pressed her young cunt to my wife's face and let Susan massage her ass cheeks until she let out a gasp and then collapsed on top of her. They rolled around on the floor like that, in a sixty-nine position, until I couldn't stand it anymore. I walked into the living room and just fell into a chair.

I faintly remember them coming into the room, the surprise, the questions about how long I had been there, and finally Tina leaving and Susan trying to explain. She talked for hours, it seemed. I finally got up and poured myself a drink. I was shaking so much that I couldn't hold the bottle steady. The drink spilled all over my pants. I grabbed the bottle and flung it across the room. It crashed into the wall and broke into countless pieces. The kids woke up. I ran into my little den, locked the door, and cried my fucking eyes out.

I was traumatized for weeks. Susan talked to me at length. She said that she didn't love me any less—maybe more. She explained that she "needed" Tina. She didn't know why; she couldn't explain the motivation. She said that it would help our sex life if she were permitted to be free with Tina. She said that the point was that Tina wasn't in competition with me. She was a woman. How could a woman compete with my cock? The explanation made some kind of sense, I guess. Besides, hadn't I said that the lesbian movies had turned me on? Susan's affair with Tina wasn't taking anything away from our relationship, she said. And it was true.

> One night Tina and Susan let me watch them in bed as they screwed. I was jealous, but I masturbated beside them nonetheless. Later on, we all made love together.

And that realization led to my allowing Tina into our bedroom one night. I watched as Tina and Susan made love. There were pangs of jealousy, but I beat off nonetheless, and after the girls had climaxed, Susan came over and let me fuck her while she reached over and played with Tina's breasts. The next thing I knew, Susan told me that she liked it better when I was watching; so almost every time she balled Tina, I was there. But Tina never touched me, nor would she ever let me touch her. She was an avowed lesbian, though no one would ever have guessed it. I started getting this thing in my head, a real challenge—you know?—about screwing her. I tried to get into her many times while they were together, but she rejected me. She didn't want sex with me—only with Susan.

Well, Tina was coming over to the house a few nights a week, and she was even with us on weekends. Sometimes she was Susan's slave, and she just followed her around all weekend on her knees, lapping her cunt while she cooked dinner, diddling herself on the floor when Susan ordered her to do so. Susan would do really far-out things, such as making Tina wipe her pussy after she peed. I thought I'd go crazy watching it. The sight was a turn-on. And my own sex life with Susan was as good as it had ever been. (Oh, yeah, the weekend stuff happened only when the kids were at Susan's mother's. They think of Tina as their "Auntie.")

The whole thing sounds pretty crazy, huh, but okay, too, right? I mean that it was working out. All our heads were into it. Then Tina got evicted from her apartment for some reason, and we asked her to move in with us for a while. She's still here. That would be fine if it weren't for the baby thing. That's what's messing me up. Here's what happened.

One night we were sitting watching television after the kids had gone to bed. I'd had a lousy day with a client who doesn't

appreciate anything anyone does for him, and I was really in need of relieving my frustrations. I was horny. Tina was coming on very strong sexually. And Susan is always hot. I whipped out my cock and started stroking it. It had been hard all day, and it had gotten harder. Susan nuzzled over to me and started sucking, as Tina gently undressed her. She went down lower and took my balls in her mouth, and I stroked myself as I felt them moving around there. I saw Tina lightly rubbing Susan's clit with her little finger and softly blowing on her pubic hair. What ensued was very laid back and sensual.

We took it easy. I put my finger up Susan's cunt, and she put one of hers up Tina's ass. We stroked with the same rhythm. Tina and I lay on the floor, both naked now, our legs spread. Susan took turns eating out our ass holes. Then Susan pulled my cock down between my legs and sucked on the head, while Tina knelt down and lapped her cunt. My cock was bursting. I was going to climax like crazy . . . I could barely hold it back. And then they let the bomb drop. . .

"Put it in me, Elliot." I'd heard those words so many times before, but this time they were spoken by Tina. After all that fantasy about finally making it with her, seducing her, even raping her, tying her down, and forcing my dick into her, she was inviting me to screw her. Lying there on the floor, holding her cunt open with her fingers, she said, "I want you to fuck me." She said it coldly, matter-of-factly, but offering, nevertheless. Jesus, I was in her in a flash, and I knew it must have been damn painful, because Susan often diddled Tina with a vibrator, but my cock was nearly twice as big as that plastic thing. She had tears in her eyes, but they vanished quickly enough. Susan just watched, smiling. Tina worked her hips perfectly. She had a tight pussy. She was young and pretty. She was a lesbian, and I felt a certain satisfaction in that kind of conquest, you know. But who had conquered? The goddamn problem was that Tina wasn't feeling anything. The only thing happening to her emotionally was with Susan, in the glances they shared. They held hands through it all. Tina's head was into Susan; it was Susan's cock that was fucking her. I was full of the same kind of rage that I'd felt that first time I saw them lapping pussy in the bathroom. Jesus, I fucked her, harder than I'd ever fucked anyone else in the world. *"React, Goddamnit!"* I shouted inside myself. *React, you goddamn bitch, you little dyke, you! I'm fucking you, and you love it; so admit it; show it!* But she was cold, in another world. She let me pinch her breasts so hard that I nearly drew blood. I must have made her cunt sore for weeks, but she didn't utter a single sound. I finally flooded her pussy with so much come that it dripped out onto the floor. I pulled out and waited for something, some kind of reaction, and all she did was to roll into Susan's arms and cry.

Well, I went into the bedroom and lay down, trying to relax. I was sweating. My masculinity was taking a roller coaster ride. I felt like some kind of *fucking* machine. It didn't help when Susan came in, curled up alongside me, and told me that I had to understand that Tina wasn't into men, in any way, and never would be. "Then what the fuck was she doing inviting me to stick it to her?" Then Susan made me feel even more like a machine by what she told me. She told me that Tina wasn't into men, but that she *was* into being a mother. She'd worked a plan out, and this was her most fertile day. She wanted a baby—my baby, because it would be part Susan's, too, and because I was the only man she could possibly let fuck her. I just said, "I don't believe it."

I didn't at first, but I have finally come to accept it. Tina didn't get pregnant that time. There was this desire in me, two desires actually: to get a reaction out of her (to make her "straight," I guess, which is some dumb hang-up I must have) and to father a child again.

Well, it's finally happened. Tina says that she's pregnant. She won't let me fuck her anymore. I never did get any kind of reaction out of her. I guess I've given up on "reforming" her. What bothers me is what will happen when the baby is born. Will it wreck our ménage à trois? How do we explain the situation to Robbie and Denise? How am I going to feel being the father of a lesbian's child? What about the kid? If she's a girl, will Tina want her to grow up as a lesbian? What if Tina splits one of these days or after the baby is born? It's my child, too, and I'll love that kid as much as Robbie and Denise. I'm worried. There's no going back now. And I keep thinking that Tina and Susan will think of the baby as more theirs than mine. And yet I wouldn't have done anything differently. I love Susan too much, and in a crazy-assed way I love Tina, too. I can't imagine us not living together anymore, the three of us. I just want someone to tell me that the baby isn't going to create problems that we can't handle.

> Tina had always been petrified of sex with males, but she wanted this child. Elliot, of course, was literally throbbing to enter her. It seemed the right solution.

SUSAN'S STORY:

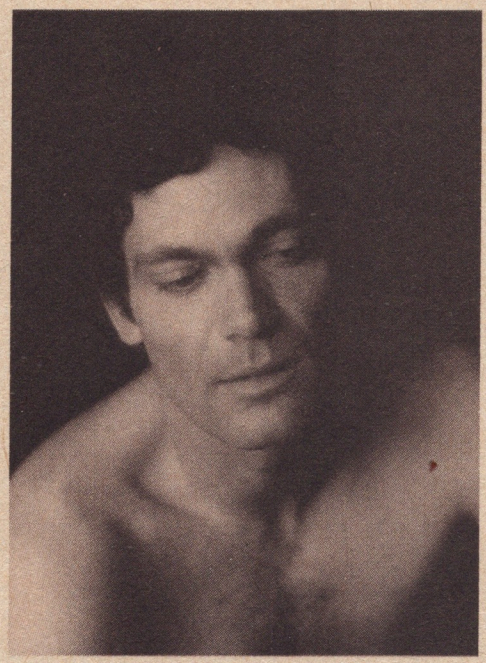
Ever since I was a little girl, I've had an attraction to my own sex. I fought it, and it wasn't an easy battle. In grade school I played around with a girl friend, and on my side at least there was more to it than just fun. In high school I masturbated frequently while thinking of kissing another girl, feeling her pussy as I was feeling mine. Even when I went out with a boy I wasn't nuts about, I had fantasies about girls. I hated myself afterward. I felt very guilty and ashamed, and I was under the false impression that getting married to a nice, straight boy and having his children would rid me of all those desires forever. Oh, not that that was the reason I married Elliot. I loved him, and I still do. And I was just wildly excited by him. He did something to me sexually that no boy had ever done; and after we were married, the sex got even better. It seemed to me that our children were blessed in coming from such an incredibly joyous and exciting sexual coupling.

I never fantasized about other women when I was with Elliot. His penis filled my mind, and there was no room for anything else. I would blow him for hours. I would worship his beautiful prick. He would slide it into me, and we would fuck in every position imaginable; and then after we came, we'd rest, with his prick still in me. He has an uncanny ability to remain hard forever! We would have a drink together, and I'd feel his

beautiful penis in me with all that creamy semen in there, and we'd get turned on again and fuck some more.

But when I was alone, I was susceptible. My mind wandered, and my fingers strayed to my pussy, and I started thinking of other girls, their pussies, touching them, feeling them, licking them, just as Elliot had licked mine. I masturbated frequently, mainly after our two children were born; and while I did, I thought about making love to another girl. I read novels that had some lesbian characters in them. I dreamed. And then I met Tina. She was like a character in a novel.

She was very honest about her gayness. She told me the first time we really talked about sex. She said that if it bothered me, then I should let her know right away. She said that she didn't want a friendship ruined later when she dropped the bomb on me. I guess that she could read me from the beginning. We did our wash together in the laundry room in the apartment complex; and one day, as I was leaning over the washer, I felt her place her hand on my rear end. She made this gesture firmly, but with a gentleness, almost with love. I didn't move. I let her continue, and finally her fingers slipped down under my crotch and felt my pussy through my jeans. It was dripping; and as she fingered me, it started gushing. I shook with fabulous feelings, which were different from any that I'd ever felt before, and then the guilt and worry and apprehension overtook me, and I stopped her. I giggled and pretended to be faking, but she was one eighteen-year-old who knew what was going on. She's very bright and very beautiful. She is really my ideal—a perfect person.



I fell in love with Tina. I never knew I could embrace such a feeling, such an emotion, such a concept. I was already in love, with a man, a wonderful, sensitive, handsome man, but this attraction was different. It didn't lessen my love for him; it didn't infringe on it in any way. It did make me a better lover; it made me more sensitive and understanding of my sexuality, of my sensual aura, as Tina calls it; and, I think, it has thus helped my sex life with Elliot. Wait. I'm getting ahead of myself. Here's how it all began.

It happened in her apartment. The day after the laundry room scene—the only night I've never been able to sleep a wink—I went to her apartment and knocked. She let me in without a word. Elliot had just gone to work. Tina was still in her nightgown. I just stood there, and I guess that "take me" was written all over my face. She just held out her arms, and I fell into them, and in that gesture was revealed a reality that I'd been denying for a long, long time.

I felt an exquisitely unique pleasure as she took my breasts in her lips and sucked on them. I watched as she licked my legs apart, and as she kissed me down there just as she'd kissed me on the lips. I thought of all those books and how one of the women would always say, "Oh, the magic of it all is that you're so much like me!" And I thought how corny but how true. Tina introduced me to myself in a sense. It was her beautiful vulva under my cheek, her sensitive ass hole that I was sliding my fingers in and out of, her mouth that I was teasing with my hard nipple, but it had so much to do with me as a woman, and as a really fulfilled person. She was like an alter ego, an extension of my very body and soul.

Elliot was bound to find out. I hated keeping the truth from him, but I just didn't know how to tell him. I was hoping that his brother would invite us over to see stag films again and that I could tell him that the gay-women scenes had turned me on. Well, he found out the hard way, walking in on us one night, seeing it with his very own eyes. I felt such pain for him after that, and I knew the only thing I could do was to make him understand, because what had been happening was right and good for me. He never asked me to stop seeing Tina. He went through hell, trying to understand. I don't know if he ever really came to understand my deep need for making love to another woman all my life or if he just decided, "Okay, I'm going to accept this because I love her." In any case, Tina finally moved in with us, and we became a new kind of family, the three of us and the children. They accepted Tina the same way they had accepted my parents as their grandparents. Everyone was happy, and everything was going along fine. And it still is, except that Elliot is worried about the future—about something specific in the future—but I know that everything will work out.

To understand what he's worried about is to understand that Tina is young and has always had the need to mother people. She lost her own mother when she was just seven, and she lavished her attention on her little sister until the girl went off to Europe to school. She lavished that same kind of attention on me. She has given so much to little Robbie and Denise, our children. She has a loving heart, and she's wanted a child desperately. But she knows, because she has no sexual interest at all in men, that she can never have any. And that is why, because of our situation, she came to want a child by Elliot.

We were in bed one evening. Elliot had fallen asleep in the living room, and I had been sitting on Tina's bed, talking. She reached out and told me that she wanted to watch me masturbate. I had been horny all day; so I got my vibrator and stood with one leg up on the bed, my pussy spread in front of her, and worked it in and out of my pussy. Then she put it up herself while we kissed. She slid it in my ass hole as she worked her fingers in my cunt, and I had a fabulous orgasm. Then I rolled in bed with her, and I went down on her and slipped my tongue into her pussy, wiggling it around and around until she came. Then we played around some more, kissing each other's nipples, pulling teasingly on each other's cunt hair . . . and then she blurted out, in the midst of all that silly girl play, "I want a baby!"

I could have understood it better had we been really making love or if she'd been at least cradling me in her arms. But just to pull the remark out of nowhere! I laughed and made some funny retort, and then I realized that she was serious, and we sat up and talked about it. She'd been afraid to mention what she had in mind. It had seemed the right moment to broach the subject. She wondered if I would consent to letting Elliot father her child.

We both knew that Elliot had wanted to make it with her. He

had told me so many times. It was a fantasy of his. His penis was literally throbbing at the thought of entering her. Tina has always been petrified of sex with males. It's a deep psychological fact of her life, but it would be too much to go into that now. I told her that I thought the idea was a good one—for many reasons. I couldn't have any more children, because I had had my tubes tied after Denise was born. I always regretted that decision. I would be a mother again, in a sense. Tina would have a baby, the one thing she wanted and needed. And you may think that I'm off my rocker for saying this, but I think that she'll make the best mother in the world. And Elliot would finally have the pleasure of balling her, and, I hoped, the satisfaction and wonder of becoming a father again.

Now Tina is pregnant, and the baby is due in seven months. She and I are still in love, and we're having sex regularly, and often with Elliot watching (he really gets excited watching us together) or with him participating with me. She must have let Elliot fuck her some twenty-five times, but it was painful for her, difficult for her, and she could never find pleasure in heterosexual intercourse. She can't go back to doing it with him anymore. It was for one purpose only, and that purpose has been accomplished. He knew that up front, and although it seemed to bother him, he certainly was ready to fuck her like a madman when she asked for it. So everyone was honest with one another, and that's all one can ask.

I see the future as being bright, hopeful, rich. A new baby in the house! I can see my happiness in being able to live successfully with the two people I love most in the world. And it is my great belief that Elliot's fears are all unfounded, his fears about the baby upsetting our lives or about Tina leaving us. Tina loves me very deeply, and that means she loves Elliot, too, because he is so much a part of me. And he is a part of her now, a great part of her.

And, you know, aside from the emotional aspect of all this, I don't know how I could live without them—physically. I mean, it is simply heaven to lie there on the big bed in our room and turn my head and have my husband's big, hard cock slip into my cunt and to feel his balls tighten and his breathing grow faster and faster, and then to turn the other way and find Tina's young, musky pussy, her moist cunt hair for me to nuzzle with my nose, her folds, her lips, for me to kiss, and her clitoris for me to feel with my tongue. I kneel between them and look at their ass cheeks shining in the light, and I press my fingers between them, and I slide them into his ass and her ass at the same time, and I hear them both gasp, and it is like one great moan of pleasure to me. I don't know how I could live without Elliot's beautiful penis pounding in my pussy while Tina is sitting on my face, her cunt nearly smothering me as I feel his hot come shooting up inside me. I love them both so much. It would be very hard for me to say which one I love more.

Not only do I love them both so much, but also I think that I've found my own utopia. Tina has, too. And I know that Elliot will realize that it is his also, after the baby comes and his fears are allayed.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

In the second paragraph of his interview, Elliot says, "We were married as soon as we got out of school. Sure, everyone was saying that it wouldn't work; we were too young. Bullshit. Hell, a person is biologically ready to make babies and experience all the fun that goes into sex at about age fourteen; so who's to say that he has to repress it all until he's twenty-one?"

A remark like this is typical of young people. Many teenagers have the notion that physical sex is the be-all and end-all of a relationship. While I agree that physical sex is an important element in forging satisfying relationships, most relationships break down because of emotional problems.

By and large, seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds are not emotionally equipped to cope with the stresses of a marriage situation. Also, mental attitudes toward what people desire in a partner quite often change after one leaves one's teens. In order for someone to resolve the difficulties that beset every relationship, he must have not only a high degree of emotional maturity but also a strong degree of emotional stability. Although there are some eighteen-year-olds who have reached a certain degree of emotional precocity, the majority of people have not done so at this age.

Since I began counseling, I've always maintained that a relationship has a much better chance of surviving if physical sex is used as an expression of emotional commitment. Judging by this interview, Elliot seems to subscribe to the notion that physical sex is the all-important basis for a relationship.

On the other hand, Susan exhibits an emotional maturity that is quite remarkable. For this reason, I think that Susan and Elliot's marriage has a very good chance. It is her stability that will hold them together.

I must concede that for a non-bisexual person, the homosexual needs of the true bisexual are difficult to understand and accept. The true bisexual needs "both kinds of loving" in order to feel complete, but the two kinds of loving are quite different in nature and quality. I can well understand Elliot's dismay when he hears Tina whisper to Susan, "I love you, honey." If only he could have understood that Tina's love for Susan was no threat to Susan's love for him.

If Susan were less articulate and less understanding, I'm sure that the relationship with Elliot would have come to an abrupt end at this point. The fact that she was able to explain her needs to Elliot has been a dominant factor in saving their marriage. Elliot's maturity is still a little weak, but at least he's discovered that he can respond now without trauma to a ménage à trois. It is a step in the right direction.

The fact that Elliot still expresses doubt about the three-way relationship reveals that he does not yet feel emotionally secure with Susan. In my view, he is worrying unnecessarily. Tina will probably take full responsibility for her child, even to the deliberate exclusion of Elliot. However, Susan, who is by far the dominant character in this threesome, must persuade Elliot his responsibilities lie with her children. If Elliot tries to intrude in Tina's act, I'm sure he will be rejected.

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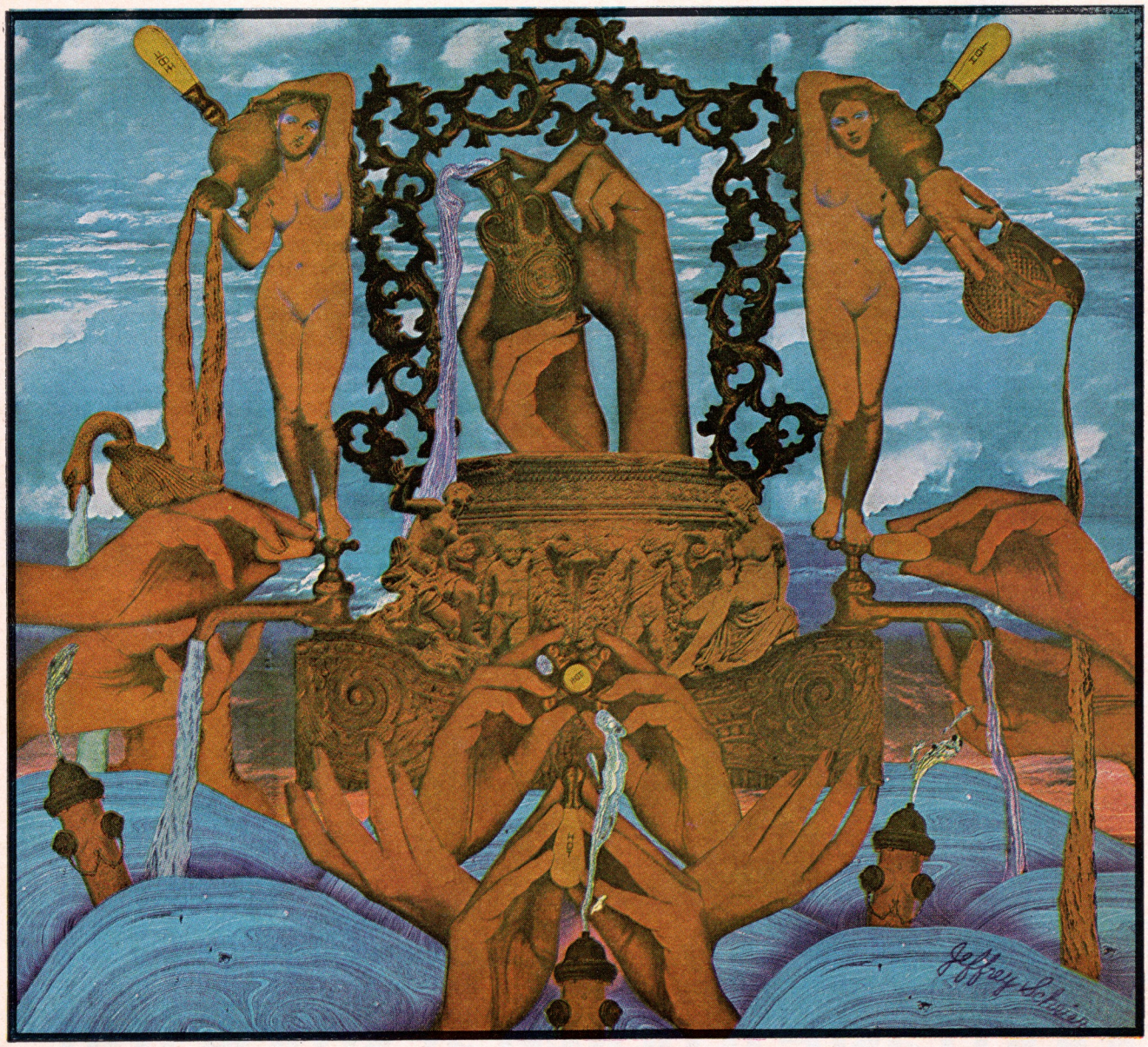
THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

BY MARTINE



JANUARY 20 **AQUARIUS** FEBRUARY 18

THE AQUARIUS MALE

Aquarius is addicted to falling in love; not being in love, mind you, just falling. You see, Aquarius really believes that the only way to stay permanently in love is to switch partners almost every month.

What interrupts his smooth sailing, though, is the women who don't go along, the ones who insist on stability. They don't particularly like it when, over dinner at a restaurant, he blithely converses with the pretty waitress—then has her leave her telephone number clipped to the underside of the check. Yet Aquarius isn't a Don Juan. Instead, he is remarkably true to his woman—in his fashion. He devotes himself to only one female at a time. But isn't it amazing how time flies?

Each new love has to be someone special. He won't bed down that typist in the office just because she has compelling curves; and while the waitress's shapely legs may draw his attention, she's also got to interest him *as a person*. For Aquarius, the meeting of minds must always precede the meeting of bodies. He wants to understand a woman and have her understand him, so that when they go to bed together it won't be a simple problem of making ends meet.

He is a romantic, willing to risk a broken heart for the pleasure of the moment. At times his behavior seems so impulsive that you might think he's bent on hurting himself or others. But on careful examination, you'll discover that the action was not so impulsive as it seemed. The last thing he wants to do is hurt anybody, much less himself.

Being a romantic also makes him an idealist who would like to make everyone happy. His ambition is to do something important and meaningful with his life. He believes the greater a man's ability, the greater the obligation to use that ability for the good of all. Many Aquarius men go into politics or become involved in social causes. If there's a worthy banner lying around, the Aquarian will pick it up and start waving.

Aquarius makes friends easily and has a knack for turning friends into admirers. People are drawn to his selflessness and his humanitarianism. They want to follow this fellow who follows a dream.

Aquarius males are attracted to the new professions: electronics, space-age technologies, television. They are original thinkers, trailblazers, not the kind who seek advice. What they need from others is emotional support.

On the surface, the Aquarius male appears "average" or "normal," with few objectionable qualities. But his nature contains subtleties and nuances, and his doings will provide some surprises as you get to know him. He is not transparent, for while it seems that you can look right through him, you are never quite sure that there aren't some shadows there.

On the negative side, Aquarius is much too sensitive and too easily injured, and usually sees himself as unjustly victimized. He is distressed by argument or injustice and will retreat into himself. He rarely bothers to defend his actions or explain or apologize. He *is* what he does and lets what he does speak for him.

AQUARIUS AS A LOVER

Some women think Aquarius men carry a low sexual charge, that they can take sex or leave it. But these women have not experienced real intimacy with an Aquarius. If they had, they'd know better.

For once an Aquarian's passions are aroused and directed at a specific woman, she will discover a highly accomplished lover. He is not one of those who read a sex manual and wonder how he ever made love without it. He doesn't believe in analyzing sex. If you're doing it well, why bother? He doesn't treat a woman as simply the target for a given night (as Scorpio may) and doesn't think of her as created to adore his phallic magnificence (as Leo can). Aquarius sees a woman as an individual first and a bed partner second.

He does not expect a woman to be easily won. It never quite occurs to him that she has sexual drives fully as urgent as his own; so he sets about wooing her with exemplary but exasperating patience.

But once his pet has convinced him that she really does think sex is fun, she'll find that making love with him will be like living in the midst of a carnival: there's always a new, exciting ride. Nothing human is alien to me, said an ancient Latin playwright. Your typical Aquarius would adapt that to read: Nothing sexual is alien to me.

One dear Aquarian friend of mine has a tendency to prolong a date or a seduction situation as if it were a whole week of drawn-out soap-opera episodes. He invites you to dinner. His cooking, you discover, would turn Craig Claiborne ravenous, and there's fine champagne and wine. After dinner you sit on the terrace outside his house and linger for a third or fourth drink. Then, if it's summer, he suggests a skinny-dip in his pool. So far, so good. But what you expect to follow doesn't. Instead there are more drinks, and the glamorous evening goes on and on. Finally, he will start nibbling at your ear, biting your neck, kissing your lips. But when you're more than ready for more, what does he suggest? The bedroom? No. A trip to the sauna! And after that . . . and so on.

Aquarius always prefers the exotic to the usual. He simply must have his variations. How about having sex in the shallow end of the swimming pool? Or with him wheeling you around the bedroom? How about a quilled-sheath condom or a penis extender? Another Aquarius male I know ordered condoms made to look like a snake with a protruding red tongue; the scales provided added friction during lovemaking.

Well, I said that the Aquarius male was imaginative, didn't I?

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR AQUARIANS

Treating rules as if they were made for breaking can be a plus—but it will quickly turn into a minus if you won't take advice. Listen to those with more experience. *Try to live more in the reality of now, less in the daydreams of a time to come.*

THE AQUARIUS FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She's as changeable as a kaleidoscope. She's usually alert, outgoing, friendly, and attractive. Then, suddenly, the mood shifts, and she is withdrawn and passive, uncaring and acid-tongued. That's because this woman is basically cerebral.

She may at first seem reserved and aloof, for she won't be treated like any bedmate for the night. If you're looking simply for a quick tumble in the hay, look elsewhere. She's not prudish, but she has high standards and won't let them down for any johnny-come-quickly.

She considers herself any man's equal—and that includes her belief in doing a man's work for a man's pay. One reason why she so often succeeds in business is that she is willing to accept a challenge, and she knows how to inspire others to their best.

If you want to win over an Aquarius female, here are two tips. First, never, but *never*, tell her what to wear or what to do—especially not in public. Second, don't try to make her like your friends. She'll make up her own mind, thank you, and just because you like them doesn't mean she has to. She likes most people, though, and will probably get along with your friends.

Her oral sexual proclivities shock the conventional-minded. She is particularly adept at erotic talk—that often-overlooked preliminary to lovemaking—and can practically whisper a man into orgasm! Her mouth is a virtuoso instrument, and not just when she's talking. She can use it to bring any man's penis to the peak of pulsing, passionate perfection.

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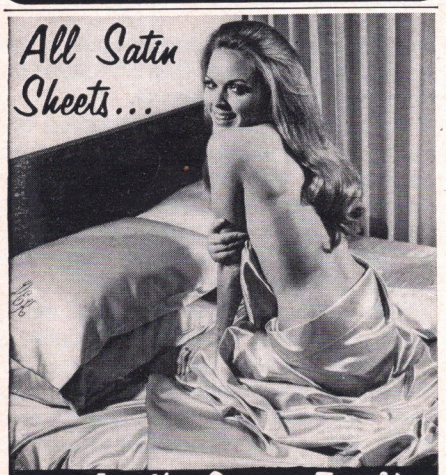

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AQUARIUS'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

AQUARIUS AND ARIES You'll enjoy plenty of fun and frolicking in fornication. Neither of you likes to be dominated, however, and Aries *must* take the lead.

AQUARIUS AND TAURUS Your more casual approach to sex will prove baffling to highly passionate Taurus, who doesn't want a mere pet. Morever, Taurus loves home, whereas you love to wander.

AQUARIUS AND GEMINI You'll find Gemini willing to go along with your taste for sexual experimentation, and you can calm down Gemini's flightiness in other areas.

AQUARIUS AND CANCER You don't understand why Cancer can't play it cool, and you dislike Cancer's possessiveness. There's too much emotion in the air.

AQUARIUS AND LEO You'll start off on a high note, but then the notes will start going sour. Leo is physical; you're mental.

AQUARIUS AND VIRGO You think Virgo a cold fish. Virgo thinks you suffer from overdeveloped sensuality, with a bizarre touch.

AQUARIUS AND LIBRA You'll get Libra's cooperation in sexual fun and games, and you'll both enjoy each other's interest in music and the arts.

AQUARIUS AND SCORPIO You're turned off by Scorpio's powerful and jealous passions, and Scorpio is upset by your unpredictable moods.

AQUARIUS AND SAGITTARIUS You're both so innovative about sex that you ought to charge admission just so others might see what goes on in your bedroom.

AQUARIUS AND CAPRICORN Your adventurous ideas in the bedroom aren't understood here. Capricorn is cautious, a solid but straightforward lover.

AQUARIUS AND AQUARIUS You admire and like each other, and why not? That's your reflection in the mirror. Sensible and sexually suited to one another, you share wide-ranging interests.

AQUARIUS AND PISCES An unusual sexual intimacy gradually weakens as Pisces demands more and more proofs of love. You'll feel hemmed in by an all-clinging web. But you'll soon struggle free.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) That friend you asked to intercede isn't entirely serving your interests. Between February 15 and 24 everything may seem to conspire against you, and you don't know whom you can trust. You will discover, however, that your only serious antagonist is yourself. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 4, 7, 15, 21–22.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) After the first week of February there is an interesting development in a love affair that's been smoldering since the flames went out. In business, your tried-and-true methods bring you to the brink of a very important success. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 6, 12, 14, 23–24.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) You've been a little too optimistic for your own good, and this has led you into a tricky sexual situation. Keep a steady hand on your emotional helm and don't refuse any offers. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 8–9, 17, 19–20, 26.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) In a sexual relationship, you are subjected to a "pulling and hauling" that you have to resist. If you can do so, your future with this person begins to look much brighter. Assert your rights forcefully. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 1, 5, 11, 21, 28.

LEO (July 23–August 22) You are very dissatisfied with the status quo, but that's to be expected, especially when Mars moves into your house of partnerships on February 10. Your normally incendiary nature is now on a very short fuse; there is bound to be conflict. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 3–4, 12, 18, 20–21.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) You are likely to meet someone (a Pisces) whose sexual interests provoke you in a delightful way. But there's too little in common between you, and her past is strewn with lovers. Around February 16–17, be alert for the appearance of a friend who provides the solution to a dilemma. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 1, 6, 13–14, 22–23.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) You are so sexually keyed up that you have difficulty in handling it. During the first half of February, women seem to be piling up at your doorstep. A sharp change in your fortunes may affect your style of living. Be discreet about a business affair that is winding to a close. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 2, 8, 16–18, 25–26.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) This is sure to be an exciting, turbulent period. Your normally passionate nature is ignited by someone who until now has been a mere acquaintance. The conflagration may burn quite out of control; you need to keep a vigilant watch on your own volcanic emotions—and on any potential eruptions of irrational jealousy. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 1, 9–10, 18–19, 28.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) You've been through a relatively quiet period, but your eye is roving again. There's a strong influence from Venus early in February. You have so much energy that you can handle both sexual and career obligations with flare. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 3, 12–13, 16, 27.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) Between February 8 and 14, your finances should be favorable. A career matter that has been in a precarious balance for some time can be swung in your favor. You will emerge the winner if you don't yield on what's important. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 5, 11, 14, 23–24.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) This is your birthday month, and you are gifted with special magnetism. Auguries for you in career are also very bright, and you are able to conclude a deal that has an important effect on your future. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 2, 7–8, 16, 22, 28.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) There is a dramatic quickening in the pace of events for you during February. *Sexually Potent Days:* February 1, 9–10, 18, 26.

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IN THE FEBRUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHAT MAKES HOOKERS GOOD IN BED?

The no-holds-barred answers are revealed by some young ladies (Las Vegas style), who are equally informative about their techniques. Must reading for the curious and for the connoisseur.

IMPOTENCE SURVEY RESULTS

Forum readers were asked to relate their own personal experiences with this problem. Men of all ages responded, and their frank answers will help you understand the various causes of impotence, and—in many instances—the cures.

IF YOU FANTASIZE DURING SEX . . .

If so, join the gang. It's not only a common phenomenon but also normal, claims psychologist Kaela Austin. This article will do more than ease your guilt; it will make your next bedroom session more enjoyable—and exciting.

HAIR—HOW TO KEEP IT WHERE IT BELONGS

What man isn't concerned about possible hair loss? Happily, there are ways to prevent it. Don't miss this up-to-date advice for keeping your hair—and keeping it attractive and sexy.

A PAEAN TO CUNNILINGUS

Al Goldstein, the founder and editor of *Screw* magazine, offers praise to this indoor sport. In addition, he reveals the secrets that have earned him the reputation of being one of America's most charismatic "cunnilinguistic" cognoscenti.

MRS. POLK'S SUDIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

hissing fire of buffalo chips, the dark shapes of the hobbled horses dwarfed under a sky too big for her to comprehend. Her head ached in the presence of that sky, she felt as if she were drowning in the concavity of a vast eye, she longed to hide from its pitiless gaze.

The Old Man said less and less, as if each mile between him and the last settlements were marked by an abandoned word. Corbeau was off to the north of them most of the days, getting meat, and sometimes they heard the lost reverberations of his rifle, lonesome and ghostly in the wind. The Indian's black eyes rarely swung away from the horizon, and even when he knelt right next to her by the fire and she could see the coppery plane between his jaw and cheekbone, somehow he wasn't there; he was up ahead.

"But where are we *going*?" she asked again and again.

"There," the Old Man said, pointing to the West, to nothing.

"But why?"

"Why not?" Meeks said, giving her a singed chuck of antelope. "Seeing the way it is back there."

"But I don't want to go."

"You reckon I wanted to go? At first? . . . I wanted to get away from all that."

The Old Man's beard was streaked bile-yellow with tobacco juice, and his eye was impervious, but he said: "That's not it, boy. It's the way it is up yonder that's the reason," and he creaked up on stiff legs, went off to his place, and wrapped himself for the night.

It went on and on. It became her life. Corbeau shot a rattlesnake, and she ate her share, gagging. When they used up what the mule carried, they turned it loose, but it kept up with them for two days, then fell behind, and then wandered off. Mute buffalo stood, bigger than coffins, on the dark line of butte as the sun westered down under an immense shelf of storm cloud. The stitching in her shoes gave way, and they collapsed. The Indian cut her a pair of moccasins out of black-dyed buckskin, and she managed to leave the spent shoes at the campsite when they rode on. But it was out of habit. It was without hope or much thought.

"But can't we stop early, by a wash?" she complained on a mildish day. "So's I can take a bath?" She could smell herself. "And you all stink, too," she said crossly, "but for him," indicating the Blackfoot. "Why don't he smell? I want to know. Ain't he human?"

She went on insisting, and they camped by a muddy creek bed with a few good-sized willows bending over it, now, in mid-October, rustling with dry leaves. It was bland in the yellow haze of afternoon. Meeks went off, looking for prairie dogs for supper. Two hawks circled like tranced kites far up in the sky above them. She felt as eager for the feel of water as for the taste

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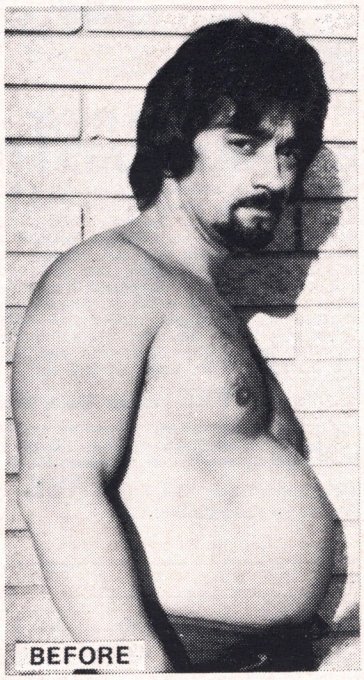

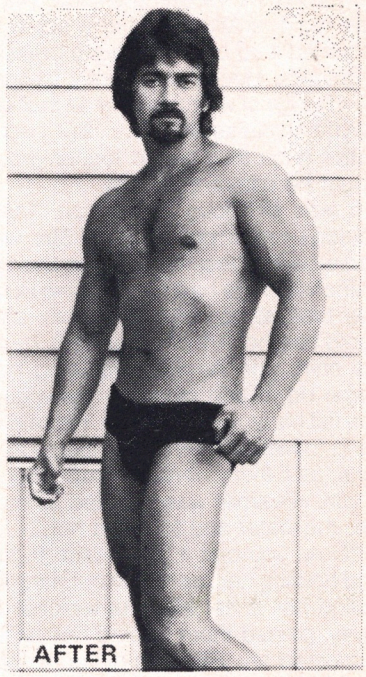

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of cider. "Now, you men, just keep your eyes on your silly old mountains," she said, because for the last two days something had become faintly visible to the West—a vague shimmer of gray stopping the eye, still shapeless, no more than an intimation but there nevertheless. And unaccountably her spirits had lifted.

She went down into the wash and stripped, humming a song to herself, though hymns were all she knew. The water was tepid, shallow, and she sat in it and splashed it up over her young breasts and shoulders. Meeks was surely feeling bad . . . change of weather after all that rain . . . maybe a cold settling in . . . But it would be better once they got to higher ground. It would be different anyway.

It was delicious in the sun. The wind couldn't reach down there. She washed herself with pleasure. And then she saw the Frenchman. He had taken off his Hudson's Bay blanket coat in the warmth, and she could see the glint of a crucifix in the cleft of his shirt, and he was watching her. He came down and stood by the water, and she felt his lynx eyes on her. He said something to himself in French, hoarse and guttural, as if there were an obstruction in his throat. His smile was crooked as he came into the water and touched her.

"Now, you quit it," she said, frightened and holding her breasts in her hands as he pulled her to her feet. He took her hands away, pinned them behind her back, and inspected her. She had never noticed before how black and pupil-less his eyes were. He ran his free hand over her in the exploring way he had with the small animals he brought back to skin.

Then all at once a shadow fell across them as Meeks came hurling off the rise onto Corbeau, knocking him away. They grappled in the shallow wash, thrashing around like thirst-maddened dogs, uttering not a sound. She stood off from them, buck-naked, rivulets of muddy water running down her thighs, and was as surprised as they were when the shot went off like the crack of a branch breaking under ice.

The Old Man had fired in the air, and he stood under the largest willow now, a crazy, fringed creature, looking spavined and small, sighting down the barrel of a rifle at the spot between her breasts. Above him, and beyond, she saw the two hawks in the upper air wheel away from the echo.

"I'll kill her!" the Old Man yelled. "I'll drop her like a bitch wolf if you two don't back off——" Meeks and Corbeau sprawled in the water, spluttering and blinking in astonishment.

"But she's mine!" Meeks said, trying to get up and slipping in the mud. "Goddamn it, I took her in *payment*!"

The Frenchman had managed to make his feet, uttered what must have been a curse, and then said to the Old Man: "Hey, this one, eh? With his talk of justice? . . . *Merde alors*!"

The Old Man squinted down his rifle, the only eye that was looking at her nakedness,

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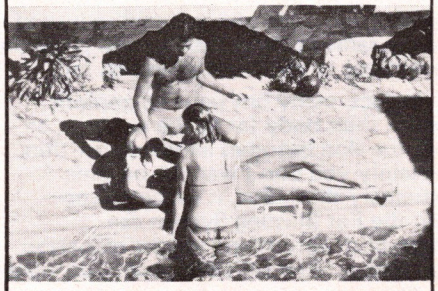

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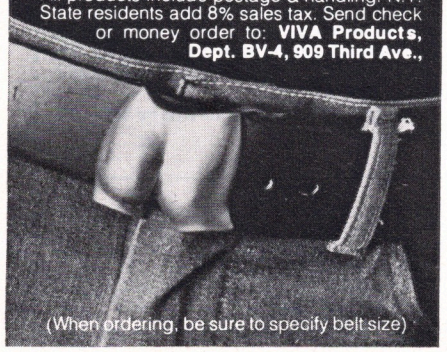

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and said: "Nobody owns nothin' out here, boys; so you work it out, or I'll work it out for you. I'll put her out of her misery; that's what. And us, too."

Meeks was outraged and confused at once and yelled at the Old Man, Corbeau, and the unlistening sky. It became comic, and the Old Man eased his shoulder against the willow, waiting, and Corbeau, hand on hip, rationalized. "*I* shoot the meat," he said, stabbing at his chest with his thumb, "and this *voyageur* ain't about to starve for the rest—*mais non*!"

"But wait a minute," Meeks protested, "I've got my rights—I've——"

The Old Man suddenly laughed a dry, little cackle that sounded like the shifting of corn shucks in a mattress: "Good God-amighty!" he rasped, shaking his head. "Won't I *never* be quits with all that?"

Meeks was embarrassed and angry and couldn't reconcile the two feelings. "Well, damn it," he said. "Well, maybe this once—but shit—what the hell—but it ain't fair——"

She stood there up to her calves in the water and stamped her foot furiously. "What about me? What about *me*!" as the Old Man lowered his rifle.

So that night the Frenchman wrapped her up, and, hating it, she let him use her, too. He wasn't rough, and he did something to her that had never been done to her before, and against her will she liked it some but also guessed she didn't like it more. But anyway he crooned those concertina songs afterward, and she mollified Meeks on the other nights, really liking him better, and the mountains loomed, with illusory clarity, a little nearer every day.

"Is that where we're going?"

"No," the Old Man said. "Hundred miles beyond them, maybe more."

"Well, I need another blanket then," she fretted, "for during the days. I've got sores on me."

Corbeau started to unthong his, but Meeks snapped out, "No, she'll use mine. Understand?" and the Frenchman shrugged, abruptly swung his horse's head south, and loped off with his rifle into the open plain.

"I don't care whose," she said a little haughtily, "and I want to stop earlier, too, so's one of you can make me a proper place to sleep."

That night they did stop earlier, and the Indian cut scrub for under her blanket, and Meeks made a bigger fire than usual. In the evening light the snow on the distant mountains glowed an unearthly pink. The air was as clear and chill as a winter windowpane, and stars came out faintly to the north and then fiercened with the full dark. "Now, where's he got to with our supper?" she said over and over again.

But the Frenchman never returned. They ate jerked meat from two days before, and in the morning Meeks and the Indian went out to look for him. She watched them riding in ever-widening circles until they were tiny dots on the grassy horizon and then vanished over it. She and the Old Man

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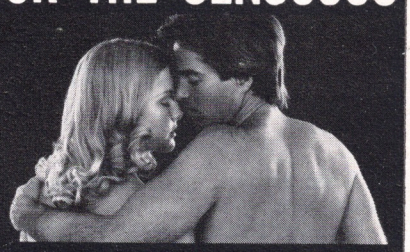

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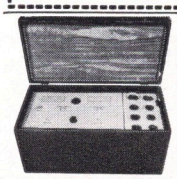

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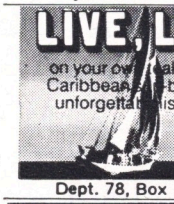

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waited all day, the Old Man sleeping flat on his back, gnarled hands clasped on his chest, as she chattered on to him. "When I get back, no one'll believe it, where I've been," she said. "Just think of it. And I ain't goin' back into service neither; I've settled on that."

Meeks and the Indian came back at dusk, the flanks of their horses foamed with sweat in which trapped flies struggled feebly. "We found the horse way south of here. Broke a leg in a pothole, and the Frenchy must have shot him. But we never found *him* . . . We cut off a coupla steaks though."

The Old Man pursed his lips and said something terse to the Indian, who shook his head, sat on his heels, and began pounding a piece of horsemeat with the handle of his big knife. "Reckon he ran off," the Old Man said. "There wasn't no profit in this for him."

"Just as well," Meeks said, glancing at her with sheepish triumph. "I never cottoned to his morals."

The Old Man looked old in the firelight: "I figured you would've killed him by next week anyway."

"You mean you're just gonna leave it at that!" she exclaimed furiously. "You ain't even gonna look for him?" But no one answered that question, and the next day they rode on.

They worked their way around Fort Laramie, riding all night in a driving rain, the horses stepping gingerly along over uneven ground they couldn't see. She kept wanting to stop and make some coffee.

"We better not have a fire till tomorrow night, honey," Meeks said. "They put out scouts."

"Oh," she replied, "I didn't think of that." Nor did she think that Laramie would have meant houses, people, freedom for her. She just rode on in front of Meeks, worried a little because his cold had held on for ten days now and he had begun to rasp when he talked.

They were in higher country now. The raw edges of the mountains were white above timber. Sometimes streamers of cloud got snagged on their pinnacles. There was often the sound of rushing water, and the nights were bone-cold. The Indian studied bear spoor, went off on foot one day, and shot a buck that kept them in fresh meat for a week. Meeks's cough had settled in his chest, and she took to wrapping him in the range jacket against her body in the nights. The Old Man stood sniffing the air in the frosty mornings, his nostrils flaring and steaming like the horses', and he kept urging them on with crazy impatience. "Got to get up in back there before the real snows, I tell you, and get wintered in."

It became an idea to her, too, like an impossible chore that had to be done, and she took to riding behind Meeks and holding him on as he talked in his fever. "Want to see you up there, see, next spring, bathing under the aspens," he muttered confusedly. "That's all it don't have up there. A female nekkid in that nekkidness. It's all I want out of it now."

Her time was due again, but for some reason she went to the Old Man rather than Meeks. "I'll—I'll need some rags," she said, and he nodded stoically and gave her the tatters of an old shirt. But she didn't need the shirt after all and a week later knew for sure she was in the family way. By whom? By what? It occupied her for part of an hour as she skinned the rabbit the Indian had brought in.

Then one raw, clear day, when the fir spines looked as graphic and burnished as clusters of sewing needles, they were working up a shaly stretch of high ground, and she was just thinking that she ought to get off and walk, when the horse lost its footing and pitched over, throwing her clear but pinning Meeks under its shattered shoulder bone. The horse flailed around, kicking uselessly at the shale, eyes distended, wild, a hoarse, bubbling scream in its throat. The Old Man leaned over the animal, holding its rearing snout down against the ground, rifle cocked in his armpit, expressionless eye fixed on the darting eye below him as he shot the horse cleanly in the temple.

Meeks was groaning when they got the carcass off him, and his leg looked funny and askew. The Old Man crouched and felt it carefully, then said something to the In-

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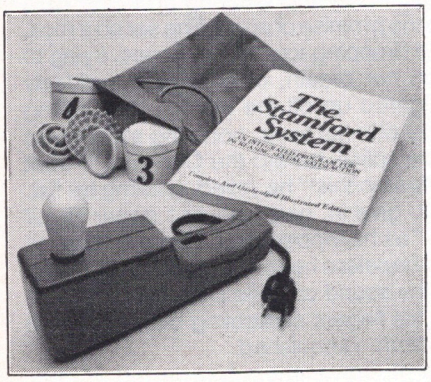

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dian, and then said to Meeks: "'Fraid it's busted, boy. We gonna have to drag you."

Meeks was dizzied by the pain but, even more, angered by it: "Why'd this have to happen on top of the rest? I don't understand, God fuck it!"

"We'll splint you up and drag you. Hush up."

She held Meeks's head in her lap, rubbing his chest when he coughed, as the Old Man bound two pieces of sapling to his leg, and the Indian made a travois. Meeks seemed so helpless there on the slippery shale, eyes rolling with fear and fury, that her heart went out to him—"I'll be all right, darlin'; we'll get you there . . . Hey, don't he know some Injun medicine for the fever?"—some premonition connected with her mother crossing her mind.

Thereafter, the Indian dragged Meeks on the travois, and she walked beside him, wiping his streaming face, and they made their way slowly up through stands of primeval trees, carrying Meeks between the horses over clear streams rushing toward waterfalls, easing him over rocky uplands, where even the horses were skittish and out of their element. Meeks worsened, the fever sometimes contorted his face like an evil hand, he raved incoherently, and the place on his thigh where the bone had come through was suppurating, despite the Blackfoot's herbs. "Madness!" he kept muttering through the long, arduous afternoons in the thin air. "It's all madness!"

"Do something," she harangued the Old Man around the fire at night. "Don't you care at all?"

His gaze had become as blank and abstracted as the Indian's since they'd started climbing: "Child, whatcha want me to do?" he said. "I figure maybe another two weeks and we'll be there."

She went on, numbed out of all sensation, sick in the mornings now, beyond outrage, bone-weary, and always distracted by the stark immensity of the mountains—toward some ultimate center of which they were making their way. Her body seemed worn beyond the point where it registered anything but hunger and the need for sleep, and her mind was dulled. She put one foot in front of the other, she negotiated the dangerous stretches, and it was enough.

Then one mid-morning Meeks went crazy. They had paused near a rocky escarpment littered with goat droppings. The mountain sky was blearing up to the West with the promise of snow. She sat on a rock, head drooping toward her knees, trying to catch her breath, when Meeks suddenly staggered up off the travois, eyes rolling madly with the fever, hobbling stiff-legged on the splints toward the Old Man. "I want you to *stop* this!" he yelled, shaking his fist. "Quit, give in, give up—or I swear I'll *kill* you!" as he tripped over a boulder and fell in a shapeless heap, the saplings cracking like the sound of a rifle shot. He lay moaning, his fingers scrabbling out of reflex at the earth, vanquished.

As it sometimes happened in her

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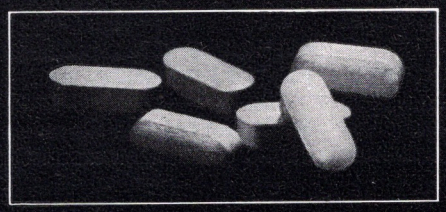

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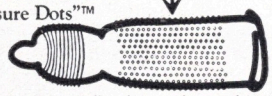

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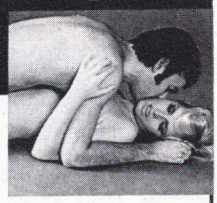

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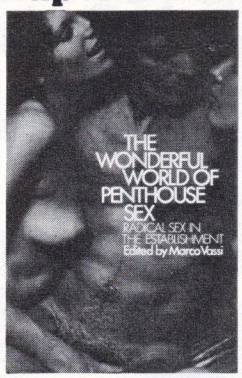

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dreams, she saw, at once, the Old Man standing over Meeks; she saw the rock-strewn slope across the gorge from them; she saw the Indian kneeling, his brown hand laid on Meeks's thigh and the dark blood pulsing through his fingers; she saw the way the scrub clutched at the rock, somehow finding earth through its crevices; and she saw the Old Man look down at Meeks the way he had looked at the horse.

"No," she managed to say, "no," as the Old Man stood off a ways, carefully leveled his rifle, and then pulled the trigger. Meeks spasmed and went inert, and the Indian waited a moment, as if for the spirit to leave, and then fingered the dead lips together.

"Why!" she shrieked, trying to get to her feet. "Why'd you have to do that? Oh, my God——!"

"He was dead awready," the Old Man said, "but for his mind."

She sat on the cold ground, sobbing and retching—not just because of Meeks, but because of that harsh, lone place that cared nothing for a death—as the Indian and the Old Man hauled Meeks to an open, level spot, too hard to dig, and started to pile stones on him.

It began to snow as they finished—big, soft flakes whirling up through the ravines into their faces, an utter hush, almost reverential, coming down. She looked at the cairn they had made, trying to feel sad or furious or frightened, but all her feelings were blanked out, benumbed.

"We better get off this rise before we camp," she murmured.

"Yes," the Old Man said, brushing the snow out of his beard. "You ride with him."

She got up in back of the Indian, holding him around the waist, feeling the hard shoulder blade against her cheek, and thinking, "I've gone as crazy as that Old Man."

The going was bad after that. They walked as much as they rode, wrapped in the blankets all day. The horses were starving there in the high, grassless country. It snowed intermittently, but the winds blew the snow away. They were working their way up over what seemed an interminable range of mountain. Her waking hours were a nightmare of snow blur, treacherous footing, and exhaustion, dominated by the single thought, "If I can't keep up, he'll just leave me or shoot me like the horse."

But she kept up, and one day the Indian came back with a weasel, white and velvety to the touch, which he skinned carefully, scraping the inside clean, and, looking her in the eyes for the first time, he draped it around her shivering neck.

"That means honor in his tribe," the Old Man said. "That means you come almost far enough."

They were camped in a high clearing, sheltered by big pines, the lower branches of which sagged under snow, and away from them everything fell away, and there was a lake, like a jagged piece of gray glass, in the dark forest far off down there. "That's the place," the Old Man added; "that's what I remembered . . . Take us maybe two-three days to work our way down."

She looked as she would have looked at just another campsite, thinking, "Fresh water, plenty wood, no wind . . ."

She tried to shake herself aware. The Old Man's beard was congealed with ice. She was wearing Meeks's extra pair of long johns. She realized that the Indian had slipped off her moccasin, pulled down her stocking, and was kneading her bare foot between his hands to get the blood going. She was there.

"What's his name anyway?" she said dully. "I never spoke to him all this time."

"Joe-Jack," the Old Man said, sucking on a bad tooth, "that is——," and he pronounced a long name in Blackfoot, the first part of which sounded like that. "He's a Piegan. Southernmost Blackfoot. His country's way north of here . . . It means Bear-Dreamer." He ruminated on the Indian's bent head, pulling the eagle-feathered buckskin lower over his brows. "Blackfeet hate all whites, see, and most Indians, too . . . God-amighty, twenty years ago they killed all my friends out here . . . Dint I tell you? He's my natural son."

She looked at the Old Man and then at the Indian but saw no resemblance other than a certain look around the eyes.

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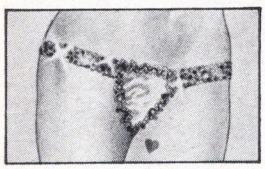

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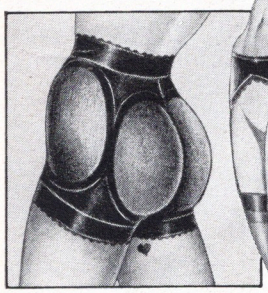

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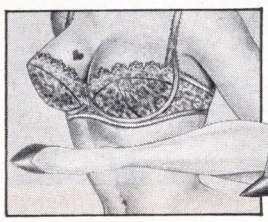

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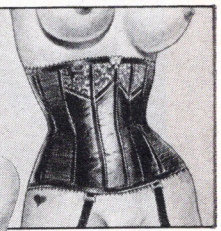

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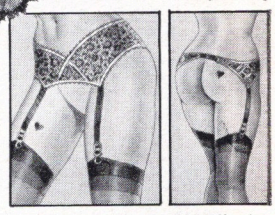

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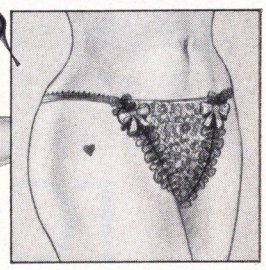

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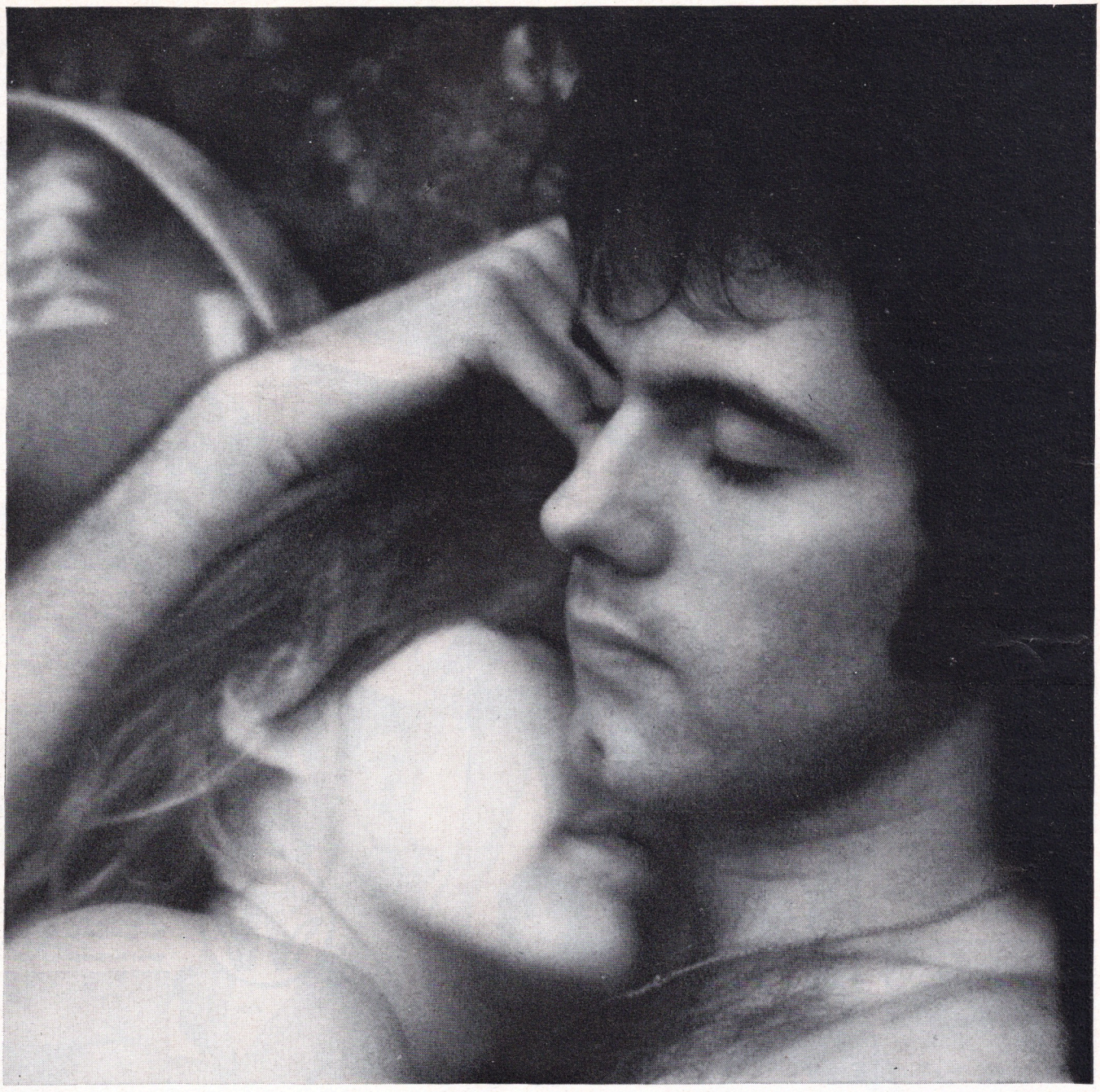

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"He's a brave now, too. Look here." And the Old Man reached down, pulled open the Indian's tunic, and proudly exposed the healed wounds around his dark nipples. "Went through the Sun Dance," he said, nodding. "Yes, *all* the way . . . They go off—three days or more—to purify themselves . . . His mother was a real fine woman, too. I laid with her a hundred miles north of here, up near the Bitterroots—we'll make for there if they come after us—and I figure Manitou—that's the spirit of this land, see—must have come up through her from the ground and right on into me." His eye swerved away to the valley far below, and he sniffed at a snowflake. "Guess so anyway, 'cause I never been the same." He laughed and got to his feet. 'Ruined for the world,' they usta say about me. *'What* world?' I usta say back."

She followed him, out of habit, to the precipitous edge of the escarpment, where he stood musing in his moccasins, somehow as small and fragile as he was indomitable, staring down into the snowy vastness toward that jagged shard of lake. "That's it," he muttered. "That's what I dreamed . . ." He touched her arm distractedly and glanced at her. "Good place to be born, child," he said, like a bachelor uncle trying to be parental. "Good place to birth, too . . ."

"But why?" she said, following his gaze outward and down. "All this way—I never understood . . . What will you *do* there?"

"Die. Live." She saw in his face the look that had never gotten free of Meeks's bitter lips. "Just whatever," he added with a dismissing gesture.

"I never realized till right now," she said, surprised at the discovery, "but I don't know your name neither."

He turned too rashly, chuckling, wry, and as he lost his footing, he said, "Old Sam—Sam Dog-g-e-t-t," suddenly falling away from her down into the white, swirling void below, his thin arms flailing for a hold that wasn't there, and the buckskin hat whipped off his head by the wind, the eagle feathers seeming to spread for an instant as it fluttered after him, like a shot bird, to land off in the spruce scrub, far down there, where he lay broken like a puppet on the rocks.

Her scream echoed back to her out of the snow, bringing the Indian from under the pines in the clearing. He peered down, holding her back, his hand flat on her chest, his face registering nothing but the facts—the sheer drop of the cliff, the scrub, the hat, the rocks, the Old Man—all three hundred feet below.

She sat down in the snow, shaking her head back and forth, and babbling, "He's dead; I know it. They're all dead . . . God, what will I do now?"

The Indian quickly pulled her to her feet and hurried her back to the horses. She stood there as he tied the Old Man's horse to his pony by a long halter. She let him lift her up on the pony and tie her by the waist to the saddle horn. She noticed that his long, black hair was lank with melted snow as he led the horses to the far side of the clearing. She looked where he pointed and saw the trail winding down and away through the pines. She nodded when he gestured for her to go on and stared with amazement as he loped back to the cliff edge and let himself down over it. She was alone.

It took her the rest of the day to work her way down through the heavy silence of the snowy woods, in which only the chuffing of the starved horses sounded. Her spine ached from leaning back to keep upright, her thighs were cramped from holding on, her heels rubbed themselves raw against the moccasins kicking the pony onward when it shied. She kept on, going by instinct, and it was winter dusk—as desolate there in the wilderness as at the end of the world—when she urged the horses up through the scrub to where the Indian had already built the platform, laid the Old Man on top of it, made a big fire nearby, and begun his chant. She huddled on her knees by the blazing spruce twigs, watching as the outline of the Old Man's body gradually blurred in the dark and snow, and the Indian's high, singsong wail wavered away up the cliff face like the cry of a grieving loon. That night he shot the Old Man's horse where it lay, unable to get up anymore, and butchered out enough of what was left of the flanks to last two days,

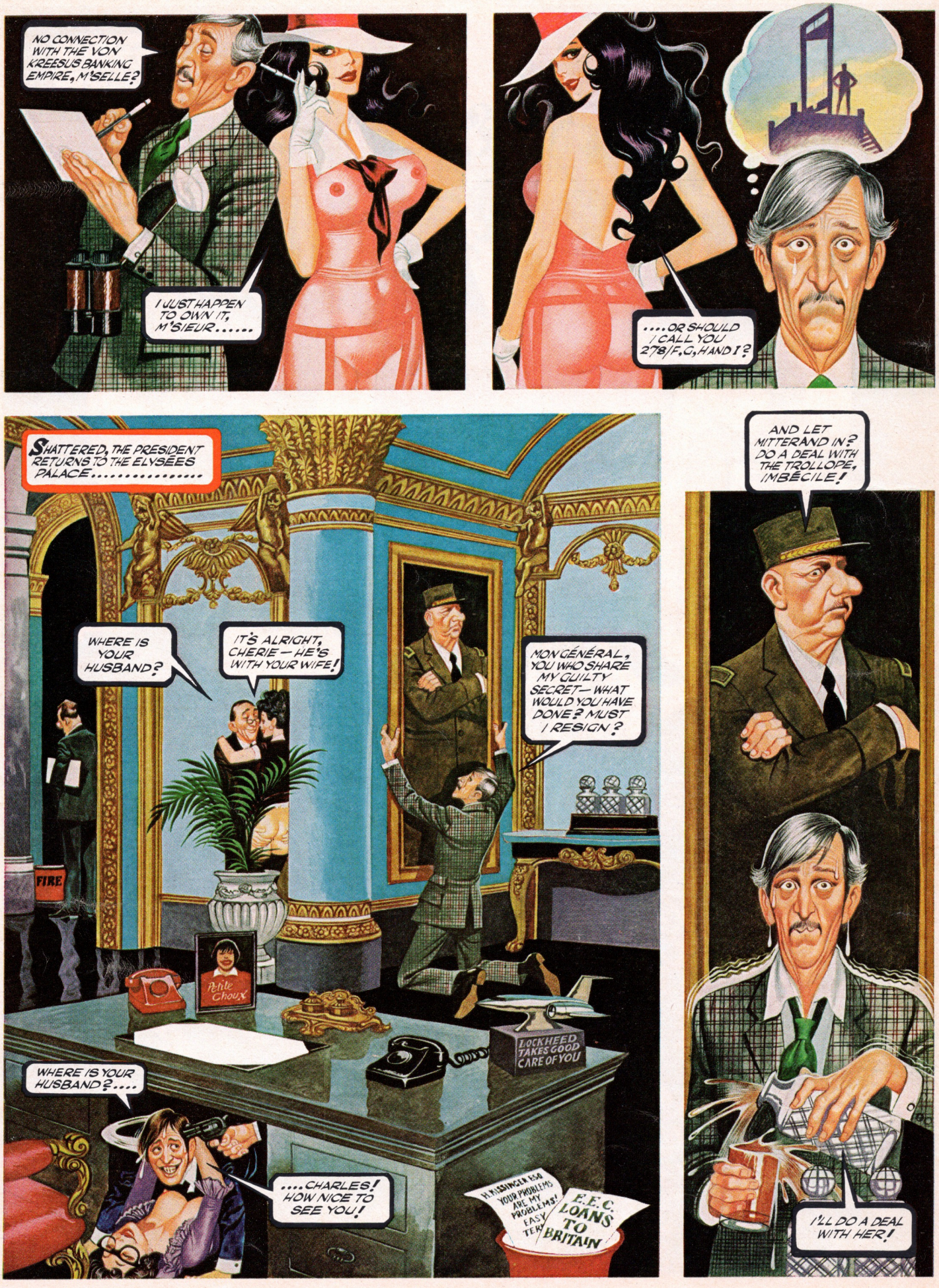
CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

OH, WICKED WANDA!
WANDA'S NEWEST SECRET WEAPON: THE ILLEGAL DEPOSITS BY FOREIGN STATESMEN IN HER ZURICH BANKS.....
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING HERE? WITH A MIND LIKE MINE I COULD BE REVITALIZING WESTERN INDUSTRY!
THE RECORDS SHOW, MOSTRESS, THAT THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT HAS NO LESS THAN FOUR NUMBERED ACCOUNTS!
TRÈS BIEN, EGG-BONCE! PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR CINQUANTE LASHES!
HE WHO CAN, DOES. HE WHO CANNOT, TEACHES
OF HUMAN BONDAGE
S.M. MAULEM
"RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR ANGLO-SWISS TIE-UP" THE GODDAM ADVERT SAID!
HERE'S WHERE IT BEGINS TO GET DELIGHTFULLY COMPLICATED, BOO'FUL!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

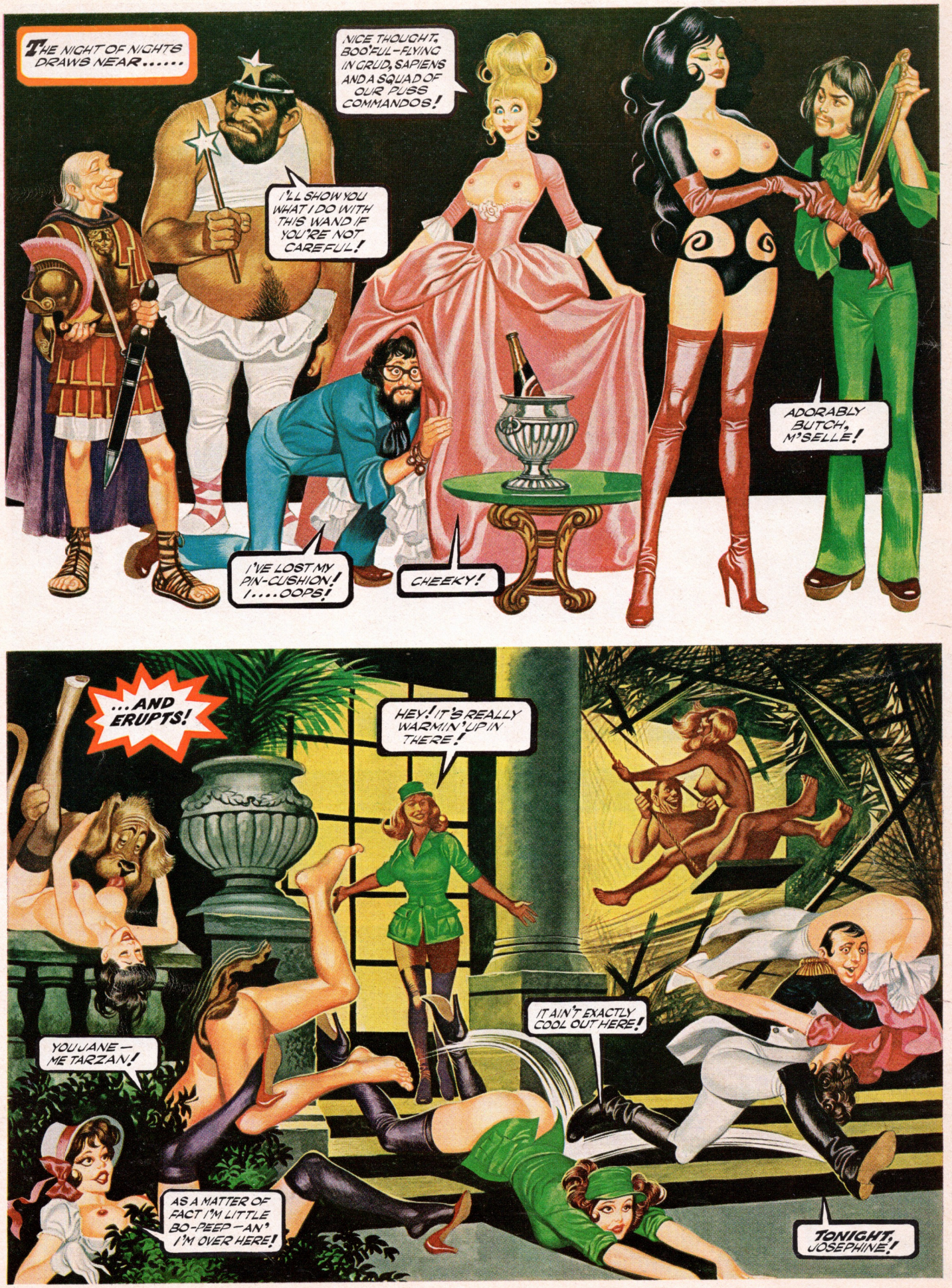
PARIS, FRANCE – CITY OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE
OH YEAH! YOU WANNA TRY LIVIN' HERE!
WE HAVE TO PLAY THIS CAPER WITH DELICATESSE, PUSSCAKE! ANY IDEAS?
WE COULD START WITH M'SIEUR ANDRÉ PERVERT, MY FORMER PATRON AT THE INFAMOUS "BALLET ROSE"....
SEX LIFE of the DUGONG
FLASHBACK!
'ELLO, CHERIE – AND 'OW ARE THE WORKING CLASSES TODAY?
AND NOW, FELLOW-PEDOPHILIACS, THE PEARL OF OUR SOIRÉE! HER NAME, FOR REASONS THAT WILL NOT HAVE ESCAPED YOU – CANDYFLOSS!
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT HER?
AND CAN I HAVE ANOTHER 50,000 FRANCS TO BUY SOME SWEETS?
AP
WHAT A BEGUILING CHILD!

NEXT DAY, AT A BOULEVARD CAFÉ ON THE CHAMPS D'ELYSÉES
CAFÉ CLOCHEMERLE
NO BRITISH TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES
VA TE FAIRE FOUTRE!
ORDURE!
SALAUD!
CRÉTIN!
MAQUEREAU!
FILS DE PUTE!
BUT OF COURSE I CAN ARRANGE A MEETING WITH MY FRIEND, PRÉSIDENT CON DE MERDEVILLE!
GEVEOR
LA VIE PARISIENNE
VARIETE
FOLIES BERGÈRE
Grandes Cocottes
MOULIN ROUGE
Bal Tabarin
CRAZY HORSE SALOON
PAUL GAUGUIN IS A FINK!
D'YA TAKE AMERICAN EXPRESS?
JERKEZ-VOUS OFF, BUSTER!
BUT AS WE SAY IN THEES CITADEL OF CULTURE - WHAT'S IN IT FOR MOI-MEME?
THE PICKINGS AROUND HERE ARE LOUSY!
YEAH - BUT THE VIEW'S NOT BAD!
SNAP!
MY CHEQUE-BOOK PLEASE, PUSSCAKE!

THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX AT LONGCHAMPS RACE TRACK, THAT WEEKEND.....
MADAME SEMEN DE BOUDOIR, PERMIT ME TO PRESENT A FORMER PUPIL...
LOVE YOUR BOOKS, MADAME! SPECIALLY THE DIRTY BITS!
ENCHANTÉ, M'SELLE VON KREESUS! PERMIT ME TO MARK YOUR RACE-CARD!
YOU ARE TRÈS GENTIL, M'SIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT!
MAQUEREAU!
SALAUD!
CRÉTIN!
VA TE FAIRE FOUTRE!
FILS DE PUTE!
ORDURE!
WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A LIVIN'!


NO CONNECTION WITH THE VON KREESUS BANKING EMPIRE, M'SELLE?
I JUST HAPPEN TO OWN IT, M'SIEUR.....
....OR SHOULD I CALL YOU 278/F.C, HAND I?
SHATTERED, THE PRESIDENT RETURNS TO THE ELYSÉES PALACE.....
WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND?
IT'S ALRIGHT, CHERIE — HE'S WITH YOUR WIFE!
MON GÉNÉRAL, YOU WHO SHARE MY GUILTY SECRET — WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE? MUST I RESIGN?
FIRE
Petite Choux
LOCKHEED TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU
WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND?....
....CHARLES! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!
H. KISSINGER TSO YOUR PROBLEMS ARE MY PROBLEMS! EASY TERMS
E.E.C. LOANS TO BRITAIN
AND LET MITTERAND IN? DO A DEAL WITH THE TROLLOPE, IMBÉCILE!
I'LL DO A DEAL WITH HER!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT WANDA'S HOTEL.....
STUD FORM BOOK
MATTER OF FACT, YES, M'SIEUR LE PRÉSIDENT! THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME. CALL IT A GIRLISH WHIM, BUT.....
WELL, THERE IT IS, PUSSCAKE —THE PALAIS DE VERSAILLES!
... ALL OURS, FOR THE ORGY OF THE CENTURY!
HEY! YOU— CARTOONIST! I WANNA GO TO THIS PARTY!
WOWEE! CAN I GO AS MARIE ANTOINETTE?
NOT NOW! GET OFF THE PAGE! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE ALLEY!


THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS DRAWS NEAR.....
NICE THOUGHT, BOO'FUL—FLYING IN GRUD, SAPIENS AND A SQUAD OF OUR PUSS COMMANDOS!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO WITH THIS WAND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!
ADORABLY BUTCH, M'SELLE!
I'VE LOST MY PIN-CUSHION! /....OOPS!
CHEEKY!
...AND ERUPTS!
HEY! IT'S REALLY WARMIN' UP IN THERE!
IT AIN'T EXACTLY COOL OUT HERE!
YOU JANE— ME TARZAN!
AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M LITTLE BO-PEEP—AN' I'M OVER HERE!
TONIGHT, JOSEPHINE!

I DON'T CARE IF IT IS AN ORGY— THIS DEGREE OF EXCESS IS RIDICULOUS!
NOT YOU AGAIN, VADIM!
OH, YVES— KEEP MONTANT!
WASN'T A COSTUME BALL FOR VERY LONG, WAS IT?
IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM— JOIN 'EM!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH UNBRIDLED PASSION!
ANOTHER CRACK LIKE THAT AND COLONEL SANDERS WILL BE CALLING ON YOU!
THAT STUFF'S NO GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH!
THIS COUNTRY USED TO BE THE CULTURAL CENTRE OF THE WORLD!
C'EST LA VIE! -OR AS THEY SAY IN THE FORBIDDEN LANGUAGE— THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES!
GOLLY! THIS IS WHAT I CALL A PARTY!
MALE VANITY IS PATHETIC! HE'S GONNA GIVE HIMSELF A HERNIA!
THAT'S YOUR LOT, EGGBONCE! TIME YOUR MISTRESS HAD SOME FUN!
WHO'S WANDA VON KREESUS? -AND WHAT SORT OF GAME ARE WE GOING TO PLAY?
OH, WELL -ANOTHER GENERAL ELECTION TOMORROW!
WE HAVEN'T GOT TO KEEP THIS UP ALL NIGHT, HAVE WE?
FIRST BRITAIN, THEN FRANCE! WHAT'S NEXT ON THE WANDA-LUST? PATIENCE, PATRIOTS— YOUR TURN'S COMING!

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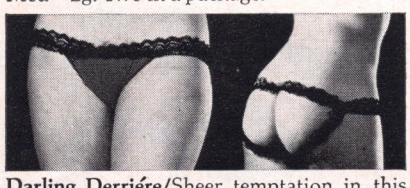

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MRS. POLK'S SUDIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

and in the morning they went on with only the pony. She glanced back at the Old Man on the burial platform but could manage no thought except that, yes, he was too high off the ground for the wolves to get at.

It took them two days to reach the far end of the lake, working arduously through timber and underbrush too tangled for the exhausted pony. She sat up in the blankets by the fire at night and heard her own hoarse voice talking on and on to nobody as she slipped off into dumb sleep. On the second day she watched when the pony went down on its back legs, staring and gasping, then fell over into a drift, and died before her eyes, thinking only, "That's the way it is. It always looks the same when it comes."

That noon, finally, they issued out into the big clearing at the head of the frozen lake, and she gave up, simply falling forward onto the hard snow and lifting her head off the ground out of a reflex to keep something upright. She saw the place at last—the tremendous black pines, like a sheltering wall, on the far side of the clearing, and beyond them the thickly wooded land rising sharply upward again, and beyond that the sudden, stark peak of the mountain—sheer rock crusted with snow here and there, as towering and silent and awesome as the God of the hymns would have been, had she ever glimpsed Him.

The Indian pulled her numbed arms out in front of her, crossed her wrists, and dragged her by them over the clearing on her belly. He made a fire and wrapped her up. She melted snow in her palms and sucked at it while he cooked the last of the Old Man's horse. But her mind wouldn't work. She found herself sobbing but couldn't fasten on the reason. She held her feet in her hands, crooning to herself. She noted the Indian cutting branches and building a shelter and thought again, "He ain't human," and then thought, "Maybe I ain't human either," and heard an idiotic laugh, and recognized it as her own, and passed into sleep as she fancied creatures rightly ought to pass into their death.

She woke to a sun that blinded the surface of the lake; to a sky as blue and unflawed as heaven itself should be; to the woodpile the Indian had accumulated; to the delicate, small doe he had hung off a branch and dressed out; and to a ravenous hunger that she knew was life returning.

"You shoulda waked me," she murmured, stirring in the blankets, "But you can't even understand what I'm saying, can you?" their eyes meeting for a moment, his inspecting hers with an unfathomable alertness, as he raised his palm to her, turning as he did, and started off across the clearing the way she had seen deer move slowly and deliberately, under the wide, upside-down arc of their antlers, toward woods. "Joe-Jack!" she called out with exasperation. "*Now* where's he going'?"

During the three days that he was gone, it never once occurred to her that he wouldn't come back. She kept the fire going, she cooked her meat, she slept half the time, and by the middle of the third day her mind had thawed and she could think again.

The big snows were still ahead, and they'd have to build a hut or cabin—something with walls and a roof at least—back there under the trees, where it would be more protected. Of course, food would be a problem as the game thinned out, but he was the best hunter of them all, and they'd cure the hides when their clothes fell apart. And then the baby would come by early July. Would it have Meeks's worried blue eyes or Corbeau's calculating black ones? The question strayed across her mind. But, anyway, by September it ought to be old enough to travel, and somehow she'd get the Indian to take her all the way back, or at least to the nearest fort. Well, she would work that out. Suppose he wanted to use her, she thought. Well, she would work that out, too. She was strong, wasn't she? After all, she'd come a thousand miles. She put more wood on the fire and stared out across the lake in the crisp afternoon. Why, there must be fish out there, too, and hadn't she fished through the ice since before she was ten? She sighed gravely, happily, realizing that next week she would be eighteen.

Then she saw Joe-Jack coming back across the clearing, his step no longer light as a deer's across the snow, but heavier, wearier now, like a bear lumbering toward his winter.

"Crazy Injun," she said with relief, "just goin' off like that . . . Where's he been to? I wonder."

"To Manitou," he said, sinking down on his heels by the fire—as haggard and spent, as suddenly burdenless, as if his trip had only ended after going the extra spiritual miles. For the first time, she heard him breathing. "Now I rest," he said.

She got to her feet and went up under the heavy pines for another armload of twigs, thinking, as she gathered them, that there—right over there behind that boulder where the three biggest trees formed a lopsided triangle—was the perfect place for the cabin. It would be sheltered in winter and cool next summer. She stood for a moment and looked back at the lake shimmering where a slight wind riffled it, and the fire burning almost smokelessly in the clear air, and Joe-Jack crouching beside it, his chest still heaving a little. Suddenly, she couldn't remember anymore what it was like to be scared. All that seemed so far away.

"And it *is* a pretty spot," she said to his motionless head, bent over the coals. "There's really everything a person needs to winter-through, and—why, Joe-Jack, shame on you!" she exclaimed, throwing the twigs down at his feet. "Why didn't you *say* you could talk American?"

That night he told her his dream about the last bear.

An expert tells you how to get back in shape!

Our files show that thousands of men want to get back in shape, but don't know how to go about it. We decided to ask an expert, Mike Fretault, leading fitness authority. Here are his answers.

Q. How can I get back in shape?

A. There is only one answer to that: get more exercise.

Q. Won't sports do the trick?

A. Sure, sports are great, provided you practice a "complete" sport like jogging, swimming or rowing a few hours every week. Unfortunately, most men don't have the time or energy for that.

Q. How about calisthenics?

A. Also very good, but even a beginner's program should comprise at least 200 to 300 repetitions. Most men find calisthenics tiring and boring and give up after a few workouts.

Q. Isn't there an easier way?

A. There is one outstanding home training method I use and recommend. It's fast, it's easy and it keeps you interested because during every workout you actually see your strength increasing on the built-in Powermeter gauge.

Q. What's it called?

A. Bullworker® training. It's based on Isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than conventional methods.

Q. How long does it take?

A. The introductory "get back in shape" program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. What kind of results can I expect?

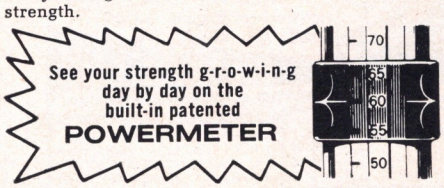
A. After 2 or 3 weeks of introductory training, most men can see an increase in strength of around 10% and measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest, biceps–and an inch or two less flab around the waist.

Q. But it's hard work, isn't it?

A. Absolutely not. Most men between 15 and 65 in good general health can run through the full program without getting tired. Bullworker training is progressive so you perform better each time, yet the training always seems easy to you.

Q. What can I expect from continued training?

A. The sky's the limit. There are specialized exercises for building-up or trimming down any part of your body you want to: broad, muscular shoulders–bulging biceps, powerful wrists and forearms–a deep, manly chest tapering down to a flat, trim waist–muscular thighs and calves. You can expect strength increases of up to 4% a week; that's 50% in just three months and I have seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength.



Q. How can I find out more about Bullworker?

A. I suggest you write for the Free Booklet in color. It contains complete details about Bullworker training and tells you how you can try a Bullworker for two weeks in your own home without cost or obligation.

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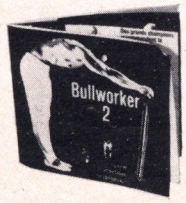

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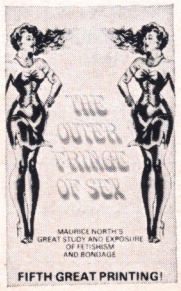
THE OUTER FRINGE OF SEX

(M35) by Maurice North—the author explores the phenomenon of rubber fetishism and its connection to punishment and bondage. The discussion of its pervasiveness has interesting implications to the concept of "normalcy." Penthouse price $6.95. Send your check or money order plus 75¢ postage and handling to Evelyn Rainbird, P.O. Box 548, New York, N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add 8% sales tax.



Coming Attractions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

and Pete ever since. That is, until we started seeing dollar signs. Now that first night we noticed most of these CBers are driving up by themselves. Anyone can tell you that folks go to a drive-in to make out, not jerk off. Next thing we see car doors opening and closing all over the lot and people scurrying around, like some war picture, going in and outta foxholes. Sometimes three, four people head for the same vehicle. We counted one van that had all of twenty bodies in it. Rocked so much we thought it was gonna fall over and crush the speaker pipe. Right, Pete?"

"Yes, we did."

"You see, these CBers were driving around all horny all the time, but they couldn't go down the street saying, 'Breaker. Breaker. Want to fuck?' What we do here at the Shtupp is provide a park for them to call each other on the radios and make dates. We're real popular, and you can bet your balls no one gets in free anymore. By the way, we still show movies, just so we don't get busted. What is that we're showing now, honey?"

"Damned if I know."

"Well, never mind. We got a nice write-up in the *Outdoor Movie Owners Monthly*, too."

The Shtupp is not alone. Coast to coast, sea to shining sea, drive-ins are experimenting, innovating, grossing people out. A new age is at hand. One gimmick that began at the Park and Climax near Cathedral City, Calif., is simply called "Nude Night." Come in naked, and you pay only half price. Moviegoers at the Climax had their minds so set on sex that when the management advertised *The Omen* and ran Andy Hardy movies instead, not a single customer bothered to complain. No one had noticed.

The most exciting of the new drive-ins is in a remote corner of a remote state—The Ultra Orgasmic Drive-in and Live-in Holiday Reserve in Luna County, N. Mex. The impetus for this giant project came from the Supreme Court ruling on pornography that said communities had the right to set their own standards for what was acceptable and what wasn't. Few towns are willing to let a *Behind the Green Door* grace their surrounding skies, after all.

But Orgasmic Reserve developer Milton Dulse had the vision to realize that in the unincorporated vastness of Luna County, lizards weren't going to sign petitions, and that as long as the County Commission got

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its windfall taxes, it wouldn't say a word. When you don't have a community which will set the standard that fucking and sucking are okay on the big outdoor screen, you just start a community which does. In the underground papers Milt advertised a retirement community with a hard-on and low monthly terms. It's thriving.

And his formula for the drive-in is simple: show the best porn ever made under the best conditions conceivable for an outdoor movie. Unlike nearly all suburban drive-ins, the Orgasmic is not bothered by street lights or traffic noise. Whoever has seen a film there—that is, whoever has taken the time to lift his head from the crotch in which it's stuck—agrees that if the films were shown in outer space, the sky could not be blacker. It is far blacker than the most "in" of the indoor theaters. "I just wanna blow up that goddamn moon," says Dulse, throwing the finger to the pie in the sky.

The films are projected onto a screen that's 750 feet long and 200 feet high. The most expensive houses on Dulse's reserve sit on a mountain slope, where the living room affords a view of the screen; binoculars are not really necessary because it's so big. Recently, Milt Dulse screened a student film, made by a guy with whom he'd been in college. During a two-hour period, the audience viewed more than 600 cocks, the size of grown men, squirting 250,000 gallons of semen onto the lips of 400 pretty girls—it looked like the stuff that's sprayed on runways when a plane is coming in with the wheels still locked up. One particularly close shot, a massive dick slipping in and out of a cheerleader's anus, was greeted with bewilderment by most of the patrons. "We thought it was the Grand Canyon," one lady said. "Looked to me like a flesh-colored car piston, ha-ha," a man joked. A young hippy shook his head and said, "Man, I thought it was somebody's thumb picking his fucking nose, man."

But all in all, the reactions to the rest of the film were good: "It is real pretty." "Took my breath away." "Golly, Mabel and I never came so many times as we did watching all that. We're real pleased we moved here."

Other features of the park include camping in front of the screen, on Astro-turf so that the ants and scorpions won't get you. All speakers are stereo, and the coyotes in the hills often howl at the sound of orgasms booming in the night.

"The place is kind of a sexual Woodstock, if you know what I mean," Milt says, patting his wallet.

Milt and Pete and Paula and all the rest may have good things going for them, but I think that the clock is turning; the drive-in as we used to know it is going to have its chance again. I recently returned to Kenosha. It was hot and humid, making me horny. The Keno is still there, and I checked it out. Nothing has changed much, no new name, no gimmicks, no dirty movies. (The Keno was playing *Lifeguard* and *Mother, Jugs, and Speed* that night.) Oh, time has made its mark. There are now so many crushed

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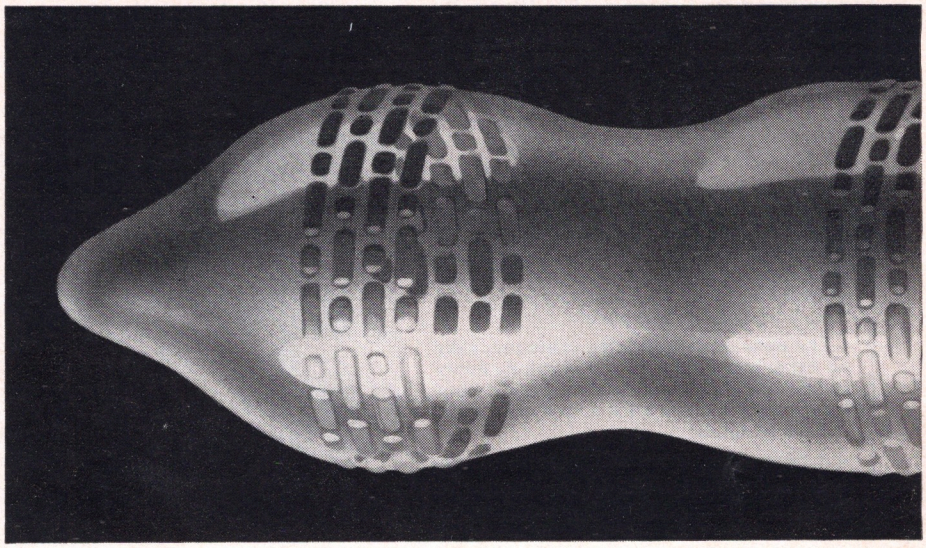

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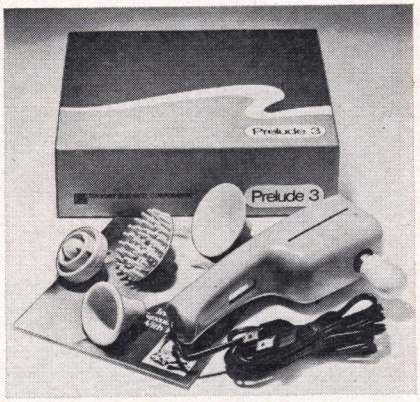

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beer cans on the ground that they completely obliterate the cinders. Well, it keeps the car cleaner. Most of the speakers have been broken for years, but no one uses them anyway. The town has become rougher, reflecting the rising crime rate in the country, and it isn't unusual for a couple to have an argument—and coitus interruptus happens, and a young wife will chase her husband between the cars, over the little hills, for rows and rows, bare-assed naked, warning him that she'll bust his balls with the tire iron if he makes her do that again. But mostly the town is made for fucking, and that's what everyone there does.

My brother Bob, bless his midwestern heart, fixed me up not only with a borrowed '63 Rambler, but also with a girl, Gloria, who was the spitting image of Diane, the love of my *Gidget* days. Gloria is one of the few girls left in the United States who tease their hair and mean it. She chewed on her comb all the way to the Keno. I looked at her and thought, *She's so sexy when she chews on her comb . . .*

Once we were past the gate, we drove around looking for a suitable spot. I finally found one, between a battered '67 Chevy and a spanking new van, a true fuckmobile. Before the movie had even started, we could hear them going at it next door. "Goodness," Gloria asked, "what can they possibly be doing in there?"

I couldn't find Timi Yuro on the radio, but Karen Carpenter seemed an acceptable replacement, singing "Please, Mr. Postman." The sun finally dropped all the way into the trees behind the cars, and it was dark. The film started. A hundred and fifty zippers went down on cue. Gloria stopped teasing her bangs and pulled a can of Schlitz from her purse. She settled back in the seat. It was going to be a good night.

I made my attack somewhere around the middle of *Lifeguard* (I'm partial to beach movies), when Gloria was thoroughly plotzed from the Schlitz, only to be rejected a few times (I guess it wasn't so thorough after all). It was a feel here and a feel there until intermission, but I loved it because it was old times; it was Diane and Tammy and Gidget and Doris Day. The same lights blinded me during intermission, and there were the same faded shorts advertising bug candles. I asked Gloria if she had to go to the bathroom and if she wanted some popcorn. She said no to the first, yes to the second.

So I went to get her some popcorn. I was deprived of the chance to sneak the seats back into beds while she powdered her nose. Shit. I'd just have to do it right there with her in the car, nothing subtle about the approach. *Well, times have changed*, I thought. And I found out just how much.

When I got back to the car, Gloria was lying seductively in bed, her shoes off, her little toes curled around the steering wheel, her legs stretched out suggestively. However, she wasn't in my car! No, during the intermission the guy in the neighboring fuckmobile had invited her over to try out his newly installed wall-to-wall waterbed. Gloria had made herself right at home with one of the drive-in attendants. Well, he was watching his cock slide in and out of Gloria's full, red lips, while Gloria flashed his flashlight on and off to the hot, sexy beat of some disco tapes on the stereo console. Meanwhile, the driver of the Chevy parked next door was leaning out of his window, his tongue hanging out, staring at Gloria. In no time, Gloria had the Chevy man's eager cock in the crack of her ample, white ass, his fingers pinching her tight, little, hard nipples, while the drive-in attendant began exploring her waiting pussy with his flashing flashlight.

By the time the Chevy girl had returned from the john, the van man was directing into his floating orgy a horny hetero foursome from a neighboring white '68 Cadillac with a leopard-skin steering wheel. They promptly positioned themselves in a daisy chain on the waterbed right under the mirrored ceiling (gold tinted) of the van. Having seen that her car was empty, the Chevy girl took a dive into the van, her tongue lodging in her boyfriend's ass as one of the Cadillac girls managed to slip a finger up the Chevy girl's pussy.

Everyone returning from the snack bar was leering into the van through its tasseled windows. Hard erections and erect nipples were everywhere, with everyone

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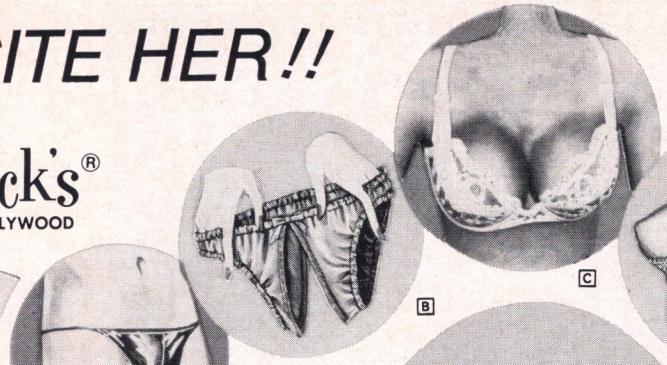

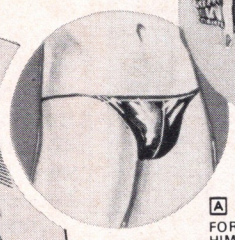

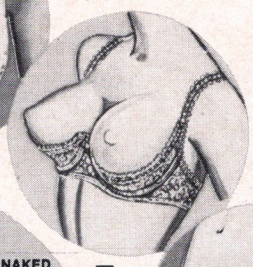

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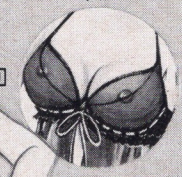

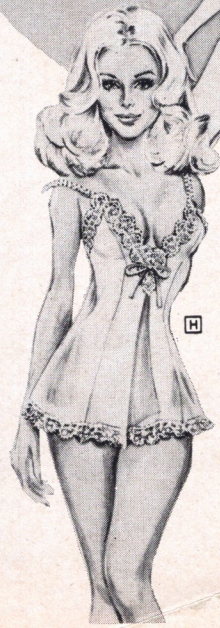

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COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND FEBRUARY 8

THE BREAKING OF THE PRESIDENT

Watergate has become the *Gone with the Wind* of the seventies. Bernstein and Woodward are more famous than Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara, and John Dean, John Ehrlichman, Charles Colson, and Howard Hunt are best-selling authors. But according to Washington columnist Nicholas von Hoffman, *All the President's Men* has as much to do with Watergate as *Gone with the Wind* did with the Civil War. It's time for us to try to understand why Richard Nixon was driven from office, and if you think that the reasons were the third-rate burglary and bugging of Larry O'Brien's office, you have much to learn. "Fairy tales can be a lot of fun," writes von Hoffman, "but they're not really an adequate substitute for history."

LOBBYISTS AT WORK—OR, HAVE I GOT A GIRL FOR YOU

"Being a lobbyist has long been synonymous in the minds of many Americans with being a glorified pimp," says Chuck Lipsen, who should know. Lipsen, during his twenty years as a professional lobbyist, has had more than his share of experiences in this particular kind of pimpdom. What makes a good lobbyist or a bad one? Is it true that votes are arranged to the tune of wine, women, and cash? Why are lobbyists' mothers ashamed of them? In an excerpt from a forthcoming book written with Stephan Lesher, Lipsen answers the questions you couldn't ask in civics class, telling all, including the hilarious incident of the drunken senators, the dilemma of the nonorgasmic congresswoman, and the ordeal of the high-level hideaway.

DENNIS SMITH—HOT AS A RAGING FIRE

He started out in the ghetto, dabbled in heroin, was busted a couple of times, and eventually made it as a fireman. Today Dennis Smith has two best-selling books (*Report from Engine Co. 82* and *The Final Fire*) and a movie contract, and he has started publishing a national magazine called *Firehouse*. His "true proletarian literature" has had an incredible impact, making him a virtual millionaire. In this in-depth interview, Smith talks about himself and his success.

MORE CHILLS FROM STEPHEN KING

Stephen King returns to the pages of *Penthouse* with a new, blood-chilling story. This tale of terror unfolds in the cornfields of Nebraska—normally a peaceful and God-fearing state. But when the children of a deserted and desolate town there decide to put their own version of the fear of God into their parents, the results are pure horror. King, whose thriller "The Ledge" appeared in the July 1976 *Penthouse*, is also the author of *Carrie* (now a major motion picture) and the current best-seller *'Salem's Lot*. His next book, which will be published by Doubleday, called *The Shine*, is due to be released this spring.

SHERE HITE IS CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR SEX LIFE

The author of "the most important book written on female sexuality" has decided to take on men. Shere Hite has provided us with a comprehensive questionnaire on male sexuality and asks you to read it, fill it out, and send her your answers. Now you can let women know how you like it, why you like it, when you like it.

MORE COMING ATTRACTIONS

In the months ahead *Penthouse* will feature . . . a profile of Garner Ted Armstrong, the radio preacher who is seen by more Americans than Walter Cronkite . . . the story of the private-security guards, who are found in greater numbers than regular police officers . . . the story of Fred Shero and the Philadelphia Flyers, the meanest men in hockey . . . exclusive interviews with movie star Malcolm McDowell and Olympic skiing champion Suzy Chaffee . . . a study of sex and the West Point cadet . . . a report by Tad Szulc from behind the Iron Curtain . . . an on-the-scene look at American mercenaries . . . and the male birth-control pill—is it fact or fiction?

trying to get a closer look at, and a better feel of, this weird amalgam of throbbing sexual energy. I jumped into the queen-sized bed with an exhaust pipe and began sticking it to one of the Cadillac girls while her boyfriend continued doing it to the one alongside me. Somewhere between his thrust and my thrust into his girl, Gloria's eyes met mine through all the flailing legs and arms around us. It was like a sudden bolt of lightning, and I was afraid that I'd be thrown off the edge of the universe! It was *that* intense. My cock quickly withdrew from the Cadillac girl. And then the countdown, the same tacky clock ticking away the last remaining minutes on the big, big screen . . .

Three. *Oh, Gloria, you're just like Diane!*

Two. *Yeah, Gloria, touch it, just go ahead and . . .*

One. *Troy, Connie! I think I'm gonna come! Oh God!*

And then Raquel Welch was racing around in an ambulance up there on the big Keno screen, and we were racing around the van—all of us trying to find new positions. I heard the shock absorbers pleading for release. I put my feet up on the velvet-covered dashboard as Gloria knelt on the floor in order to go down on me. She stuck a leg out the window as I took her place on the floor and ate her pussy. I heard the speaker fall to the ground as one of the Cadillac girls kicked it away in passion, scraping away some of the paint on the driver's door. I couldn't have cared if the whole goddamn fuckmobile had blown up.

And then it happened! I bucked my hips and saw Troy balling Connie in a tobacco field. I saw dozens of people climaxing right next to me in that horny fuckmobile. I saw countless couples coming in unison at the Shtupp Drive-in and at every other outdoor theater in the country. I saw Diane and the cigarette hanging from her lips. I heard Gloria squeal and bang her head on the blacklight hanging from the ceiling of the van. I shoved my feet forward and in a fit of sheer passion put my heel through the radio dial. I saw stars; and even though the radio was broken, I swear I heard Timi Yuro singing.

And then it was over. Gloria worked on her hair as the van man dispersed the multitude from his fuckmobile. I started the engine of my car, wanting to beat the crowd. Gloria said nothing and turned her head to watch Raquel until we drove out.

And I thought, *America is going to be okay*. The sleazy institutions will never die. Ultramodern or nostalgic trashy, the drive-in movie will never disappear because there will always be a Gloria or a Diane who wants it and a horny fucker like me who will be glad to oblige. The revival is on, and it won't be over for a long, long time.

When I delivered the car back to my brother's buddy, I discovered that Gloria had yanked off one of the door handles when she climaxed again upon leaving the drive-in. Now, I ask you, in what indoor theater can you have that kind of passionate release? ○+□

The Smokey Mary

We never dreamed when we first launched the Smirnoff Bloody Mary it would become a global classic.

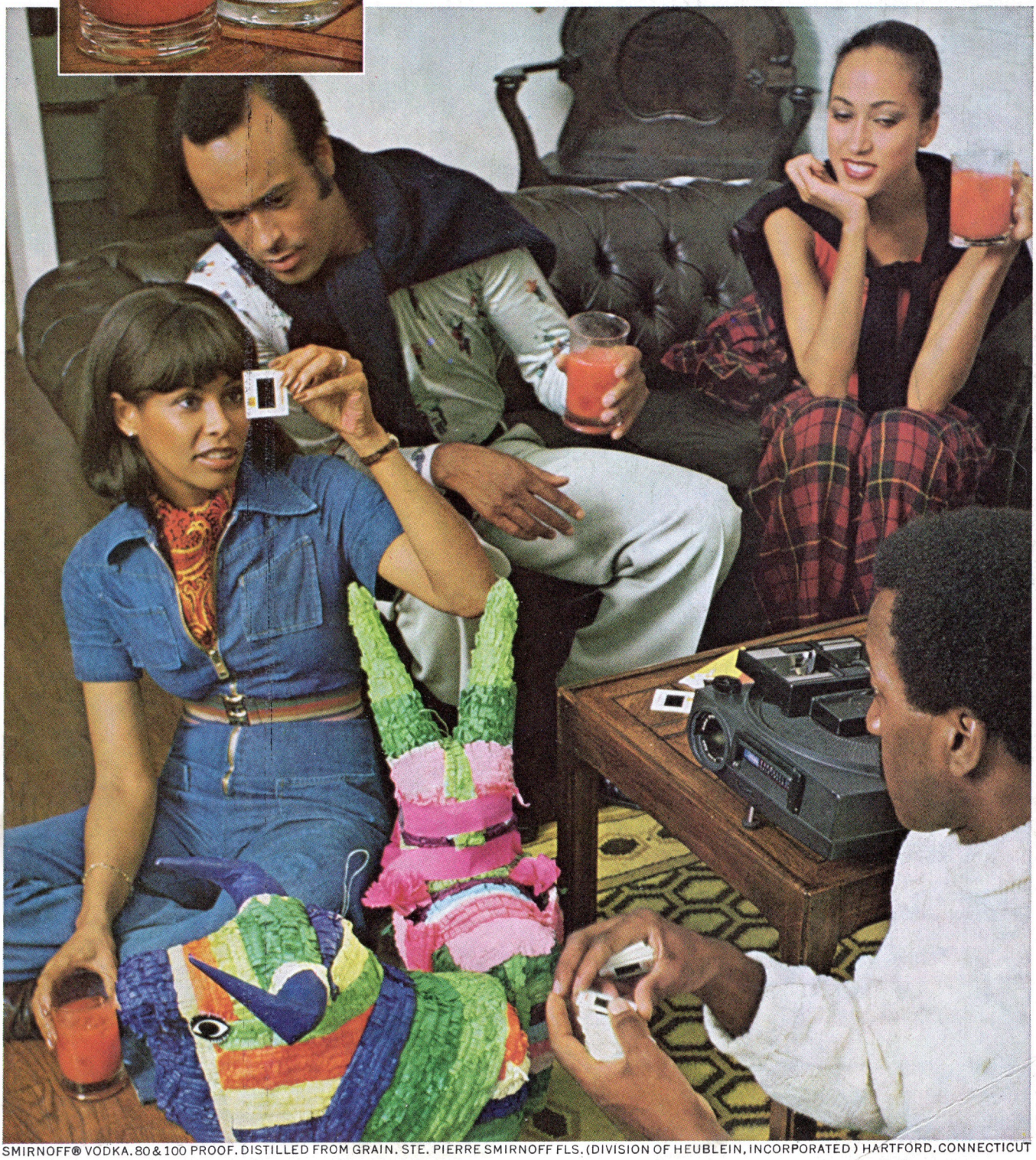
That doesn't mean, however, that most folks know how to make a really good one, or even care to bother.

One fellow we know "cops out," as he says, with the Smokey Mary. "To put the bite in, I just add red barbecue sauce." A capital idea, for those who hate to fuss.

If you should become a Smokey Mary enthusiast, do pace your drinks. Try to remember that where there's smoke, there's fire.

To make a Smokey Mary pour 1½ ounces of Smirnoff into a glass with ice and fill with tomato juice. Add about a tablespoon of barbecue sauce to taste, a squeeze of lemon, and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®



SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100.	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton Box	***1**	***0.1**

*Av per cigarette by FTC method.

Filter–2 mg.
Menthol–1 mg.
Box–1 mg.

12 consecutive U.S. Government Reports confirm Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest . . . 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton Menthol and Carlton Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.